

It's sometimes stranger than fiction
But the weird things seems to be that
The storyline never stick to the script
And the characters involved don't match the description
We all tied up yet we still tripping
Over the small things which seem to all bring me
Back to when I started, a hopeless romantic left broken hearted
A bright eye teen seemed to disregard
Any advice given about my future plans
I had to go and make things hard
Was told to go to school, was told to be a man, damn
But I didn't grow up or be the lucky winner on "Who wanna blow
up? "
And that's fine, shit happens
All the trouble makes for a better storyline

And I tried...
I tried to make something out of nothing before
I tried to leave the past on the cutting room floor
But the story runs until the credits roll
But I do know that I tried
I tried to put the blame on everyone else
Looking for excuses rather than some help
I know that feeling when you don't fit in
It's stranger than fiction

Play your part in the scene, never knowing lines
A beautiful backdrop, role undefined
September nights where breezes brushed across my back
Staring at the sky, fading in the black
Scratch the fingernails 'cross the storyboard, I'm bored
I may need to be woken up from years before
And when the plot begins to twist and turn
I'll try my best to keep myself on the road and learn

Quiet on set, lights, camera, action
Take one, one take, no mistakes
Cut, check gate now roll the tape
Separate the real from the fake
Put the score on the board and it sounds great
No dialogue force on, course the break
Take five, try and enjoy the day