

# Story Of The Year, In The Shadow

we both take the hardest punches  
and collect black eyes just to prove it  
still we pass by just like strangers  
and we speak just like the closest enemies (enemies)

WHOA  
in the shadows of our lives  
we can fall into the night unscarred  
whoa  
in the shadows of our lives  
we can never let it go this far

somehow my words are rendered useless  
still I'll pull my lip down to my chest  
just to show you  
how my jaw is  
tired of waiting for things that you should hear (you should hear)

(chours)

after all we're still the same  
but these empty promises never seem to change

there's a smile on my face and it's 2:55 am  
but this cramp in my wrists puts me back to sleep  
til it all comes around again  
WITH A CLOSED FIST  
WITH A CLOSED FIST  
WITH A CLOSED FIST

(chours)