

Story of the Year "In Her Bedroom"

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We both want the world
But we both know that this gets old
If I could open up my chest then maybe
I could find a way to give you
Just a little piece of my heart

Sometimes I would rather cut your lips
Right off your face
Than kiss them goodnight

But then sometimes
You can make a room feel perfect when you try
Because a mouth full of lies will leave a sour taste
That cuts just like a knife as it slides down your throat

You give up the world
And fall to your knees
To show me that you care

We could believe in windows
But behind the broken glass are fairy tales

In her bedroom
I am throwing
Pieces of what I wish I could be
Knowing that someday
In her bedroom she will know
Yeah, here we go

If I could find your eyes
From across the room
We have to try not to
Throw away this happiness
If air explodes between us
Then this is more than just a feeling

Today I woke up missing you

Another day goes by alone

We could believe in windows
But behind the broken glass are fairy tales

In her bedroom
I am throwing
Pieces of what I wish I could be
Knowing that someday
In her bedroom she will know
Yeah, here we go

Not every movie has a happy ending
But frame by frame
I learn to love you
When I see flowers bloom in your footsteps.

I learn to love you
I learn to love you
Frame by frame
Here we go!

In her bedroom
I am throwing
Pieces of what I wish I could be (Yeah)
Knowing that someday
In her bedroom she will ...
In her bedroom
I am throwing
Pieces of what I wish I could be (Yeah)
Here we go

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