Spitfire Parade

Swell Maps

You're sitting in windows, playing your games
Trying to beat what you've seen around
Trying to beat everything you've dreamed
You haven't got nothing, just nowhere to go

You play those games 'cause you think they're real
It's all a picture from your other view
And he's a fake that you don't choose to see
Like having nothing, having nowhere to go

And it doesn't matter 'cause I escaped
I chose my name, you chose your clothes
I could have given in but not like that
I got something, got somewhere to stay

You chose to join in, I chose attack
I could have given in but not like that
Snow on my shoes always melts right in
You haven't got nothing, just nowhere to go

You'll sit it out, but it's all a fake
They're just the kind who couldn't try a thing
They follow on, you follow them
Just having nothing, just giving in

And it doesn't matter 'cause I escaped
I chose to try, you chose to fake
You could have tried, it's easy to change
And I got something, I could care

You'll sit it out, but will you see
That they're just what you shouldn't be
They just follow, don't follow too close
Having nothing isn't much of a pose

But it doesn't matter 'cause I escaped
I chose to try, you chose to fake
If you have to give in, you have to change
I got something, I have to care

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