

# The Walking Wounded

Bayside

I'm weak like a one-armed boxer  
Throwing punch after punch  
After punch I, I give in  
I'm so dumb, I'm surprised  
When they duck

A scared pair of walking soldiers  
We're all wounded anyway  
In our respective ways

Scientists they couldn't fix me  
I'm so tired of getting out of bed  
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?  
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?

You stretch the truth like a crooked salesman  
Telling lie after lie  
After lie, but where's the line?  
You burn bridges, you're breaking down dams

Scientists they couldn't fix me  
I'm so tired of getting out of bed  
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?  
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?

Let's take this train for one last stop, I know  
It's not the end, but it can't be that far

Scientists they couldn't fix me  
I'm so tired of getting out of bed  
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?  
When our time is up, then our time is up

Scientists they couldn't fix me  
I'm so tired of getting out of bed  
Who would want to die as a cowardly little child?  
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?