

Paramore "What You Get"

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No sir, well I don't wanna be the blame, not anymore.
It's your turn, to 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 it's
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 it's
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.

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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