

Fake Problems, Heat On The Feet

Stick to what you know baby, it's not the end of the world just yet.
When opportunity screams your name, you have only yourself to thank.
It's every man for himself tonight, we're growing out of these old clothes.
The other coast, it calls my name but I just want to stay at home.
You're dressed in white standing by the altar.
I'm at some junkies home on South State St. sleeping on the floor.
And that phone keeps a-ringing, door bell's a-buzzin' alright.
But loud noises like sirens don't really wake me up no more.
Because it's every man for himself tonight,
we're growing out of these old clothes.
The alarm clock radio plays my song but I just want to stay asleep.
It goes around in a circle, it'll come back again.
The more I can learn the more I'm sure we can win.
You gotta take some chances to progress in life,
it's me on my own, I hunt for myself tonight!