

Jaded

Operation Ivy

Something breaks inside of you
With the spectacle of all the shows
With fifteen fights and your six bucks
Has gone up some promoters nose.
Jaded eyes see clearly, but only half of what's there
Good old days are left behind, what's left is boredom and despair.
But sometimes every once in a while...
It's beautiful, I would say, I wouldn't have it any other way,
If I said different, it would be a lie.
What was once rebellion is now clearly just a social sect,
But are you just upset because your own social clique has left
Leave when you want, because I know that someday I will too
But I won't burn my bridges and be just another jaded fool!

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