

Paramore "Playing God"

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I can't make my own decisions
Or make any with precision
Well maybe you should tie me up
So I don't go where you don't want me
You say that I've been changing
That I'm not just simply aging
Well how could that be logical?
Just keep on cramming ideas down my throat
Woah

You don't have to believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger I might have to
bend it back
And break it, break it off
Next time you point a finger I'll point you to
the mirror

If Gods the game that you're playing
Well we must get more acquainted
Because it has to be so lonely to be the only
one who's holy
It's just my humble opinion but it's one that I
believe in
You don't deserve a point of view
If the only thing you see is you
Woah

You don't have to believe me
But the way I, way I see it

Next time you point a finger I might have to
bend it back
Or break it, break it off
Next time you point a finger I'll point you to
the mirror

This is the last second chance
(I'll point you to the mirror)
I'm half as good as it gets
(I'll point you to the mirror)
I'm on both sides of the fence

(I'll point you to the mirror)
Without a hint of regret I'll hold you to it

I know you don't believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger I might have to
bend it back
Or break it, break it off
Next time you point a finger I'll point you to
the mirror

I know you won't believe me
But the way I, way I see it
Next time you point a finger I might have to
bend it back
Or break it, break it off
Next time you point a finger I'll point you to
the mirror.

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