

Bayside, Half A Life

I've been meaning to ask you
how life looks from the nose bleed seats,
and to ask how it feels to bleed.
Your life's a waste.

And the way that I'll ask it
will have revenge woven throughout,
but will be masked with the concern that a friend would bring.
You're so incomplete.

Hold a mirror to show just what you've become
and read your diary to figure out where things went wrong.
I don't think I'll ever understand,
how a cowardly cat can call himself a man.

You're all show and it's getting old.
You're all show and it's getting old.

As for the rest of us,
we'll do fine with what we have,
making the best of what is left.
And you're a naysayer
who will never know what it's like
to really have half a life.

I've been meaning to harm you
in the best way that I see fit.
I'm not sure if this did the trick,
but I think it did.

Hold a mirror to show just what you've become
and read your eulogy to figure out where things went wrong.
I hope one day you understand that
a girl on your arm won't make you a man.

You're all show and it's getting old.
You're all show and it's getting old.

As for the rest of us,
we'll do fine with what we have,
making the best of what is left.
And you're a naysayer
who will never know what it's like
to really have half a life.

Keep walking down your shallow lonely road.
It's dark and cold and it's yours and yours alone.

If you dig too deep are you scared you'll find something?
Spoonfuls of shit will surely add up.
Inside you're begging for a cure for your disease.
Your life's a crime scene and it won't help to blame me.

As for the rest of us,
we'll do fine with what we have,
making the best of what is left.
And you're a naysayer
who will never know what it's like
to really have half a life.