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'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