

The Herd

"Sum Of It All"

Visit "[Sum Of It All](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What is the trade-off in your life, What did you pay?
What is the price?
What did you way it up against? Was it worth it? My
dreams run amok, they
Don't take in my means. They break in then break out,
they're making a
Scene. I wake up and leg it and chase them with both
hands. They float and
Don't care where my feet land. You'veÃ¿ gotta stay fed
but you've
Gotta stay friends, what I'd do for the roof over my
head

The blood, the sweat, the tears I've shed.
What I'd bend for the ends, well... that depends
On theÃ¿ prize and the pride of the name that I
inherited;
Dirty hands; clean heart; rose up from the sediment
I ain't trying to build a mansion or expand a settlement
Or be an empty-headed guest on Letterman (fire!)

Gotta keep the engine purring, and the fire stoked,
Redemption round the corner, holding onto higherÃ¿
hopes.
Bigger than the music and all the liner notes - the
good, the bad and
Everything that I had hoped.

What is the trade-off in your life, What did you pay?
What is the price?
What did you way it up against? Was it worth it? You
compromise so much
That you forgot what you want. You are the sum of it all,
is that what you
Want?

Report read 'she's a dreamer, something wrong, we
should screen her'
How could they know the carnival in her fix when life
got grim.
If only they could taste the real thing,

Beneath their feet, beyond the ceiling.

Like hounds, they'd be stuck on it, chasing, loving,
hating, bathing,
Shaking it. They'd be doped on the feeling of it, move
mountains clothed in
It.

Battle waves that swallow ships just to get a hit
Was it worth it? You compromise so much that you
forgot what you want. You
Are the sum of it all, is thatÃ what you want?

I run myself (away-oh) into the ground (away-oh).
I live up to my father's name

Once more at a crossroads, looking up at signposts.

All of those lives you'll never live and cannot know. So I
wonder, will I
Wander or hold my line? And I find myself longing for
what can never be
Mine

This tale's tied together with invisible threads,
lingering on what she
Said. What if instead of a missed opportunity, it just
wasn't meant to be?
Please believe I never faked what it meant to me.
Everything must change,
Don't I know it, inÃ a moment, hesitate and you've
blown it.

You want to know the possible,
But it would freak you out if you were shown it,
So I'm holding my course until this roadÃ ends. I know
the pen is
Constant, but the ink is transient. More inclined to
letting it ride than
Planning it.
So I take my lumps, 'cause I wrote this story: it's always
feast or famine;
Always death or glory.

Visit [The Herd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.