

Bayside, Roshambo (Rock, Paper, Scissors)

You never really knew
the things you learned would matter;
the things you did and didnt do would someday define you;
the things you hate the most :
the lessons on piano,
the books you read in Sunday school--
I swear Id trade in anything to be young again.

And all these things
were lessons in living

It seems like were all fighting to be more than who we are.
Lifes been a test of virtue and humility so far.
cause give and take dont matter either way.
Luck of the draw, the lottery;
Roshambo for poverty.
Destination: anywhere but here.

Here I go again,
feeling sorry for myself.
Am I getting old at heart--
too old to pretend
that everythings alright?
Have I had a choice?
Walking past a threshold
into a change
and your lifes never the same again.

And all these things
were lessons in living.

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Roshambo for poverty.
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My minds open.
I scream for better things.

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