

## **August Burns Red "Shot Below The Belt"**

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Don't you understand me?  
Don't you understand me?  
This cloud over my head is not okay  
Is not okay

There are things that I need to get done, need to get done  
There are things that I need to get done, need to get done  
And it doesn't give you permission  
To take a shot below the belt

What a bittersweet symphony life is  
But I wouldn't have it any other way

We have such little time, let's not spend it in anger  
In anger, in anger  
I am in the deep end and I can't find air  
I can't find air

I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on  
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on  
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on  
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on

Wake up  
Wake up  
Wake up  
Wake up

Because I may just brake suddenly  
I may just brake suddenly  
I may just brake suddenly  
I may just brake

I would rather not explode, that's your job  
I am stuck in between two worlds  
In a maze of dreams and thoughts

What a bittersweet symphony life is  
But I wouldn't have it any other way  
Have it any other way

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