

Breathe Carolina

"The Average"

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I've got a Saturday night and I'm all alone.
I've got my phone right here and I hope she'll call,
But she's too pissed off at the way I am.
And she calls me what I want from her.
I've been expected too much to continue writing
All these shitty lame love songs that I hate.
It's becoming real clear that I have no talent,
And the kids are what I'm trying to reach.

Woah, come on...

Love me, steal me away,
Cause I've had enough of this,
And I am whole,
And I am strong,
Cuz we're growing up too fast.

Who's to say I'm always wrong?
I think it's further from the truth to point that out.
And I'm trying new styles to progress once more,
But REAL pop is where the money's at.
Dadadadada is how it goes,
But I guess it's in the eye of the beholder.
It's because I don't stand right out,
I guess guitar could be the difference.

I could fight, I could fear, I could bruise,
I could burn, we could fight, we could sweat,
We could kill, we could die, we could fight the good
fight,
We could fight, we could sleep, we could touch,
We could fuck, we could die, we could fall,
We could stand up to each other.
We could fight the good fight.

You've gotta put it right back where it started
To figure out that we are meant for more.
You've gotta sit back and relax,
Cuz I've found that all this stress is killing me.

