

# You Weren't Born With A Bag Of Sand In Your Hands

Fireworks

You look so cute in our old shoes,  
But we didn't break them in for you.  
Not to mention your words came from our mouth,  
Before they turned around and walked all over you.

None of those spaces should be waste on you.  
It's time to give up.  
When the lights go out, we'll scream and shout to you.

Friends are your friends and not the competition.  
You're living a life of 'High Five Interception'.  
And you'll never play for this team.

And oh, we're not speaking highly,  
Cause you know we're still drowning.  
At least we're not washed up in the midwest.  
And it's your name that left you last in line.  
Too quick to forget when you tell a lie.  
And you're ashamed clenched teeth, and fingers crossed  
That you separate for photographs on bedroom walls.  
We'll sing out a song while we tear them down.

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It's time to give up.  
When the lights go out, we'll scream and shout to you.

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You're living a life of 'High Five Interception'.  
And you'll never play for this team.

New look same old story.

We hate this world in key.  
We're two steps ahead.  
We are the harmony.

You'll never finish this.  
You'll never finish what we started.