

Hanson, In A Way

On the third floor of the hotel there's a pregnant Flamenco dancer
In the bathtub with a razor and she's planning her great escape

In a way she's giving up on herself, whoooa
Either way she's giving up some of herself, whoooa

In the backyard there's a small boy playing soldiers with an army ranger
In the front room there's a mother to the small boy,
She's a total stranger
In a way she's giving up on herself, whoooa
Either way she's giving up some of herself, whoooa

Love is only what you give up
Life isn't what you get
Love won't always fill your cup
But life's when you start to live
Life's when you learn to give

When I leave here I'm going to go to the small boy
And that flamenco dancer
Leave the guitar and the spotlight I'm gonna go home to my biggest fans

In a way I'm giving up some of myself, whoooa
In a way isn't that what it's about, whoooa

In a way I'm giving up some of myself, whoooa
Whooooa, oh whoooa, oh whoooa
Isn't that what it's about

Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa, whoooa, no no noo
Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa,

Isn't that what it's about
Oh, whoooa, oh, whoooa
Isn't that what it's about