

Nothing More, Somewhat Proud

She lives a life in vanity
She dies with things she thinks she needs
Maybe life isn't always as others make it out to be
If the ordinary is the enemy of everything you want to be
Why's the ordinary thing that's haunting you consuming you with every move?
Everyone sees through the somewhat proud
She's living for the second glance
Caught in the dream of fairy tale romance
These will shout along before the dance

If the ordinary is the enemy of everything you want to be
Why's the ordinary thing that's haunting you consuming you with every move?
Everyone sees through the somewhat proud

Yeah

If the ordinary is the enemy of everything you want to be
Why's the ordinary thing that's haunting you, consuming you with every move?
Everyone sees through the somewhat proud