

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