

We fall  
In the good and bad  
From the second story or love  
A Saturday doesn't get much better than this  
I found a reason  
I found a reason to bleed  
Forget the stories that they read to you  
And don't you worry about anything  
Forget the stories that they read to you  
I have a feel that everything will  
Be just fine  
Forget the stories that they read to you  
Everything will be just fine  
Forget the stories that they read to you  
Tear out the pages and we can write our own book  
Divided in two  
The needle and you  
We can write our own book  
The fire that grew  
Collided with new and grew  
And grew  
You won't find the answers  
If you can't find the question  
But maybe it's not in me  
I'm just a fucked up kid  
With a fucked up head  
Wearing fucked up clothes  
Spitting fucked up words to get to you  
Words to get through  
I am asking not begging  
Just asking  
So what do you think?  
Don't give this a second thought  
Cause I don't think I can  
I don't think I can  
Cause I'm a bad man  
But if you think you can  
I can build a plan  
I plan to build a virtue  
But if you think you can  
If you think you can  
I'll be on  
I'll be strong  
I'll be honestly honestly yours  
We have a reason to fight now  
We have a reason to fight  
And now I'm staring up at the sky  
Believing  
Last night  
I stared up at the sky  
Believing that the voices  
The annoying voices  
Were whispering voices of angels  
As the world started burning  
We couldn't feel a thing  
Cause everything's perfect  
Everything's perfect