

Yellow boxes in my car.
Pack 'em high til' I can't see far, yeah
I'm moving on to better.
Try not to care what others think.
If I fail again try to swim and sink.
They'll say I could do 'Better'.

So I blame it on my optimistic heart.
At least I'll have stories for my scars.
American dream my life away,
When all of my dream cry 'MAYDAY' 'MAYDAY'!
I'm may lose my heart, but one day I'll be a star!

They've promised me a bigger house.
A make the money playing out loud, don't you hear.
That sounds much 'Better'.
And if a make this dreaming last,
Is it worth the painful past? I hope... I hope this will get 'B
etter'.

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At least I'll have stories for my scars.
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When all of my dream cry 'MAYDAY' 'MAYDAY'!
I'm may lose my heart but one day I'll be a star!

I'll tell you all about the things I left for,
Hanging onto dreams, thought I was meant for,
But never did I think you'd take the heart from me, you'd take
the heart from me.

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