

Like most kids I played with fire  
On the railroad tracks I nearly died  
Some pain inflicted upon myself  
Not all trial and error brings succes I guess

All this time you've been around  
Taking notice of the damage done  
The bleeding noses broken hearts  
Adding colour to our daily existence

So I can glamourise my past  
Still I am glad to be here now  
And even happier that  
I don't have to go through that again  
This time in control  
I'll lie about my past, and for some reason  
I don't feel I have much to confess

This time in control  
I'll lie about my past  
For I feel blessed that I don't have to go through that again  
This time in control  
I'll lie about my past, and for some reason  
I don't have that much left to confess