

The Walking Wounded

Bayside

I'm weak like a one-armed boxer
Throwing punch after punch
After punch I, I give in
I'm so dumb, I'm surprised when they duck
Scared, paired walking soldiers
We're all wounded anyway
In our respective ways
Scientists, they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child
When our time is up, we'll be ashamed or proud
You stretch the truth like a crooked salesman
Telling lie after lie
After lie, but where's the line
You burn bridges, you're breaking down dams
Scientists, they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed

But who would want to die as a cowardly little child
When our time is up, we'll be ashamed or proud
Let's take this train for one last stop, I know
It's not the end, but it can't be that far
Scientists they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
But who would want to die as a cowardly little child
When our time is up, then our time is up
Scientists, they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
Who would want to die as a cowardly little child
When our time is up, then our time is up
Scientists, they couldn't fix me
I'm so tired of getting out of bed
Who would want to die as a cowardly little child
When our time is up, we'll be ashamed or proud

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