

Circa Survive "Sharp Practice"

Visit "[Sharp Practice](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tripping over things unsaid
In a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth
Cause it's unfamiliar

If you didn't have so much left to prove
Would there be resistance
Kicking up this cloud of dust
'Til it covers us?

I have been there and done it a thousand times
Never with my eyes open

You get what you pay for
We can't sell our goddamn souls anymore
Anymore

Don't let them give you the run-around
Again! Again!
It's up to you to make sense of it
Yeah

No one hesitates to taste
When they come and throw their feet down
If you want to not make haste
Keep your feet on the ground

I hear it coming from a million miles away
Like a stampede of footsteps
Kicking up this cloud of dust
'Til it covers us

You can't control what has happened to your heart
'Til you give it away
'Til you give it away

You get what you pay for
We can't sell our goddamn souls anymore
Anymore

Don't let them give you the run-around
Again! Again!

It's up to you to make sense of it
Yeah

So many words flooding in my vacant mind
Too little space, too little sleep, too little time

Tripping over things unsaid
In a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth
Cause I've never known it

You get what you pay for
We can't sell our goddamn souls anymore
Anymore

Don't let them give you the run-around
Again! Again!
It's up to you to make sense of it
Yeah

Visit [Circa Survive](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.