

Dispatch "Remake Me"

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I cross the street to find my dream
But it had gotten so tired
And as I feel past these alley ways and buildings
I see all the faces, they all look straight ahead
I turn the corner for some shelter
And the ground begins to quiver
I hold the past in this fist
I will go if you beckon me on
I threw broken glass
I see a hand, it's reaching, telling me to hurry
I hear a voice inside, God it sounds like mine

Don't Remake Me
Turning the clock I find that you are not fault for what
you did
Don't Remake Me
Sometimes its hard well, you are not at fault for what
you did

I am going to pretend I'm flying
Because I can't, cant see the ground from this window
When I get down you and me we're gonna kick our feet
Kick our feet through a sea of fears
You pulled on my arms, on my legs, tried to talk,

You always answered me with that wild old stare

Don't Remake Me
Turning the clock I find that you are not fault for what
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Don't Remake Me
Sometimes its hard well, you are not at fault for what
you did

Well if you knew what was really boiling in my head
Would you drive the nail through me?

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