

Bayside **"(POP)Ular SciencE"**

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Nothing feels right,
But my fake smiles paint pictures like everything's fine.
Sheep like what they're told,
So they've got spindles spinning bad songs into gold.
And who decides what's wrong or right to like?

When the puzzle pieces twist,
And seem like they won't fit their match,
I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting.
All the "best" songs,
What's so "best" about 'em?

I thought I was part of something more,
But more money, less substance more demand.
I've heard great songs that no one understands.
You can't lay bricks on wet cement or build castles out
of sand.
But who decides?

But when the puzzle pieces twist,
And seem like they won't fit their match,
Then I will try and try again,
And hope that someone understands.
I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting.
And they can't say they love you,
But it still won't change a thing,
'cause the tides may turn tomorrow
And I won't be there to look.

I can say -
I've got to say -
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller,
Trending what we fought to make ours.

They don't care about,
They don't care.
It's a good thing bad trends fade away.
It's so much cooler in the shade.

They don't care about,
They don't care.
We give in nightly to our addiction.

A self-afflicted public crucifixion.

They don't care about,
They don't care.
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller,
Trending what we fought to make ours.

They don't care about,
They don't care about us.
They don't care,
They never cared.

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