

Bullets And Octane

"Smile"

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The old souls that cry
And do I, make it all up in my mind
Have I stained our lives?
Well tonight was the rest of my life so

Change the goals and break the molds
Get the fear aside
Arrest your moods insult the sounds
Bound to be nothing

I got a thorn in my side
Is it pride, eating me alive?
I wish that lies were lies
Well tonight well the truths inside so

Change the goals and break the molds
Get the fear aside
Arrest your moods insult the sounds
Bound to be nothing
Seize the day and then count the ways
For a smiles a smile and I'll send one over to you

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