

There We Are, Then

The Story So Far

Could it be, that I'm your fantasy?
I'm everything you need, I'm everything you breath for.
For I'm the prodigal son; my battles already won.
It's no surprise I'm not wise to my obvious demise.
As a personal favour, would you please sign my picture?

On your mark, get set go!
You'd better back off bro, or heads will roll.

It seems to me, that all I see is crazy fools and runarounds wa
iting for an empty seat at your table of acceptance. You're so
poor, so weak, so dull, so boring. Life's a snore

So I'll say it again, I'll make it so easy I won't even try to
pretend that I'm him.
He's a liar, a hater; a blonde mopped heartbreaker walking arou
nd with his personal waiters (one breath later)

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