

Polar Bear Club "Most Miserable Life"

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We fucked our ears
We fucked our throats
Screaming for the sake of what we love most
These pretty scars aren't going anywhere

The redder, the better
Lose your voice and make it hurt
Reluctance, and reserve, refuse these things
'Cause it's time to sing!

Woah...
Woah...
Woah...
Woah...
Here we go!

I pray and bleed with a frozen smile
Echoes of heartache are not with me
Emotions she'd in different times
Crashed at this opportunity

I feel sorry for these walls
'Cause if they could talk they surely would
Hear 'em out, tear 'em down.
Hear 'em out, tear 'em down.

What stops us from doing that which we love?
Social convention can take off
Fired hearts, and a little faith...
We are the fired hearts!

I can feel hopeless and bitter
As can anyone that I know
Not yet, here it's a waste of time
I've got something inside, can't let it go

I scream until it hurts
I know somewhere someone's screaming it worse
And I smile knowing here is where it collides
Here we don't have to hide

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We are the fired hearts!

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