

(Scott Johnson, Bill Leen)

It's our call
It sways, it stalls
I need a little extra time alone
Well maybe take the long way home
Just enough to get it wrong
Nothing like a bad decision
Says who you are
Fools rush in
For the grist in my
For the grist in my mill
Can't you see
When you're perfectly
When you're perfectly still
One big rout
We're all sold out
If nothing's off limits, we'll pay
Price tags on every other day
We're bankrupt here for now
But they can't take my anger
It can't be touched
Fools rush in
For the grist in my
For the grist in my mill
Can't you see
When you're perfectly
When you're perfectly still...
Outdated maps
Missed pull-out ramps
I won't contribute to our own demise
Pass up the consolation prize
It starts from here from now
Nothing like a bad decision
Says who you are
Fools rush in...