

Half a Life

Bayside

I've been meaning to ask you
How life looks from the nose bleed seats
And to ask you how it feels to bleed
Your life's a waste And the way that I'll ask it
Will have revenge woven throughout
But will be masked with the concern
That a friend would bring, you're so incomplete Hold a mirror to show just what you've become
And read your diary to figure out where things went wrong
I don't think I'll ever understand
How a cowardly cat can call himself a man You're all show and it's getting old
You're all show and it's getting old As for the rest of us, we'll do fine with what we have
Making the best of what is left
And you're a naysayer who will never know
What it's like to really have half a life I've been meaning to harm you
In the best way that I see fit
I'm not sure if this did the trick
But I think it did Hold a mirror to show just what you've become
And read your eulogy to figure out where things went wrong
I hope one day you understand
A girl on your arm won't make you a man You're all show and it's getting old
You're all show and it's getting old As for the rest of us, we'll do fine with what we have
Making the best of what is left
And you're a naysayer who will never know
What it's like to really have half a life Keep walking down your shallow lonely road
It's dark and cold and it's yours and yours alone If you dig too deep are you scared you'll find something
As spoonfuls of shit will surely add up
Inside you're begging for a cure for your disease
You're life's a crime scene and it won't help to blame me As for the rest of us, we'll do fine with what we have
Make the best of what is left
And you're a naysayer who will never know
What it's like to really have half a life

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