

Piano

Glassjaw

Three times alone this week
I was suppose to be a rock star
I only beat you when I'm drunk
You're only pretty when you're cryingWe are suppose to be
The ones to set the air afire
Three times alone this week
I was made into a liarWhether I found the gold
I never told
Richer, I
Brilliant white, II wear shoes that move men from desert to riches
Give me what you got, girl
And scratch it because it itchesCall me Chameleon and set this air afire
Three times alone this week
I was supposed to be a liarWhether I found the gold
I never told
Richer, I
Brilliant white, IMaybe not, why the stare?
Would I lie about that which I am scared?
What did I say to you?Step into a pot of gold
Rejoice in fire
That which soon burns gold
What did I say to you?Maybe not, why the stare?
Would I lie about that which I am scared?
What did I say to you?
NothingStep into a pot of gold
Rejoice in fire
That which soon burns gold
What did I say to you?And I can't deny
The love, the throat, sincerity
And I can't deny it
I've got to keep my P M A

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