

Knockout Theory "Year One"

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I'm sick of always being the underdog when I try so
hard and
I wake up wondering what the answers are
Well, I Â– I guess I'll put it this way:
Dear Journal, this marks year one of writing you
I'm growing tired of all the world has put me through
And I can't live like this
Everything's a blur and I'm counting the hours until it'll
end
Well could it be
That we are not so different, them and me
We all have but one purpose and someday they'll see
that they can't live without it
They might just die without it
I hope the latter comes before they come for me

You know this is just blowing steam
But maybe this time it's worse than it seems
In a city by the sea
We would lie there, them and me
We would dance all night 'til the sun goes down by the
hands of the powers that be
And you know this much is true
That we're living in a dream
But the day will come when we all look back on the
disaster that we've seen

Dear Journal, this is the last I'm writing you
The pressure's high, I'm going insane, how 'bout you
And I can't live like this
All the world's a stage
And here's one actor who will not conform to scripted
days

You know this is just blowing steam
But maybe this time it's worse than it seems
In a city by the sea
We would lie there, them and me
We would dance all night 'til the sun goes down by the
hands of the powers that be
And you know this much is true
That we're living in a dream

But the day will come when we all look back on the
disaster that we've seen

Bordered by the ideals we encounter everyday
Oh, I tell myself, there's got to be another way
Bordered by the ideals we encounter everyday
Oh, I tell myself, there's got to be another way

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