

Mess With Your Mind

Everyday Sunday

I was thinking just that I Could try to find another line
To make you think all differently
Than what is really true
I didn't think you'd mind
I thought you'd like to hear the lies
And then we all could fool ourselves
And be happier than you
And it's all right Is it all right?
And it's all right Is that what you want me to do?
I'll try not to mess with your mind, yea I'll try not to give y
ou
Everything you ever wanted
I'll try not to mess with your mind, yea I'll try not to give y
ou
Everything you could've been
You could've been
You should've been
I'm not gonna tell you this time
Of everything that you could have
But too much sense to think of that You could've been You shoul
d've been
I won't tell you what you would've been
Now everything is drowning
And I'd say that is a fact
And it's all right Is it all right?
And it's all right Is that what you want me to do?

Written by Trey Pearson (Everyday Sunday)