

# Scott Weiland, Some Things Must Go This Way

I'm waking up so fast  
To see myself staring back at me  
I laugh and ask about  
What was this dream I had

What am I trying to hide  
Let's hear the secret that you keep  
I've been misunderstood  
Until it all came to me

It's out there  
The state of blinded grace  
It keeps us waiting at the door

Where is it  
The pantoms liberty  
It's hiding all that we know

We're pushing back the time  
To breathe it in with a staffled grin  
I know I must admit  
Some things must go this way

What am I trying to hide  
Let's hear the secret that you keep  
I've been misunderstood  
Until it all came to me