

Was running free, but now the road is fading
Can't believe it got to this degree
You turn your shoulder with the face you're making
'Cause sad attempt are what you gave to me
I hope it was a lie

No one can hear you
Not a thing you say
So you can do yourself a favor
And tell it to me straight

Capture movements in a box then keep 'em
Tucked away like they were history
Gun the crowd with a steaming pistol
Such a way to make some misery
I hope you get it right

No one can hear you
Not a thing you say
So you can do us all a favor
If you wanna plead your case
So brace yourself
And tell it to me

We're on the verge

Brace yourself, for some kind of redemption
Brace yourself, if you wanna be saved
Brace yourself, for some kind of redemption
Brace yourself, we're on the verge of a break!

So tell it to me straight
No one can hear you, straight
Not a thing you say
So you can do us all a favor
If you wanna plead your case
So brace yourself
And tell it to me