

Locked legs and A tilted brow.  
You thought you had me all figured out  
but that was then, and this is now  
In my dreams I see the road ahead of me  
as clear as the sunlight that warms my feel  
This evening I'm sporting that hot new scent.  
The one reeking of carelessness. So cliché, So over it.  
Like another rich kid running alone  
Well I'm mixed and molded. And just center folded.  
Compound the thought of contrast,  
Is it regret or just hot flash?  
We're not leavin' this town 'till we get our glory.  
No witnesses, No fucking stories.  
I'm coming back to haunt your dreams  
After A life of suffering  
This evening I'm sporting that hot new scent.  
The one reeking of carelessness.  
So cliché. So over it.  
Like another rich kid running alone  
I can see it's just not me, Or am I losin' my mind?  
I'm seein' the same old town in A different light, And piercing  
sound.  
Oh we're beat and thought to lie when caught.  
Objectify A set fate, No No No No No  
(Don't Hesitate)  
Remember everything you see here tonight.  
This is one for the books.