The Plot to Bomb the Panhandle

A Day to Remember

I've learned to let go
Come onHere's a middle finger
Coming straight from oca-l-a
I appreciate your judgement
It's proved that I can't trust a word you say
Those must be some pair of binoculars
That you see every move I make
So I'll never be a liar
But you'll always be two-facedYou'll get what's coming to you
You're blinded by your instincts
I'm not your fucking game
I'm not so easily beatI'm looking down at this mess that you've made
And I can't believe that I stayed
So unhappy for so long
Where did I go wrong?
I've got to get out of this
My hand is on the handle
We're leaving everything behind
Goodbye for a lifetimeI'll rip that scandalous bitch in two
We'll bring the noiseTry to pretend that I never even knew your name
'Cause everything you are disgusts me
(Too bad I can't turn back time)
So I wouldn't be here
What I'd give for you to disappear
So tell me girly how's your edge?You've got nothing better to do
I know why you can't see straight
I thought you were better than this
But you're just like everyone elseI'm looking down at this mess that you've made
And I can't believe that I stayed
So unhappy for so long
Where did I go wrong?
I've got to get out of this
My hand is on the handle
We're leaving everything behind
Goodbye for a lifetimeI'll make my stand
Right here with my friends
I'll make my stand
Right here with my friends
I'll make my stand

Right here with my friends
I'll make my stand
Right here with my friends
I'll make my stand
Right here with my friendsGet low
Now I know who my friends are
I'm never coming home

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