

# What You Get

Junior Caldera

Standing on shoulders hoping to find what never existed.  
You know it ain't easy stumbling blind. Well this is what you get for now.  
This is what you get and how it hurts, own it well. You took all your dreams and shot them to space  
You believed good would come of it.  
Yet so unspecific and you fell on your face. Well this is what you get for now.  
This is what you get and how it hurts, own it well. You carry the wounded and heal the infected  
In hopes of healing your own.  
It's so unexpected when we all die alone. Yeah, well that's what you get for now  
This is what you get and how it hurts. It's what you get, it's how you're measured.  
It's all your pain mixed with so much pleasure.  
It's what you get, it's all you've ever wanted.  
It's all you've dreamed and somehow forgotten.  
It's what you get, your truth and your lies.  
It's all you believe and all you deny.  
It's all you set free and all you enslave.  
Remember your dreams are never thrown away. Well this is what you get for now.  
This is what you get and how it hurts, own it well.

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