

# Roshambo

## 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 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 every thing's alright And have I had a choice?  
Walking past a threshold into the change  
And your life's never the same again And all these things were lessons in living 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  
And destination anywhere but here My mind's open, I scream for better things 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

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