

Big 10-4, Tangled

I've been through enough to know I've seen enough,
I'm done acting brave, I'm done acting tough,
'Cause getting tripped up every step provokes this change in mood,
And I'm sick and tired of feeling sick and tired,
And my 5 a.m.'s why am I so wired,
I've walked a million miles pacing corners of this room,

And oh the chase, I'll be in the lead but I'll blow the race,
I couldn't trust in love,
Push will come to shove and wipe that smile off your face,

My frustrated hands can't untangle this,
I'm waiting for the flipside of this world,
My frustrated hands hold this beautiful mess,
And I'm laying on the ground,
Without a sound I'm spinning around again,

And what works for you won't work for me,
These bumper sticker philosophies,
Your clichés and your theories that you're never gonna prove,
What can go wrong it will go wrong,
That's the reason why I wrote this song,
I'm running up the white flag because we know who's gonna lose,

And oh it's the taste, it's that bitter sweet It's your sour face,
You couldn't trust in love,
Push will come to shove and wipe that smile off your face,

My frustrated hands can't untangle this,
I'm waiting for the flipside of this world,
My frustrated hands hold this beautiful mess,
And I'm laying on the ground,
Without a sound I'm spinning around again,

And it tears me to pieces every time I fall,
And it tears me to pieces again,

I am so inspired by the uninspired,
'Cause what they've got you know I don't desire,
Running out the front door with the two finger salute,

My frustrated hands can't untangle this,
I'm waiting for the flipside of this world,
My frustrated hands hold this beautiful mess,
And I'm laying on the ground,
Without a sound I'm spinning around again,
We're spinning around again