Sick of all these people talking, sick of all this noise Tired of all these cameras flashing, sick of being poised Now my neck is open wide, begging for a fist around it Already choking on my pride, so there's no use crying about it

I'm headed straight for the castle
They wanna make me their queen
And there's an old man sitting on the throne that's saying that I pro
bably shouldn't be so mean
I'm headed straight for the castle
They've got this kingdom locked up
And there's an old man sitting on the throne that's saying I should p
robably keep my pretty mouth shut
Straight for the castle

Oh, all these minutes passing, sick of feeling used

If you wanna break these walls down, you're gonna get bruised

Now my neck is open wide, begging for a fist around it

Already choking on my pride, so there's no use crying about it

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There's no use crying about it There's no use crying about it There's no use crying about it There's no use crying about it

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