

Bayside, Head On A Plate

Breathe kids, the mold is getting old
It'll be gone any day
The hipster empire of tomorrow
Will fall to the common kids of today

With tied wrists we're under their control
With fists clenched, we're taking on the world
I write down words with cathartic intentions
But they spawn revolutions of minds

They're asking for my, my head on a plate
They're asking for my, my head on a plate

I'm really, really not
That conceited I swear I'm not
I'm just trying to bring
Music back to music
I define up and coming
They already came up and went

I'm loose lipped now shaking back and forth
Problems fixed, I'm pouring out my soul
I find the right words to express myself
Instead of fitting round pegs in round holes

What a lovely day for a symphony
Full of honesty and integrity
So take this for what its worth
Originality's not a curse

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