I've got a sentimental set of excuses
I'm gonna use 'em alright
It takes a certain kind social recluse, oh
To stay in bed on a Friday night
But I won't lie down
I'll take the pain and I'll set it free
I won't lie down

Better odds await the faint of heart I've got a new disaster to start I'm gonna make my day
Way too deep to cash out now
Upside down and inside out
I never knew it was not okay
It's a neverender

It takes a certain kind of burning contention
To make you listen to me
It takes believeng that you really can get there
To justify what you cannot see
But I won't lie down
I'll take the pain and I'll set it free
I won't lie down
Not trying to be who you see in me

Better odds await the faint of heart
I've got a new disaster to start
I'm gonna make my day
Way too deep to cash out now
Upside down and inside out
I never knew it was not okay
It's a neverender

I took a year of pain and I hid it away from you What's a kid with a broken heart and a fist full of dreams to do It's a neverender with constant reminders of why I could never move on Lookin' back it's like I never saw the signs

Better odds await the faint of heart I've got a new disaster to start I'm gonna make my day

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Better odds await the faint of heart

I've got a new disaster to start I'm gonna make my day $\label{eq:control} % \begin{array}{c} \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I} \text{I} \text{I} \\ \text{I}$