Straight

Inventions

Don't you want a little more time to be who you want to be
And don't you know to get to the top you've got to know the bottom
Every little thorn is something to take to make in to something else
Don't you feel a little less comfortable now you know
It's your own hand holding the gun to your head
Why not dare to grow up instead
Aim a little higher

Now I don't know what the hell to say
You've lived like this before, it's the same
I don't care anymore, life is perfect
'Cause now i'm done with you
I'm jumping ship, you can get on without me

Count your crowns
Victory to waste my time is yours again
If you wait around
Someone might come to help, but don't forget
It's your own hand holding the gun to your head
Why not dare to grow up instead
Aim a little higher

Lyrics submitted by Jake Leaney.

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