My American Heart, The Ruins We Hold

I'm not sure if we're wrong or right Tell me do you know?

We've been cheated Lied to And beaten To the ruins that we hold

Our hands together
A hand full of empty answers
Too many expectations
Another fall from second chances
But who am I to ask for this?
I've lost years of dreams
And started notions
To ask for this
I'll be your ignition
Turn me on

Here's to sad nights Here's to long fights Here's to everything that makes you right It makes you right