In Like Flynn

Girls Against Boys

Well, Here's a little toast to you leaving
me all alone, bleeding. And, here's
Another toast to you giving up all you
own, dreaming.

Well, you've made out, on this last
crime. Like a thief, in the night, selling
crack part time. But I know your
beliefs well surpass mine... And I
know I'm a whore on the block with
a dime, Weighing light, just a knife in
my pocket and a heart of stone.
Spending all my nights, trying my best
to distinguish your reasons. Trying my
best to distinguish wrong from right.

And I'll say...
Well, I'll say...
Yes, I'll say it again.

You're a crutch for my life, it's alright.
Treating all my wishful thinking.
I promise you my life.
I'm alright.
I'll bleed myself with lack of meaning.

Lyrics submitted by Cody Bayless.

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