

Heaven Wasn't Built to Hold Me

Four Year Strong

They sink down deeper
While still dodging the creeper
Of the blue collar classic motif
Let it fall into the sea
With your perfect posture
Still a crooked spine
While the flume you protect starts to leak

Can't buy pride with good intentions

Whoa whoa
I feel like I'm a saint
Whoa whoa
But I'm treated like a ghost
You starve for attention
But you've been biting the bullet for years
You betrayed my trust
To learn my secrets
And manifest my fears
The cause and effect
For the simple minded
It's pulled you in
The ugliness whose pocket book you've loaded

Can't buy luck with no religion

Drifting through life without a trace
Heaven won't take me

But Hell can't wait

You can't break this spell
You can save me
You can't right my wrongs
You can't part the sea
Heaven wasn't built to hold me

Whoa whoa
I feel like I'm a saint
Whoa whoa
But I'm living with a curse