

David Cook "Circadian"

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Who's to say you're never wrong
Who's to say that I'm not already gone
Who's to say the time inside your head keeps running
on and on and on and on...
Who's to say we'll make it through
Starting to believe that what we think is never true
Who's to say the rhymes beside your bed
Will keep you warm when everything is getting colder
And I'm just holding on until it's over

Mayday, somebody save me now
I'm closing my eyes, cause once the sun rises
it's out of my hands
It's out of my hands

Who's to say this history
Isn't only just some winner's distant memory
You can't escape this drying ink
The fall of who we are is getting closer

And I'm just holding on until it's over

Mayday, somebody save me now
I'm cutting all ties from the world outside
Cause it's over my head
It's all coming undone and falling apart somehow
I'm closing my eyes, cause once the sun rises
It's out of my hands
Oh, it's out of my hands

The light pulls me under
And I keep on caving in

Mayday, somebody save me now
I'm cutting all ties from the world outside cause it's
over my head, my head, my head
It's all coming undone and falling apart somehow
I'm closing my eyes, cause once the sun rises
It's out of my hands
Oh, it's out of my hands

