

Pen-_-.

Fair to Midland

There is a fight we fight each night with all our might,
Until we simply give in,
A fair game between cheaters "friend,"
And it's a gamble who'll win.

Follow me to the oilspill,
Please keep us up to date,
Take deep sighs near the wishing well,
You'll be glad that you did.

We had our minds set on our goals,
Oh nevermind, oh nevermind.
Unless of course we change in time,
Oh nevermind, oh nevermind.

I keep a filter inside for sniffing you out.
Give in.