

Paramore "Throwing Punches"

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There's an empty room at the end of the hall
And it's begging to swallow you whole
Each step you take
Makes it easier to fall on your face
Each tear you fake
Makes it easier to see straight through you now
And you're so hateful sometimes
Throwing punches at lies
Fall from somewhere above
Just to say you're in love
So you hang yourself from stolen dreams
And under the table you hide every stain
Each step you take
Getting closer

Makes it easier to fall on your face
Each death you fake
Getting closer
Makes it easier to love this way now
You're so hateful sometimes
Throwing punches at lies
Fall from somewhere above
Just to say you're in love
Watch it disappear
The dream you hold so dear
Let it fade, let it fade now
You're so hateful sometimes
Throwing punches at lies
Fall from somewhere above
Just to say you're in love

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