

Paramore, C'est Comme Ça

In a single year
I've aged one hundred
My social life
A chiropractic appointment
Sit still long enough to listen to yourself
Or maybe just long enough for you to atrophy to hell

C'est comme ça
C'est comme ça
NANANANANA!

I'm off caffeine
On doctor's orders
Said it was gonna help to level out my hormones
Lucky for me I run on spite and sweet revenge
It's my dependence on the friction
That really hinders my progression

I know that regression is rarely rewarded
I still need a certain degree of disorder

C'est comme ça
C'est comme ça
NANANANANA!

I know that regression is rarely rewarded
I still need a certain degree of disorder
I hate to admit getting better is boring
But the high cost of chaos?
Who can afford it?

C'est comme ça
C'est comme ça
NANANANANA!