

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.