

Hit The Lights, These Backs Are Made For Stabb

You play this game so well
So well in fact that they can tell
But we're on to you (lets go)
Cause your act is nothing new
And we can see right through it now
Your method is old, worn and used

So if you (swallow your pride)
Should decide to (spill your insides)
Take your time, find your spine
I swear you'll be just fine
If your backbone should find its way home
Through the whole above your neck (is where the trap is set)

You look so obvious... predictable...
And some day your games will catch up to you
So obvious...
And we all know
That some day your games will catch up to
(right now)

You thought I'd fall for your lies
You thought I'd cut off all ties
Anymore gutless and you'd be dead

You show me yours, I'll show you mine
You know sincerity grows in time
Sing it with me if you can

So if you (swallow your pride)
Should decide to (spill your insides)
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And some day your games will catch up to you
So obvious...
And we all know
That some day your games will catch up

So carve your apologies in your wrists
Let the guilt drip from your fingertips
I'm on to you, we're on to you
Now wear this excuse around your neck
I'll kick the chair out from your legs
I'm on to you, we're on to you

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And some day your games will catch up to you
So obvious...
And we all know
That some day your games will catch up...
Right now