

411**"Rock With My Band"**Visit "[Rock With My Band](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

How did I become so fat?
And where was my faith when I was losing track?
So when did life begin to treat us bad?
My face looks pretty old and I've got pain in my back

Well, maybe next season, will bring me a reason
To put on my Speedo, go out in the sun
Have fun; I'm done

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my
insecurity
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe
I've got to rock before this body gets colder

I'm riding on a wave of misfortune
It feels like I'm living my life on distortion
I might as well just work for my pension
They've got me detected, my mortgage rejected

Well, maybe next season, will bring me a reason
To grow up and return
Return to the fold; I'm old

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my
insecurity
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe
I've got to rock before this body gets colder

I need to stop looking over my shoulder

I'm not easily troubled
'Cause I've locked my pain in a bubble
And I'm through solving the riddle
My smile keeps holding on

And I'm trying to rock with my band, hiding my
insecurity
I'm holding my pose, oh Lord, I wanted to believe
I've got to rock before this body gets colder

