

# Starting All Over

Corey Crowder

Stale as the air that we breathe  
There are lines being crossed that no one can see  
Are we just climbing or are we just waiting to fall

Starting all over, can we handle that?  
We both know that we are the same...  
The roads we don't know them,  
We've got no one else to blame.

This isn't turning...  
This isn't turning...  
This isn't turning out right.  
This isn't turning...  
This isn't turning...  
This isn't turning out right

So save a place there for me.  
I'll be back when I can find time to leave  
Is this the ending?  
Is this the way that we're made?

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