

Commentators

City and Colour

I don't wanna be revolutionary
No, I'm just looking for the sweetest melody
If I overstayed my welcome
I would take my things and leave
'Cause I'm not trying to be revolutionary

What gave you the impression
That your opinion means anything to anyone?
What gave you the right
To bear arms against me... against us?

You're nothing but a bunch of amateur commentators
Who live your lives hiding behind a wall of insecurities

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Imagine it's already broken
As you hold it in your hand
Think of all the work you're doing
As work that you can only understand

Suppose it's already faded
As it drapes across your back
Believing all you have is wonderful
Instead of everything that you lack

(2x)

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