

From First To Last

"G.R.I.T.S"

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You play your part
You play your part, I'll play mine
The beggar and the mime
I'm getting good enough at feigning interest
But that still puts me here pretending to listen

You're the only one to talk to
But the last one that I want to
You bring me right back to the tailor
Resizing myself once again to fit in, to fit into you

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But the last one that I want to
You bring me right back to the tailor
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If I was smarter I would leave
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things

If I was smarter I would leave
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things
If I was smarter I would leave
If I was smart I'd do a lot of things

I'd get myself out of this stupid town
I'd save the world in a single bound
I'd put myself to better use
I wouldn't sit here writing about how

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