

Paramore "That's What You Get"

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No sir, well, I don't wanna be the blame, not anymore
It's your turn, so take a seat
We're settling the final score
And why do we like to hurt so much?

I can't decide, you have made it harder
Just to go on
And why, all the possibilities
Well, I was wrong

That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa
That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

I drowned out all my sense
With the sound of its beating
And that's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

I wonder, how am I supposed to feel
When you're not here?
'Cause I burned every bridge I ever built
When you were here

I still try holding onto silly things
I never learn
Oh why, all the possibilities
I'm sure you've heard
That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa
That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

I drowned out all my sense
With the sound of its beating
And that's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

Pain, make your way to me, to me
And I'll always be just so inviting
If I ever start to think straight

This heart will start a riot in me
Let's start, start, hey!

Why do we like to hurt so much?
Oh, why do we like to hurt so much?
That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa
That's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

Now I can't trust myself
With anything but this
And that's what you get
When you let your heart win, whoa

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