

# Hopewell, Trumpet For A Lung

You hate what you become  
Because you become what you hate  
You got a trumpet for a lung  
And gold pianos for teeth

You thought you were the one  
Til they nailed you to a stick  
When they handed you a crown  
You feigned surprised  
That it fit

It's all about face  
It's all about faith  
It's all about face

(Hey hey)

It's all about face  
It's all about faith  
It's all about face

It's all about face