

# Hawthorne Heights, 321

321, blank pages are a loaded gun  
These phases all end at once  
Please tell me what you want to hear right now  
It doesn't matter how, these days I can't live without  
The way you always try to bring me down

I feel so temporary throw me away for an ordinary life  
You know you've done it once or twice, you know you've done it

321, the clock is already done  
The time is gone, this all went wrong  
Now we're waiting for the back up plan  
Take me by the hand, please try to make me understand  
The choice is made now it's too late  
I'll exit now into an early grave

The clock is done ticking second chances  
The clock's done, darling

I feel so temporary.