Masterpiece (acoustic)

Bayside

My friend,
You're always the last one to leave
Those dimly lit rooms.
Making sure the last glass makes its way to the table empty.
And every bottle in the place
Has been upside down
At least a few times what a waste.
Is this what's left of you these days?You're not eighteen anymore.
Five years should have been,
Enough time for you to grow up and get over this.
Not too cool to be throwing up all morning sick
From what you might have done or done it with.And I swear if I could take your pain
And frame it and hang it on my wall,
Maybe you would never have to hurt it all.
Painting pictures in red and blue.A portrait bruise just like you
And now you're walking away.You're not eighteen anymore.
Five years should have been,
Enough time for you to grow up and get over this.
Not too cool to be throwing up all morning sick from what you might of done.When is enough, finally enough?The hang-ups and the heartbreaks get you past.
Our failures lay down but just accept yourself.
Find some thing that brings you closer to complete.Painting pictures in red and blue.
A portrait bruise just like you and now you're walking away.You're not eighteen anymore.
Five years should have been,
Enough time for you to grow up and get over this.
Not too cool to be throwing up all morning sick
From what you might of done or done it with.When is enough, finally enough?
When is enough, finally enough?

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