Fixed

ichiro_

What you want you are
You always were
What you want you are
You always were
When the plans fall changing hands
What are the chances of winning?
You, you hold my heart
You, you won't let up
After when I'm called
Touch turns into fisticuffs
It's all in your head
Wonder if I'm fixed to cut
guitar solo
For its statistics in the collected whole

We are the hunger that keeps you climing walls
It's the one thing you can count on
We all end floating away (x2)
You, you hold my heart
You, you won't let up
After when I'm called
Touch turns into fisticuffs
It's all in your head
Wonder if I'm fixed to cut
Is it your fault? (repeat)
You, you're sinking, so they say
You, you're finished, so they say
You, you're boring, so they say
You, I care when caring fades

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