

Good Riddance "Blueliner"

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been set up to take the fall
Tried hard not to lose it all but
I shot straight right from the start
A slow death from a broken heart but

It doesn't mean a thing
When my hearts in the songs we sing
I've seen so much change
Still the strength remains
Our words bounce off your heads
You don't hear a fucking thing we've said man
I know your type and I can't relate

A small mind filled up with hate

Too try to act so satisfied like you've somehow won
No rewards for the ones who try to get things done
Just to survive it's hard to learn this game
I won't be the first to take the blame
The pressure builds up day by day
We've worked too hard to throw it all away

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