

# Count The Stars, Breakthrough

We were young, here to dream  
In the high lit halls of the city scene  
Left alone, with the strong  
Now tip your head back as we hit the walls  
And there were always things that we kept inside  
And we don't know why  
And there were always things that I can't let go  
Take a breath, breathe you in  
Your eyes grow wide when I touch your skin  
To look above, and taste the sky  
Bittersweet kiss with her lips so dry  
And there were always things that we kept inside  
And we don't know why  
And there were always things that I can't let go  
Everything I can't breakthrough to now  
I'll never walk away from once again  
Letting go of all the words I haven't said  
And breaking through to let go  
Face down, I face the ground  
Saturday hits and now were up in arms  
So tell me this, and tell me that  
Your days of alcohol are going to come right back  
And there are always things that we kept inside  
And we don't know why  
And there were always things that I can't let go  
Picture perfect teen machines  
They all drop like flies leaving complete  
And I'm not some waste of space to this place  
No I'm not some kind of waste