

MxPx, Tightly Wound

The dim city light would serve as our guide
Like gypsies making off with the moonlight
It always seems to come right down to this
A heavy hitter swings, but seems to miss
You cant help hoping you'll be the next one, and you'll be winning

We're tightly wound, going round and around
We're tightly wound, going round and around
We may break on the way up or on the way down
We're all going down, going down

So face the breaks and we'll be better for it
Like an executioner on death row
It always seems to come right down to this
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So don't cling to desperation
Just use your imagination
Your thoughts are what get you everything
But don't think you've got it coming

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