Roshambo (Rock, Paper, Scissors)

Bayside

You never really knew
The things you learned would matter,
The things you did and didn't do would someday define you,
The things you hate the most,
The lessons on piano,
The books you read in Sunday school,
I swear I'd trade in anything to be young again.And all these things
Were lessons in living[Chorus]
It seems like we're all fighting to be more than who we are.
Life's been a test of virtue and humility so far.
Cause give and take don't matter either way.
Luck of the draw, the lottery,
Roshambo for poverty.
Destination, anywhere but here.Here I go again,
Feeling sorry for myself.
Am I getting old at heart,
Too old to pretend
That everything's alright?
Have I had a choice?
Walking past a threshold
Into a change
And your life's never the same again.And all these things
Were lessons in living.[Chorus]My mind's open.
I scream for better things.[Chorus]

Songwriters
GUGLIELMO, CHRISTOPHER JOHN / GHANBARIAN, NICK / O'SHEA, JACK A / RANERI, ANTHONY
SPublished by
Lyrics Â© Another Victory Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/