

Blue October, Say It

Its all about steam
Its all about dreams
Its all about making the best out of everything
Youll know when your fine
Cause youll talk like a mime
Youll fall on your face
You get back up and youre doing fine
a considerate clown, a preachy preachy machine
is one of the sweetest things you would say about me
but I dont have the time for your distorted esteem
why are you toying with my mind?
I dont wanna hear you say it
Now youre fucking with my pride
You think youre smarter than me
Well everyone knows you will never be smarter than me
Thats how it goes
I gained forty pounds because of you
Was there an S on my chest
Well I confess, you were too much stress
Id have a heart attack at best
So now I breathe it out, I breathe it out
I spit it on the crowd cause they lift me up, they lift me up, they lift me up
When Im feeling down
What am I spitting out? spitting out, something we never talk about
Its called my mind
I dont wanna hear you say it
Now youre messing with my pride
Im sick of standing in your line
So now youll have to take it
take this to heart
I will never let you fuck me over
Stop talking down to me your war is old
your game is over
So heres my coldest shoulder
I dont wanna hear you say it
Now youre messing with my pride
Something we dont talk about
Something we never talk about