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 dónt wánna héar 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