

Paramore

"Shooting With Broken Pistols"

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Have you heard the time has come?
The time to make decisions, the time to move on.
So we make one step, two steps, walking uphill.
There is no more 'we' in weekend,
All contracts have been fulfilled.

Have you heard the time is here?
The orchestra has stopped playing except for one
single violin.
But nobody's going to listen, they've all left their seats.
Aiming for the coat check,
Blame it on the pianist.

Here we go again,
Arguing without any arguments,
Rather find new enemies
Than stick to old friends.

Have you heard the time has come?
The time to make a bet and wager ten to one.
Lose the house, lose the car, lose everything you've
ever had.
Call your answering machine
And tell things you don't want to forget.

Have you heard the time is here?
The time to check the newspapers for a flat with
separate keys.
It's that dead or alive thing again.
Meet new people at new parties,
Learn how to make new friends.

Have you heard the time has come?
The time you spend your evenings at the airport
Watching couples torn apart by the distance
Smiling for a moment,
So long and best wishes.

Distance makes the heart grow fonder.

Have you heard the time is here?

The time you spend your days alone in your apartment
Watching tv, checking emails, twenty times a day
Still nobody's going to contact you
To find out how you feel.

Distance makes the heart grow fonder.

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