

# Try To Catch Up With The World

Gontier, Adam

Sam, the weak accomplice,  
He knew he had a choice,  
He always startled easily,  
With the sound of ever voice,

A pocket full of excess,  
They take and take and take,  
Left him with a trigger pointed,  
Staring at his shakes,

And it goes on,  
And it goes on,

She was given nothing,  
But their selfish lack,  
They sleep with one eye open,  
'Cause they know she's coming back,

But she will wait her turn,  
Absent from concern,  
The furnace inside her,  
It burns and burns and burns,

And it goes on,  
And it goes on,

Weaklings never practice,  
What they preach,  
They cower down below,  
That's what you call defeat,  
And in their darkest hour,  
It's hard to breathe,  
We try to catch up with the world,  
But we're so far out of reach

We're so far out of reach

Leaning in the dark,  
Stands this faked man,  
Slicing her with his words,  
Always grabbing her with his hands,

And it goes on,  
And it goes on,

Weaklings never practice,  
What they preach,  
They cower down below,  
That's what you call defeat,  
And in their darkest hour,  
It's hard to breathe,  
We try to catch up with the world,  
But we're so far out of reach

I wish I had warned you,  
Of this broken path,  
With each step you take,

You know there's no turning back,

Weaklings never practiced,  
What they preach,  
They cower down below,  
That's what you call defeat,  
And in their darkest hour,  
It's hard to breathe,  
We try to catch up with the world,  
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