

# Masterpiece

## Bayside

My friend  
You're always the last one to leave those dimly lit rooms  
Making sure the last glass makes its way to the table empty And every bottle in the place  
Has been upside down at least a few times what a waste  
Is this what's left of you these days? You're not 18  
Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this Not too cool  
To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might have done or done it with I swear, if I could take your pain and frame it  
And hang it on my wall  
Maybe you would never have to hurt at all I'm painting pictures in red and blue  
A portrait bruised just like you  
Now you're walking away You're not 18  
Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this Not too cool  
To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might have done When is enough, finally enough?  
All the hang-ups and the heartbreaks get you past  
All failures and bad breaks just accept yourself  
Find something that brings you closer to complete Painting pictures in red and blue  
A portrait bruised just like you  
And now you're walking away You're not 18  
Anymore five years should have been enough time  
For you to grow up and get over this Not too cool  
To be throwing up all morning sick  
From what you might of done or done it with When is enough, finally enough?  
When is enough, finally enough?

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