

# Over The Line

## State Champs

What's left to lose, I painted all these pictures but you..

Is this distance calling my name,  
I think persistence is this price that we pay in the end.

I can try to survive in a world of common sense,  
But can I stand in line and wait just like the rest,  
Pain loses so much weight when I leave the ground,  
The most that could be presented to me is here right now.

Over the line every God damn time,  
And you're still waiting on me to let go.

What's left to lose?  
I painted all these pictures but you couldn't choose,  
All of your company.  
But is this distance, calling my name?  
I think persistence is this price that we pay in the end.

Not a sound can be drowned If you don't stop listening,  
To the ones who believe,  
They only like it if you foresee.  
I'm seeing red,  
and as a result my dreams,  
were left unsaid, how could this happen to me?

When I'm over the line every God damn time,  
And you're still waiting on me to let go.

What's left to lose?  
I painted all these pictures but you couldn't choose,  
All of your company.  
But is this distance, calling my name?  
I think persistence is this price that we pay in the end.

I'm looking past the ones who fell back in the race,  
Another day that I can tell the wasted space.  
I'm looking past the ones who fell back in the race,  
You can see it in my face, in my face!

What's left to lose?  
I painted all these pictures but you couldn't choose,  
All of your company.

But is this distance, calling my name?  
I think persistence is this price that we pay in the end.