

# (Pop)Ular ScienceE

## Bayside

Nothing feels right  
But my fake smiles paint pictures like everything's fine  
Sheep like what they're told  
So they've got spindles spinning bad songs into gold And who decides what's wrong or right to like? When the  
puzzle pieces twist  
And seem like they won't fit their match  
And I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting  
And all the best songs what's the best about 'em? I thought I was part of something more  
But more money, less substance, more demand  
Not for great songs that no one understands  
You can't lay brick on wet cement or build castles out of sand But who decides? But when the puzzle pieces twist  
And seem like they won't fit their match  
Then I will try and try again  
And hope that someone understands  
I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting And they can say they love you  
But it still won't change a thing  
'Cause the tides may turn tomorrow  
And I won't be there to look And I can say  
I've got to say  
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller  
Trending what we fought to make ours And they don't care about  
They don't care  
It's a good thing bad trends fade away  
It's so much cooler in the shade And they don't care about  
They don't care  
We give in nightly to our addiction  
A self-afflicted public crucifixion They don't care about  
And they don't care  
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller  
Trending what we fought to make ours They don't care about  
They don't care about  
They don't care  
They never cared

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