

Crosscut "Rewind"

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Stubborn as I am, I drown in my self chosen sorrow
Nothing more important to me than things I broke, so I
keep on breakin'
It don't matter if real or fake, in the end, your feelings
they were only borrowed
Now god ahead with your love set-list, call me paranoid
and say that you ain't fakin'

What a day, what a day
But dare you lookin' straight in these eyes
And say that you ain't fakin'
What a day, what a day
But dare you lookin' straight in these eyes
And say that this won't

Hidden in your den, you choose to sleep and keep me
wandering
But as you always wear your scent bag, I will find you
Even Scattered your feelings are fake, still drown-in'
your self chosen sorrow
Now what about your so called gift, is it still by your
side or is it you that's fakin'

What a day, what a day
But dare you lookin' straight in these eyes
And say that you ain't fakin'
What a day, what a day
But dare you lookin' straight in these eyes
And say that this won't die

It's coming up again, the same old bad thing
Feels bad as always, all that she says can't take that
away

What a day, what a day
What a day, what a day
What a day, what a
What a, what a..rgh

What a day, what a day
But dare you lookin' straight in these eyes
And say that you ain't fakin'

What a day, what a day
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