

The pressure is too much to take.  
Every bend reaches a break,  
but that's a sore subject.  
It's time to get your head checked.  
You can't keep dwelling on every  
moment that slipped by, because  
with every sunset is a sunrise.  
And we don't know or care where we go,  
just turn up that radio.  
We'll sing along to all our favorite songs  
and hope these interstates will go  
on and on and on.

So long sincerity, escape your mind  
Its your save haven from reality  
but it's okay it didn't mean much anyway  
to me.

It seems like just yesterday.  
when we would stay up late out on your front lawn  
talking about where we've been and all  
the places we're going.  
we would lose track of time watching  
cars pass us by and I would sneak back  
home before the sunrise  
and how everyday would seem so long  
and every night could go  
on and on and on

Still bleeding from these back stabbed scars  
young boys dying in an old mans war  
and your sympathy can't take that away.

'Cause every night could go  
on and on and on

so long sincerity, escape from reality. (5x)