

Paint The Coastline

"At Your Worst"

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I tried my best to be a better me
But I'm trapped in this far from perfect body
I don't like the things that it sees
Or the language that it speaks
Because it's slowly, slowly killing me

I'm rolling through my sheets
I'm lying through my teeth
I don't know what to tell you except that I'm sorry
And nowadays, sorry doesn't mean a thing

We've come a long, long way since the first day
I still have morals that you can't take away
And with these hands I'll make
The same old mistakes
And maybe someday I'll have the guts to say

I'm rolling through my sheets
I'm lying through my teeth
I don't know what to tell you except that I'm sorry
And nowadays, sorry doesn't mean a thing

We've got to go with the way the dice is rolled
And learn to roll with the punches
You fall, you crumble, you hurt
It's not to bad, cause I've seen you at your worst

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