

Eating My Words

Four Year Strong

Stop putting words in my mouth
They taste better when they're coming out
Still I can't help but choke them down when you're around but I
can't seem to keep it down

Don't let it go to your head
I'm not here for my health if I was then I'd be dead
Instead I'm testing my patience waiting around for you to be gr
acious
I'll never let go

Don't be afraid
I'm on the front lines to fight for you

Last time I said goodbye I thought my good years were washed up
Hung out to dry
With the mindset that everything was fine but then I realized
That it was right in front of my eyes

Everyday I'm smashed and ripped and torn to bits that never fit
the mold
But I recognize the way that I was never really whole