

# Temporary Title

## Butch Walker

I opened up a can of worms  
I could see myself hanging onto.  
It's gonna sting, it's gonna burn  
I can't win either way. And over time I will just find a way to lose you after all  
Until then we'll carry on. I took a lot of shots for you  
Some made my hangovers worse some days.  
The movies that you sat me through  
Were never quite my taste. Don't get me wrong I miss the way I used to use you after all  
But for now, just carry on. We pass a bridge, we made it through  
You feel different or all things the same.  
The modulation never do  
The story is untold. And all I want is to get back to what I'm used to after all  
Until then I'll carry on

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