

Breakthrough

Count The Stars

We were young, here to dream
In the high lit halls of the city scene
Left alone, with the strong
Now tip your head back as we hit the walls
And there were always things that we kept inside
And we don't know why
And there were always things that I can't let go
Take a breath, breathe you in
Your eyes grow wide when I touch your skin
To look above, and taste the sky
Bittersweet kiss with her lips so dry
And there were always things that we kept inside
And we don't know why
And there were always things that I can't let go
Everything I can't breakthrough to now
I'll never walk away from once again
Letting go of all the words I haven't said
And breaking through to let go
Face down, I face the ground
Saturday hits and now were up in arms
So tell me this, and tell me that
Your days of alcohol are going to come right back
And there are always things that we kept inside
And we don't know why
And there were always things that I can't let go
Picture perfect teen machines
They all drop like flies leaving complete
And I'm not some waste of space to this place
No I'm not some kind of waste