

## The Average

Breathe Electric

I've got a Saturday night and I'm all alone  
I've got my phone right here and I hope she'll call  
But she's too pissed off at the way I am  
And she calls me what I want from her  
I've been expected too much to continue writing  
All these shitty lame love songs that I hate  
It's becoming real clear that I have no talent  
And the kids are what I'm trying to reach

Oh, Come on

Love me, Steal me away  
'Cause I've had enough of this  
And I am whole  
And I am strong  
'Cause we're growing up too fast

Who's to say I'm always wrong  
I think it's further from the truth to point that out  
But I'm trying new style to progress once more  
But real pop is where the money's at  
Da-da-da-da-da is how it goes  
But I guess it's in the eye of the beholder  
It's because I don't stand right out  
I guess guitar could be the difference

I could fight  
I could fear  
I could bruise  
I could burn  
We can kill  
We can die  
We can fight the good fight  
We could fight, we could sleep, we could touch, we  
could fuck  
We could die, we could fall, we could stand up for each  
other  
We could fight the good fight

You've got to put it right back where it started  
To figure out that we are meant for more  
You've got to sit back and relax  
'Cause I've found out that all this stress is killing  
me