

# Armchair Sanctuary

## Last Tuesday

Throw my hands up I'm backing out  
Throw down my guns, I'm giving up the fight to prove them right  
Gotta get away from myself, if I'm gonna make it out alive  
Standing on the sidelines spitting my 2 cents  
Celebrating arrogance while hiding in a crowd of cynics  
Passive passion proves my life is passing me by  
I'll never make it out alive  
This meaning is fleeting, just when we really need it  
A building and nothing more, these empty walls are bound to fall  
Throw my hands up, I've had enough  
I've been the first, I've seen the top of feeling down and out  
I gotta get away from myself, and I'll never make it out alive  
I'll be there if you feel like you're falling  
I know we're going all the way, I know we're searching for the answers  
And it's not enough when you're losing heart  
Instead of backing out just put in your part  
Searching for where we are going

Songwriters

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