

# Crossfade, The Deep End

I built my life, like my bike, on a rigid frame.  
Nothing bends; it only breaks into pieces and pieces.  
I waited for hope to arrive, but it never came,  
Leaving me with only pain inside.  
I'm going off the deep end.

I built my life on a rigid frame,  
So nothing bends; it only breaks into pieces and pieces.  
I waited for hope to arrive, but it never came,  
Leaving me with only pain inside.  
I'm going off the deep end.

Holding on is harder than it seems  
When you're reaching for so much more.  
Seems so much more easier to just give in  
When you're reaching for so much more.

Another wasted Saturday, so here I'll stay,  
But nothing seems to ever change anyway, hey.  
All this hype about life being great...  
Where's the love for me these days?  
I'm going off the deep end.

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When you're reaching for so much more.  
Seems so much more easier to just give in  
When you're reaching for so much more.

(Go!)

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