Dead Ringer

Rise Against

I never claimed to be
Something more than me
Your standards
That I refuse to seeI will answer
Only to myself
So why don't you
Police someone elseThe place I call home
Isn't there anymore
With boards on the windows
And locks on the doorSo pick up the pieces
That never once fit
Let this be
The end of itOnce you held
A place for me
But now that I've left
You went and gave up my seatDon't expect me
To share your visions of life
But I'll take the my chances
Somewhere elseThe place I call home
Isn't there anymore
With boards on the windows
And locks on the doorSo pick up the pieces
That never once fit
Let this be
The end of itGive me the green light
To get on with my life
Pick up the pieces
Then roll the fucking diceGive me the green light
To get on with my life
Pick up the pieces
Then roll the fucking diceI live in exile of you
Your key no longer fits
Because the locks
On my life are new

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