

Four Year Strong, Bada Bing! Wit' A Pipe!

Roll with the punches
Because you know that it's inevitable
Soon to be unforgettable, yet, totally unpredictable
I'm either calling it quits or you're calling me out
Its not who or what you know because you're better with nothing at all.

Sing it back to me; this is your life story
You didn't even know it you're trying not to blow it
Because you're kicking back a death wish and here I am just riding out the storm
Believe me when I say that I want to give up
I want to give up but its bad enough to keep me hooked
just to watch you curse my name and toss and turn

Turn around and cross the line you so casually walk between function and fashion
Are you dressed to kill or dressed to impress?
Don't act like you can do better than this.

Let me see you put your hands upon the stereo
Its spitting out a ridiculous frequency
But turn it up turn it up
Break a sweat
Cause were just burning up and hitting up the scene that was ours to hit up
Take take me out because I'm ready for your best shot
Make make me out to be a bullet from the pulpit
Or anything that would make you believe

All that we've seen would be just another scene
That was our to hit up

Play it back for me, if you feel you've got to
Do you want to call it intuition
Cause after intermission we'll be flashing the house lights
To let you know that we're back in action
Simply for your satisfaction

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Roll with the punches
Because you know that it's inevitable
Soon to be unforgettable, we're either calling it quits or you're calling me out
Its not who or what you know because you're better with nothing at all.

Roll with the punches
(you're better with nothing at all.)
Roll with the punches

Let me see you put your hands upon the stereo

Its spitting out a ridiculous frequency
But turn it up turn it up
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