

The Real

Hit the Lights

Just turn your back on me
It seems that I work better that way
Funny how things never change
Fuck you, your friends, your ways
There's nothing left to say for yourself
Make distance, move on and repeat
Watcha gonna do when you've got something to prove, nothing to lose?
Watcha gonna do? Everyone's counting on you
I wanna stand for something real.
Say something of substance, be honest and shed old ideals
So forget my name if you don't like the way
I've grown how I'm adjusting with age
I promise it won't change a thing
See, I've been raised on teeth, from always falling flat on my face
Sometimes it's just best when I bleed
I wanna stand for something real
Say something of substance, be honest and shed old ideals
You'd rather run away than to face it head on
Rather hide your face than admit when you're wrong
Say something of substance, be honest, don't live life in fear
Watcha gonna do? Everyone's counting on you
I wanna stand for something real
Say something of substance, be honest and shed old ideals
You'd rather run away than to face it head on
Rather hide your face than admit when you're wrong
Say something of substance, be honest, don't live life in fear
It's funny how things never change
Sometimes it's just best when I bleed