

Everybody Else Wins "With The Radio Playing Low..."

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Foundations are shakin' loosened awakened
Only to believe in resolve
I reference nothing and Rome couldn't touch me
I'm as big as the world I belong
I'm dancin' on needles position is fetal
All I ask is desire
Baptized in mystery glad that you missed me
Got all of those cards that you never sent

Just turn on the radio cause I've learn that
Nothing can replace this fear It's clear
Just turn on the radio

I've spent my last dime wishing for this

And I've started to dismiss the thought of revenge
Now I wonder when this will end
Cause I'm a finely tuned instrument, rough and
ruined
Mold me in whatever way you want
What a stunt to hang yourself with no rope
I just hope that I'm a better person for this
Ideals in fields of which you seem to have mastered
If your gonna get it then get it faster

Day and night, night and day, I
Day and night, night and day, I

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