

Picket Fences

Hawthorne Heights

The places I remember are getting worn and withered
My heart's the picket fences and needs a little mending
am I not everything you thought I should be?

The faces in the picture are burnt just like the real ones
Our skin is the exposure it's gotten so much older
But am I not everything you thought I should be?

This life long competition still reeks of repetition
I've failed at everything I tried to do
my life plays in front of you
And now I've realized there's nothing left for me to hide
I've opened myself enough for the world to see my guts

Where are you now? and where have you been?
Everything and everyone, Everything and everyone
Must come to an end

The children in the school yard have grown so cold and tired
The shift is almost over I'm praying I don't get fired
Life isn't everything I thought it should be

The bills left on the table will be payed if I was able to
Work a few more hours, my life has grown so sour
Because I'm not everything I thought I could be

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