

Pinhead Gunpowder, Swan Song

Maybe I'm defensive cuz it's my favorite song
But you cheapen the passion every time you sing along and laugh
You take the photograph and recreate it piece by piece
You stand the same way and wear the same clothes
But you don't see the desperation and frustration underneath
The pose the real belief

Cuz you're a second rate imitation
A watered down simulation of the real thing
And that alone wouldn't bug me
But it's you thinking that everything is and has always been that same way

Well it almost sounds like anger
Almost looks like passion
Almost seems like real life worth living
You congratulate yourself for seeming so convincing
Then go home alone and find that something's still missing

If this is what you wanted all along
I guess we don't see eye to eye
Cuz I'm looking around trying to figure out what went wrong
So much potential should've added up even if we'd given up
I'd understand but we tried so hard and got nothing
But a rented hall with your shitty band

Who are we kidding we killed our own
Dreams before anyone else ever got the chance
And now we don't even dance, so let's just go home

Well it almost sounds like anger
Almost looks like passion
Almost seems like real life worth living
We congratulate ourselves for seeming so convincing
Then go home alone and find that something's still missing