

# The Deepest Well

## Yellowcard

I see the barricades ahead  
Roll my sleeves up, lift my head  
I hear you well, what can't be done  
You are many, I am one  
And what becomes, it's hard to tell  
Like looking down the deepest well  
But I will take a torch with me  
And light the way for you to seeDo you understand, what it's for?  
This dirt is on my hands, blood on yoursI was crawling up the walls for so long  
You were pulling me down, pulling me  
I was trying not to fall for so long  
Now I'm gonna get out, gonna get out (Out, out, out, out, out)Compliments like falling rocks  
Are ticking bombs with faulty clocks  
And I will not be fooled again  
I took my means and found my end  
Took all the days from then to now  
The steps I climbed to show you how  
Small the world would seem to be  
When you forget what you believedDo you understand, what it's for?  
This dirt is on my hands, blood on yoursI was crawling up the walls for so long  
You were pulling me down, pulling me  
I was trying not to fall for so long  
Now I'm gonna get out, gonna get out (Out, out, out, out, out)I was crawling up the walls for so long  
You were pulling me down, pulling me  
I was trying not to fall for so long  
Now I'm gonna get outI was crawling up the walls for so long  
Now I'm gonna get out  
I was trying not to fall for so long  
Now I'm gonna get out, gonna get out (Out, out, out, out, out)

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