

Blow (feat. Josh Todd of Buckcherry)

[Atreyu](#)

So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get
So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head Oh my god did you just hear
Lies are coming back in style?
Oh my god this seems so real
(That they find you, and confine you) Shut your mouth, we've heard it all
Hypocrite's and critics all
Can fuck off we do this for our souls
Our souls What they say, won't make us go away So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get
So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head We're not sorry and we won't conform
It's not our choice but something inborn
If we fail followin' are hearts
Can you blame us? (No, no, no) A swept bag in our black home
We don't fit in that's the way it goes
You should of not thought you're better than us
Cause you're not
(No, no, no) What they say, won't make us go away So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get
So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get
So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head
(Blow, blow, blow)
Blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head Tell yourself yourself you're not alone at all
(Staring out your window, know you're all alone)
Oh, tell yourself you're not alone at all. (At all)
(Staring out your window, know you're alone) What they say, won't make us go away
Go away, go away, go away So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get

So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head
So fuckin' blow those words out the back of your head
I've heard it all and I'm done with that shit
You tell me lies
And you get what you get
So blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head
(Blow, blow, blow)
Blow those fuckin' words out the back of your head
(Of your head, of your head, of your head)
Yea!

Songwriters

FLEMING, JASON KIRT / SERMON, ERICK S. / SMITH, PARRISH

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