

Format, The

"I'm Ready, I Am"

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I'm nicotine, I'm coming clean
I fooled the crowd when I made it sound
Like I was more than ready
Strike up the band, deprive my sleep
'Cause there's no love like apathy
The bell that tolls rings loud enough
That it should have woke us up

I'm trying to find truth in words, in rhymes, and notes
In all the things I wish I wrote 'cause
I feel like I've been losing you

I read your last entry
Over privileged kids keep crying
The need to fit in is harder when living life from a
screen
Old classmates please drop all your pens
Don't write a word cause I won't reply
And I'm not bitter, no
It's just I've past that point in my life

I'm trying to find truth in words, in rhymes, and notes
In all the things I wish I wrote 'cause
I feel like I've been losing you

Each night it ends too soon
You don't hold me like you used to
And your eyes look like they've seen too much cause
It's always some excuse
Too tired, too obtuse
You look so far removed
This time I fear I'm losing you

I'm nicotine, I'm a cash machine
I'm the color green
And you should have seen
The looks I just received

I need a reason to let go
An intervention, a lullaby
Something to cure me please believe me

I'm trying to find truth in words, in rhymes, and notes
In all the things I wish I wrote 'cause
I feel like I've been losing you

Each night it ends too soon
You don't hold me like you used to
And your eyes look like they've seen too much but
It's always some excuse
Too tired, too obtuse
You look so far removed
This time I fear I'm just not getting through

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