

Down In The Dumps

Walk the Moon

I won't let you bring me back, bring me back
I won't let you bring me back, bring me back
You can throw all the fits and the tantrums you want
But I won't let you bring, bring me back down.

Way back in '95
Scraped knees, tough love, ah yeah
Grass stains were just a sign of the times
Big kids, look at us now
Too adult to say, "big whoop"
Let any old bumme get under my hide

But ooh I'm gonna take control

I won't let you bring me back,
Bring me back down in the dumps!
I won't let you bring me back,
Bring me back down in the dumps!

So I'll walk that tightrope wire
But what am I really made of? yeah
Scared of heights like I'm scared of falling in love

But ooh I'm gonna take control

I won't let you bring me back,
Bring me back down in the dumps!
I won't let you bring me back,
Bring me back down in the dumps!
You can throw all the fits and the tantrums you want
But I won't let you bring, bring me back down.

So think back to '95
And reach arms length deep ah yeah
Cause they'll try to pierce your childhood hide

But ooh I'm gonna take control