

Bayside, The Walking Wounded

I'm weak like a one-armed boxer
Throwing punch after punch
After punch I, I give in
I'm so dumb, I'm surprised
When they duck

A scared pair of walking soldiers
We're all wounded anyway
In our respective ways

Scientists they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?

You stretch the truth like a crooked salesman
Telling lie after lie
After lie, but where's the line?
You burn bridges, you're breaking down dams

Scientists they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?

Let's take this train for one last stop, I know
It's not the end, but it can't be that far

Scientists they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child?
When our time is up, then our time is up

Scientists they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
Who would want to die as a cowardly little child?
When our time is up, will we be ashamed or proud?