

Secondhand Serenade, Synesthesia

Adrenaline pumping
I've got to do something
It's kind of like, some sort of "disease";
I feel like I'm fine
Slowly rotting my mind
I take the time in my life with ease
Burn...
This is what I've learned
To be
To see
The real me
All that's said is done
Good luck stopping me because I've got the power to go
Don't need you here
Don't need you now
Why do I need you anymore?
My life is a game
So get off of my back
No one's keeping the goddam score