

Red Is the New Black

Funeral for a Friend

Can't pretend that you're nothin' special
You've got to look at all of your options
You can't decide what to go for
When it's all about trust
When it's all about trust You see yourself on the TV
You read your magazines
You can't explain how it's come to be this
Stop and think
When it's all about trust
When it's all about trust
Go This coverage your center spread
Your neon light daydream will shatter and break
And if you think I'm thinkin', thinkin' of your value here
You're the one, you're the one who's losin' control Oh, this eventual star dust, breakin' the mold
I scream down this hot line just to feel something
This eventual star dust, breakin' the mold
I scream down this hot line just to feel something This situation isn't getting any better
I see the look, the look in your eyes
You want to see a pretty face
There isn't anything wrong with giving up
And for what it's worth
I still hate you Oh, this eventual star dust breakin' the mold
I scream down this hot line just to feel something
This eventual star dust breakin' the mold
I scream down this hot line just to feel something Just to feel something
Just to feel something
Just to feel something
Just to feel something Something
Just to feel something
Something
Just to feel something
Something
Just to feel something
Something
Just to feel something
Just to feel something This situation isn't getting any better
Do I see that truth in your eyes?
This situation isn't getting any better
Do I see that truth in your eyes?
This situation isn't getting any better

Do I see that truth in your eyes?
This situation is, it's all false

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