

Mountains

Nonpoint

One more problem.
How you've got them.
All tied up with a million things to do.
Two more problems, how I've got them.
One is someone else.
Two is you.
I hate that it had to come to this so fast.
How else would i know if we would last.

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their
filf.
Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill.

Every wonder, every question, every thing that I'm not so sure
is real.
Every funny look, every stop and stare,
every doubt in my mind that you still care.
I hate that it had to come to this so fast.
How else would i know if we would last.

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their
filf.
Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill.

Making mountain, taking fountains, shaking grounds with tinny p
roblems.
Co-created from the way you give direction with affection.

Making mountains out of mole hills, taking fountains past their
filf.
Making mountains out of mole hills, and making me want to kill.