

So tired of trying to keep up with someone else's pace
you got a new tattoo, but the same old face
complacency is the enemy and I've been acting old
there's got to be more to life than doing what we're told
you can't bottle this - it always slips away
shut out - of a dream we had not long ago
there's nothing to prove, nothing to show
we've been told all this before
so why am I still keeping score
constraints are all around you every single day
when you're feeling overloaded you can't run away
and everywhere you go there's another wall in life
no matter where you look there's no end in sight
you can't bottle this - it always slips away
shut out - of a dream we had not long ago
nothing to prove, nothing to show
we've been told all this before
and I'm still keeping score
I understand you've got pressure's
but I can't accept your reaction
it's been a long road
is it all a distraction?
birth, school, work, death
these are things we all have to accept
and sometimes it feels like you're hitting a wall
I can't make sense of it all
shut up!
it's another time and another place
get a different view and a brand new take
it's a brand new day, it's a brand new day
brand new day
it's a brand new day
brand new day