

The Final Song

The Juliana Theory

It's almost laughable how life turns it's bitter selves, after
beating us down like it did before.
It's almost laughable how it rains and pours again, as we stand
here soaking it all in.
Well if this is how life is, I won't back down from this: anymo
re.

Don't hang me out to dry; I'm not all right.
But I'm not stopping now. (I'm not stopping now.)
Don't turn the music down; it's not all right, but you can't st
op me now.
And this is how life is.

It's kind of laughable how life turns it's bitter self, after b
eating us down like it did before.
It's finally laughable how it rains and it pours again, I'll ju
st stand here soaking it all in.
Well if this is how life is, I won't back down from this: anymo
re.

Don't hang me out to dry; I'm not all right.
but I'm not stopping now. (I'm not stopping now.)
Don't turn the music down, it's not all right, but you can't st
op me now.
And this is how life is.

No one's gonna break me down, if I can get away with it.
No one's gonna count me out, if I can have my way with this.
No one's gonna tell me how I should be afraid of this, afraid o
f this.

So don't hang me out to dry, I'm not all right.
But I'm not stopping now. (I'm not stopping now.)
Don't turn the music down, it's not all right, but you can't st
op me now.
Don't hang me out to dry, I'm not all right, but I'm not stoppi
ng now.
Don't turn the music down, it's not all right, but you can't st
op me now.
And this is how life is.