

# 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