

The Hard Sell

Coheed and Cambria

I'm paranoid and sick of this
World's misconception of things I did
My language poured across this wrist
In a metaphoric disaster
My guess, I'm missing out the punch line
Unless this hanging noose
Is fitted to be all mine

I stood by everything I loved
While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me
And too many of you fighting over nothing
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone
And before you know it you're selling out to be in

There's never enough cool

These eyes ungoverned are tearing us apart
Their ears forsaken have given up on art
Now, why believe in anything they praise
When one hand holds them the victor
While the other holds the shovel to their graves

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While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me
And too many of you fighting over nothing
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone
And before you know it you're selling out to be in

Oh, this ticket window has closed
Save your money, baby
The next show's about to start
Where else can you get to watch this talent fall?
One by one they drop

I stood by everything I loved
While you never understood me much

'Cause there's only one of me
And too many of you fighting over nothing
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone
And before you know it you're selling out

You're selling all of me
And too many of you fighting over nothing
Oh, there's never enough cool for everyone
And before you know it you're selling out to be in
You're selling out to be in

I stood by everything I loved