

So Far Left It's Right "No Cop, No Stop"

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I guess I'll start
Reciting how your memory
Survives only thus far
It drowns
In the inspiration
Bled from his guitar
The inspiration was a gift
An invitation to live
Freely sent on wings of hope and faith
With nothing expected

Do I scream cliché enough?
From the top of my lungs
Or would a softer voice upon your ears
Create a sinful lust
If I wore my heart upon my sleeve
For all the world to see
Would you see it as a strength in me
Or cut it simply to watch me bleed

(Chorus)
Belief it seems
Compelling you and driving me
To the nth degree
Not knowing where this road will lead
Never second-guess
A light that shines above the rest
So here we stand
Placing that light into your hand

Do I dress cliché enough?
From my denims to my chucks
Do the clothes we wear upon our backs
Define the songs we love
If I wore my heart upon my sleeve

For all the world to see
Would you see it as a strength in me
Or cut it simply to watch me bleed

(Chorus)
Belief it seems

Compelling you and driving me
To the nth degree
Not knowing where this road will lead
Never second-guess
A light that shines above the rest
So here we stand
Placing that light into your hand

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