

## Beware

### Lucky Boys Confusion

Cut the engine when I'm all revved up, pull the rug beneath my feet  
Pull the trigger when I'm wound up, then you turn your back on me  
Then you say that I'm taking too much, that I'm talking to myself  
And whether you like it or not you'll never ask for help  
Breathing for you  
Can't be all in my head  
Changing scares you  
This is all in your head  
Beware, I swear, I will be waiting there  
Draw the battlelines and back me down to the corner with such ease  
Turn the knife til I'm so worked up all I do is aim to please  
The power balance is now upside down with a sudden change of gears  
Every single word is now washed up by your crocodile tears  
The setting sun crumbles in the distance  
Feeble words meeting new resistance  
Tired games do they make a difference  
Tired games, tired games