

# Treaty Of Paris "Quits"

Visit "[Quits](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The word on the street is  
Your head hit the ceiling.  
And you're not sure what to name your headache.  
So you follow your feelings  
And you dab at the bleeding.  
You say, "how about I just call this one quits."

"No shit? You can't be serious?"  
I always thought you had more  
Always thought you had more to give.  
But can you live with giving in?

I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, anytime soon.  
I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

You wrestled your demons  
Let them with no reason.  
I always thought you had thicker skin.  
There's a hole in the ceiling  
If you looked up you'd see it.  
Maybe then you would quit hitting your head.

I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, anytime soon.  
I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

What you got and what you want will never  
Be the same thing to that from someone who should  
know.  
What it feels like when the motivation stops  
And the well has dried up and you dive down to the  
bottom  
Just to see how deep it goes...

I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, anytime soon.  
I don't see you changing your mind  
Anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

"No shit? You can't be serious?"  
I always thought you had more  
Always thought you had more to give.  
But can you live with giving in?

Yeah.

Can you live with giving in?  
Can you live with giving in?  
Can you live with giving in?

The word on the street is  
Your head hit the ceiling

Visit [Treaty Of Paris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.