

## Switchblades

### The Copyrights

We brought knives to a gunfight, we're in over our heads  
There's one in the chamber and all eyes seeing red  
With switchblades blazing, we found a way out  
Just keep on stabbing in the dark

Painted myself into a corner, don't even know where to start  
Could walk through it with brand new shoes, or rot here staring  
at my art  
I try to tiptoe but it doesn't work, I look back at the smeared  
up floor  
Everything looks better than before

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We're grasping at straws  
We're drawing for sticks  
We look it over  
It can't be fixed  
Nothing is broken so it can't be fixed