

GoodBooks, The Illness

Get up, rise with the morning sun
Lay down your love, and put your lipstick on
And forget about the pain you gave
And blur your eyes, paint through and through
To keep the world from reaching inside you
But let's not get too cynical

You'd die for applause
But could you live on for no reward?
You wake up, you're older, your plans just got smaller
Your children smile
You never even thought that you'd still be here today

Get out, stop crawling in
You're nothing real, you're just someone I've been
So you look into the mirror
And it asks you from behind the wall how anyone could find you beautiful?
But let's not get too cynical

You'd die for applause
But could you live on for no reward?
You wake up, you're older, your plans just got smaller
Your children smile
You never even thought that you'd still be here today

And now you're dancing, tripping up, falling down, bruised
You're dancing, tripping up, falling down, bruised
You're dancing, tripping up, falling down, bruised
You're dancing, tripping up, falling down, bruised
You've been hanging around
In a world you barely understand
You've been left without the ability to be the bigger man
But that's not like you at all