

For Esme

Jawbreaker

Seems the competition is sweet like a slap in the face
This is a 3-legged race
It was your meanness that told us you might have legs
Your spine keeps getting in the way

You're a fool to think they care what you think
In this pond some rise, some sink
And which one are you, you budding star, you?
Too dark for shopping malls, no hooks, no leads at all

Never trust an artist who tells you he has a choice
You can't run faster than your voice
Sing your life despite the spite it may bring
It's your life to write, so sing

Just bring the drama
Shameless and crawling
Over glass and underground
Esme needs her story now

So don't break down
Don't break down