

Typical

Hunter Valentine

Picking up the pieces of last night's concerns
Waiting for my breakfast that I feel I've earned
And I know that I can be difficult
Excuses, bored and sick of them.
So cop out and say that your hands are full, but let's not

Well let's not be typical, and do this our own way
We can fight for what we know, and leave it at that babe
Let's just be big and bold, and do this our own way
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I've got a big heart in my jacket, I am told
But I am like a time bomb and it's getting old
Well this is not what I wanted this time.
So run fast, but you'll never reach that line
And I will pretend that I am fine, but let's not

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Think fast, last times
With our sweet rhymes
We won't go out
No not, like this
I will be fine, on my time
And I will be fine, on my time

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