

Red Is the New Black

Funeral for a Friend

Can't pretend that you're nothing special
You've got to look at all of your options
You can't decide what to go for
When it's all about trust (it's all about trust)
You see your self on the TV
You read your magazines
You can't explain how it's come to be this
Stop and think.
When it's all about trust (it's all about trust)

This coverage your centre spread
Your neon light daydream will shatter and break
And if you think I'm thinking of your value here
You're the one who's losing control

This eventual stop this, break in the mold
I scream down this hotline just to feel something

This situation, isn't getting any better
I see that look in your eyes
You want to see a pretty face
There isn't anything wrong with giving up
And for what it's worth, I still hate you.