

Put You On

Four Year Strong

You're in on a lie
And we're out on the highway
Dodging bullets
As we're pulling half our lives behind our backs.
Do you feel as perfect as you put on?
Try to brace yourself for this
It's impossible to turn away
It's impossible to turn away

Get out, get out from behind the wheel and get under it, under
n' baby
The last you ever made us what we really wanted to be
Was the day we ended summer and we brought you in on a key
Get out, get out from behind the wheel and get under it
Always right and the winner
But when we dropped you out and finally got on our way
You qualified the cost of being wanted to play

We gotta get back home
No we're not putting up with the words you say
I forgot to say that I'm sorry and I meant it
And after every fight by fight we'll be back in your head
And if I get our way I swear you'll wish you were dead
That's why you gotta get back, gotta get back home.

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What you strive for is to be perfect
But it's not working anymore