

Yellowcard, 2 Quarts

Born into this world,
No choice to decide,
What we're doing now
Is what we do in life
Tell us what we have
Just can't follow right

Somehow I don't believe
Not for one second
I think it's all a game
Someone's having fun
Playing with our minds
As if they've already one

There is nothing left
Here to call my own
There is no new sound
There is no new show
Everything's been done
What's been fun?

The only thing I've got
Has abandoned me
Taken away my life
Sit and think poor me
There is nothing left
Here to see

I wanna know right now
1-2-3-4, go

There is nothing left
Here to call my own
There is no new sound
There is no new show
Everything's been done
What's been fun?

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Playing with our minds
As if they've already won

I wanna know right now