

Yellowcard, Gifts And Curses

Mary belongs to the words of a song
I try to be strong for her, try not to be wrong for her
But she will not wait for me, anymore, anymore
Why did I say all those things before? I was sure

(She is the one), but I have a purpose,
(She is the one), and I have to fight this,
(She is the one), a villain I can't knock down.

I see your face with every punch I take,
And every bone I break, it's all for you
And my worst pains are words I cannot say,
Still I will always fight on for you

Mary's alive in the bright New York sky,
The city lights shine for her, above them I cry for her
Everything's small on the ground below, down below
What if I fall, then where would I go, would she know?

(She is the one), all that I wanted,
(She is the one), and I will be haunted,
(She is the one), this gift is my curse for now

I see your face with every punch I take,
And every bone I break, it's all for you
And my worst pains are words I cannot say,
Still I will always fight on for you

I see your face with every punch I take,
And every bone I break, it's all for you
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Fight on for you, fight on for you