

Lostprophets, Can't Stop, Gotta Date With Hate

Her eyes are open like a book, her fingers stroke her hair to look.
A moment feels so out of place, as we're left standing in disgrace.
Paint your fingernails at night, style your hair in the bathroom light.
Hatred never looked this good, whoever thought it could.
I don't wanna wait or leave it up to fakers. I just wanna to watch you all night.
Screaming, and are you gonna? Don't you wake me up, I don't want this dream to end.
One kiss those lips could never lie, but I know something isn't right.
Don't be fooled my friends I sigh, cos I see nothing in those eyes.
All said and done, this won't be fun. Make no mistake, those smiles are fake.
Don't wanna wait or leave it up to fakers. I just wanna to watch you all night.
Screaming, and are you gonna? Don't you wake me up, I don't want this dream to end.
Believe me, I know we'll always be moving. I know we could find the key.
And are you gonna? Don't you wake me up, I don't want this dream to... x2
All the times that we suffered this before, never once did you ever close that door. All the make-up