

Autumn Under Fire "Action!"

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Stop, cut, call the presses.
She's so fond of making
Messes everywhere, she keeps me on my knees.
Close up on her eyes
So everyone can see her try
To make it to the top
When everything brings her down.
Fade in, fade out
My voice is fading fast
I'm turning down the volume
Because her screams are getting louder.
The drums were beating harder
And now it's her favorite part of
The only song I'd never sing,
It all seems like noise to me.

Screaming, oh whoa, oh whoa.
(Oh whoa, oh whoa)

Shout it, print it, write it down
All the words to every
Song I've written about how to keep her around.
Sing about the times
When everything was going right
But now I'm choking up
And the words are coming out all wrong.

Screaming, oh whoa, oh whoa.
(Oh whoa, oh whoa)

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