

New Found Glory, Constant Static

Yeah
I'm on the verge of something good
It's been up my sleeve this whole time, waiting

Yeah
I'm not the condescending type,
I'm just a boy turned man completely overnight
Now I

I can't relate to your constant static
Your lack of remorse is cause for panic
No I can't relate, I never did
The worst thing was when I let you in
I let you in

Yeah
You might take a second look
It's just a game we play
And we all hesitate

Yeah
My Outlook isn't good
But at least I can say I wake up happy
Every day
Every day

I can't relate to your constant static
Your lack of remorse is cause for panic
No, I can't relay , I never did
The worst thing was when I let you in
I let you in

No
This is the bad translation of dictionarys I keep in my head,
I live my life in cycles and rough sketches
that I keep hidden and locked away

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