

## With The Punches

### "Hulk Hands"

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Is there some kind of strategy that's never been  
explained to me?  
On how you should deal when  
Everything you love comes crashing down  
Open my mouth  
But not a sound comes out  
I think of just how bad that  
I wish that I could go back  
To correct decisions made  
And counteract feeling so afraid

I'm starting to see what you said  
All along but I  
But I still disagree  
Can't put a price tag on  
The things we've seen  
Or the nights that meant the world to me

It's impossible to choose  
With everything that you've got  
Left to lose

I hope I never see the day when ambition fades away  
I'd rather dive off of the Newburgh-Beacon than live a  
life so meaningless  
Cover my mouth  
So not a sound comes out  
No matter what the outcome  
Accept it that I can't go back  
To correct decisions made  
And counteract feeling so afraid

I'm starting to see what you said  
All along but I  
But I still disagree  
Can't put a price tag on  
The things we've seen  
Or the nights that meant so much to me

Good luck with the woulda-coulda shit  
Your dreams will never come true

Good luck with the woulda-coulda shit  
Those dreams will never come true

It's impossible to choose  
With everything that you've got  
Left to lose  
And these days  
Nothing's ever black and white  
We're just all lost in the details

Every question weighs a ton, is this so wrong that it  
can't be undone?  
Every question weighs a ton, is this so wrong that it  
can't be undone?  
Every question weighs a ton, is this so wrong that it  
can't be undone?  
Every question weighs a ton, is this so wrong that it  
can't be undone?

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