

Point Of No Return

The Nearly Deads

These people don't understand
They're not rebels like us
They don't know what we've been through
We're just outcasts

They can't handle the truth
We've got nothing to prove
Just need some damn affection
Might give a dose of perfection

They were buyers of banks
They don't care we're foreign
And after all the mistakes
They still want more

But you know, yea you know
Yea you know we're gonna own this

You, you know, yeah, no I'm not coming home
I'm past the point of no return
You should know, no I'm not coming home
I'm past the point of no return

You thought I couldn't make it
But now I'm on drop cause I was born to win
And I'm not giving in, cause you know
Yeah you know, yeah you know, that's how I run this

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