

Hulk Hands

With the Punches

Is there some kind of strategy that's never been explained to me

On how you should deal when everything you love comes crashing down.

Open my mouth, but not a sound comes out.

I think of just bad that I wish that I could go back,

To correct decisions made

And counteract feeling so afraid.

I'm starting to see what you said all along but I

But I still disagree.

Can't put a price tag on the things we've seen

Or the nights that meant so much to me.

It's impossible to choose with everything that you've got, left to lose.

I hope I never see the day when ambition fades away.

I'd rather dive off of the Newburgh-Beacon than live a life so meaningless. Cover my mouth so not a sound comes out.

No matter what the outcome,

Excepted that I can't go back

To correct decisions made

And counteract feeling so afraid.

I'm starting to see what you said all along but I

But I still disagree.

Can't put a price tag on the things we've seen

Or the nights that meant the world to me.

Good luck with the woulda-

coulda shit your dreams will never come true.

Good luck with the woulda-

coulda shit those dreams will never come true.

It's impossible to choose with everything that you've got

Left to lose and these days

Nothing's ever black and white, we're just all lost in the details.

Every question weighs a ton, is this so wrong that it can't be undone?

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