

Funeral For A Friend

"Nails"

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I'm never going to change, I'm
never going to change a thing and
what is there to gain, pretending
you're something when you're not
and there's nothing left of how things used to be.
To nail the blame of your mistakes to anyone but you.
I'm cutting the cord;
I'm cutting the cord that keeps me.
I'm cutting the ties;
I'm cutting the ties that
bind my feet to the ground
It's getting harder to stay true
when we were younger but that's
not to say we should give in.
To nail the blame of your mistakes to anyone but you.
I'm cutting the cord;
I'm cutting the cord that keeps me.
I'm cutting the ties;
I'm cutting the ties that
bind my feet to the ground, my head in the sand.
And when did the doors start to
close and why did we just turn away?
In favour of some passing
trend that lets us down everyday.
And do we believe in the words?
Do we believe in the words that
we say when we're screaming in
each other's faces just like the good old days?

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