

We're All Just Passing Through "Nobody Picks A Fist Fight In New York City"

Visit "[Nobody Picks A Fist Fight In New York City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Back down from the doorway of destiny tonight
Cause dare you rest that head feeling anything but
your 4 white walls
tonight

To you, something too good means something to prove
Something too good means something to prove

Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
And run away

I can't breathe for what you can't see but somehow
to you this all
tasted way too strong
Cause you chewed me up and spit me out with only
humiliation to call

my own

To you, something too good means something to prove
Something too good means something to prove

Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
And run away

Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
Your educator was uneducated
He taught you to pass up a good thing
And run away

Visit [We're All Just Passing Through](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.