

Treaty Of Paris, Quits

The word on the street is
your head hit the ceiling.
And you're not sure what to name your headache.
So you follow your feelings
and you dab at the bleeding.
You say, "how about I just call this one quits."

"No shit? You can't be serious?"
I always thought you had more
always thought you had more to give.
But can you live with giving in?

I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, anytime soon.
I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

You wrestled your demons
let them with no reason.
I always thought you had thicker skin.
There's a hole in the ceiling
if you looked up you'd see it.
Maybe then you would quit hitting your head.

I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, anytime soon.
I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

What you got and what you want will never
be the same thing to that from someone who should know.
What it feels like when the motivation stops
and the well has dried up and you dive down to the bottom
just to see how deep it goes...

I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, anytime soon.
I don't see you changing your mind
anytime soon, but I sure hope you do.

"No shit? You can't be serious?"
I always thought you had more
always thought you had more to give.
But can you live with giving in?

Yeah.

Can you live with giving in?
Can you live with giving in?
Can you live with giving in?

The word on the street is
your head hit the ceiling