

# They Looked Like Strong Hands

Bayside

This isn't who I am.  
From confidence to self doubt in 60 seconds.  
Storming stages and stereos from here to there,  
trying to prove that I belong.  
Trying to win approval from people that I don't know.

And I look so strong  
when the weight of all the world  
don't take it's toll.  
And I'd choose my sides  
if I believed in what was right,  
but I'm all wrong.

I'm not larger than life, I'm not taller than trees.  
Do I mean what I say? Is it just this disease where I never go  
home.  
Never telling the truth how this life eats away.  
Not admitting I'm fake  
and I'm questioning whether this whole thing was worth it to di  
e poor and all alone?

Just don't tell me this doesn't mean the world,  
'cause my ears would bleed and my heart would hit the floor.