

# Paramore, That's What You Get

No sir, well I don't wanna be the blame, not anymore.  
It's your turn, so take a seat we're settling the final score.  
And why do we like to hurt, so much?  
I can't decide  
You have made it harder just to go on  
And why, all the possibilities where I was wrong  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
I drowned out all my sense away, with the sound of its beating.  
And that's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
I wonder, how am I supposed to feel when you're not here.  
'Cause I burned every bridge I ever built when you were here.  
I still try holding onto silly things, I never learn.  
Oh why, all the possibilities I'm sure you've heard.  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
I drowned out all my sense away, with the sound of its beating. (beating)  
And that's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
Pain make your way to me, to me.  
And I'll always be just so inviting.  
If I ever start to think straight,  
This heart will start a riot in me,  
Let's start, start, hey!  
Why do we like to hurt so much?  
Oh why do we like to hurt so much?  
That's what you get when you let your heart win!  
Whoa.  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.  
Now I can't trust myself with anything but this,  
And that's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa.