

A Shot Below the Belt

August Burns Red

Don't you understand me?
Don't you understand me?
This cloud over my head is not okay
Is not okay There are things that I need to get done, need to get done
There are things that I need to get done, need to get done
And it doesn't give you permission
To take a shot below the belt What a bittersweet symphony life is
But I wouldn't have it any other way We have such little time, let's not spend it in anger
In anger, in anger
I am in the deep end and I can't find air
I can't find air I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on
I'm throwing punches with a blindfold on Wake up
Wake up
Wake up
Wake up Because I may just brake suddenly
I may just brake suddenly
I may just brake suddenly
I may just brake I would rather not explode, that's your job
I am stuck in between two worlds
In a maze of dreams and thoughts What a bittersweet symphony life is
But I wouldn't have it any other way
Have it any other way

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