

James Morrison, Call The Police

I'm done, shoot your gun
I think it's time to take it back to where we started from
Your pain, my pain
I write it down and tell you exactly how I feel again

And all I see is a mass of confusion of who I am and what I gotta be

Closed eyes, big lines
I get so tempted just to let it ride sometimes
Looks good, tastes bad
Makes me wonder where I buried all the dreams I had

And all I see is a less-good version
Of a man I don't want to be
All I feel is you tying me down
To something that just isn't real
And all I need is some truth, God help me
Before the devil buries me

I can't do nothing if I can't do something my way
Well I must be crazy if I follow every word you say
When the shit comes down you'll be the first to walk away
Call the police, coz I've lost control and I really want to see you bleed

I'm awake, why wait
I don't need someone to tell me who to be today
Quite sure, unlike before
Came off the road and I forgot what I was looking for

And all I see is a less-good version
Of a man I don't want to be
All I feel is you tying me down
To something that just isn't real
And all I need is some truth, God help me
Before the devil buries me

Can't just hack at me, you know
You might just have to let me go
Closed in, I need some room to grow
You don't know what you think you know
Hiding behind your pop machine
So you can break someone else's dream

Call the police coz I've lost control and I really want to see you bleed
I can't do nothing if I can't do something my way
I must be crazy if I follow every word you say
When the shit comes down you'll be the first to walk away