

# The Hard Sell

Coheed and Cambria

I'm paranoid and sick of this  
World's misconception of things I did  
My language poured across this wrist  
In a metaphoric disaster  
My guess, I'm missing out the punch line  
Unless this hanging noose  
Is fitted to be all mine

I stood by everything I loved  
While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me  
And too many of you fighting over nothing  
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone  
And before you know it you're selling out to be in

There's never enough cool

These eyes ungoverned are tearing us apart  
Their ears forsaken have given up on art  
Now, why believe in anything they praise  
When one hand holds them the victor  
While the other holds the shovel to their graves

I stood by everything I loved  
While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me  
And too many of you fighting over nothing  
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone  
And before you know it you're selling out to be in

Oh, this ticket window has closed  
Save your money, baby  
The next show's about to start  
Where else can you get to watch this talent fall?  
One by one they drop

I stood by everything I loved  
While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me  
And too many of you fighting over nothing  
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone  
And before you know it you're selling out

You're selling all of me  
And too many of you fighting over nothing  
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone  
And before you know it you're selling out to be in  
You're selling out to be in

I stood by everything I loved