

Paramore

"Gallows Bird"

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There's no time to be cynical
When daily life's so trivial
And easy to forget.
When you're never going back.

So they grab their things and sail with me,
The black sheep of a family
Of robbers, traitors, sluts and
Thieves, addicted to misery.

If you bury me, please bury me here.
Let me sink to the floor of the blackened sea
And sing me songs from home.
And if the bleak winds cover your face with salt
And you lose your way and run aground
I'll sing you songs from home.

So bound me in chains and take my place
If you can navigate this ship alone.
Go on and kill you and your's.
You've got a lot to lose.

You came to me with hopes and dreams
Of freedom, peace and happiness.
I took it all away
And threw it overboard.

When there's the sea in front and the sea behind
There's not so much beauty to find.

But oh, she had a pretty face
And oh, she made me dwell
But she wouldn't stay with me
And I wouldn't let her stay with someone else.

So this is what people call happiness?

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