

The Black Maria, Our Commitment's A Sickness

The sad news come today,
That you gave up,
You quit,
You're walking away,
And you can't find the right words to say,
That you are part of a ship that's sinking...
We'll hang ourselves up with our broken dreams,
Convince ourselves that we are better than this,
Our commitment's a sickness...
We'll hang ourselves up with our broken dreams,
And tell ourselves that we almost made it,
Our commitment's a sickness...
And they say that this, too, shall pass,
But we're getting older with no closure or direction...
We'll hang ourselves up with our broken dreams,
Convince ourselves that we are better than this,
Our commitment's a sickness...
We'll hang ourselves up with our broken dreams,
And tell ourselves that we almost made it,
Our commitment's a sickness...
We'll hang ourselves with our dreams,
We'll hang ourselves with doubt,
We'll hang ourselves with our dreams,
We're always hanging on...