# Sharp Practice

## Circa Survive

Tripping over things unsaid in a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause it's unfamiliar
If you didn't have so much left to prove, would it be resistance?Kicking up this cloud of dust till it covers us
I had been there and done it a thousand times but never with my eyes openYou get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of it. Yeah. Talk
No one hesitates to taste when they come and throw the feet down
If you wanna make haste, keep your feet on the ground
I see you coming from a million miles away like a stampede of footstepsKicking up this cloud of dust till it covers us
You can't control what is happen to your heart
till you give it away - till you give it awayYou get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of itSo many words flooded in my vacant lie
So little space, too little sleep, too little timeTripping over things unsaid in a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause I've never known it
I've never known it - I've never known it - known
You get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of itI see you coming from a million miles away
I see you coming from a million miles away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/