

M**"Fearless"**

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Is there anything that I need to say
That hasn't been said before
I have been polite for too long
Why should I be anymore
Better now than never, better loud than clever
Better just to play the fool
It's times like this
When you just close your eyes and kiss
Cause everything after this
Is just bullshit and being cruel

So hold me up, I'm going out
And don't wait up, I won't be coming home
If you lay me down in concrete fields
Will I dream of grass and opera
This is the sounds and how it feels
To be dead

In the end, there will be fire and brimstone
And no one will be there to answer the telephone
You are the only one I'll miss
You are the only answer at a time like this
She is the trick of my trade
She is the thing that can't be made
She is gold and nothing less
And she is fearless

So hold me up, we're going out
And don't wait up, we won't be coming home
If you lay me down in concrete fields
Will I dream of grass and opera
This is the sounds and how it feels
To be dead

You hold it in your hand
You keep it in your heart
You hide it in your head
And you use it when you have to
She is the trick of my trade
These are the things that can't be made
Stay yourself and nothing less

Stay fearless

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