

Kid In Demand

Paradise Fears

There's something to be said about a Kid In Demand
With a chip on his shoulder and a pen in his hand
Writing words to make you shake
To make you think, or bend, or break
Down every single word he sold you
Don't you dare forget who told you that

Might let you drop
Because it was too hot to touch
Came on a little too strong
It was a little too much
So I keep telling every story
I'll keep biting every bait
And I'll remind you every time
That it's a little too late... night
It's time to burn out bright

All that, I can say
It always seems to come out this way
Now that I, I can't stay

I hate(or aim[?]) this disappointment
Forever count me in
Because I'm too afraid to forfeit
And I'm getting tired in my sleep(or I live and die on my sleep/sleeve[?])
Watch me fake it until we make it
I'll be anything but believe

There's something to be said about a Kid In Demand
With a spotlight on his shoulders and a mic in his hands
Singing words to scream
To make you push, or jump, or dream
That you are anywhere but here
Just let it dream until you're near that

Might let you drop
Because it was too hot to touch
Came on a little too strong
It was a little too much
So I keep telling every story
I'll keep biting every bait
And I'll remind you every time
That it's a little too late... night
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Watch me fake it until we make it
I'll be anything but believe

We'll burn you like a candle

Light you up every time
We'll tear your every picture
Knock you out with our punch line
You drop us, top us, floor us
Write our words for us
Every single line
And every single chorus

We are the kings who hit their all time low
Pop rock body with a punk rock soul
The comeback story they never stop writing
The kid's pulled from the fight but he never stops fighting

We'll burn you like a candle
Light you up every time
We'll tear your every picture
Knock you out with our punch line
You drop us, top us, floor us
Write our words for us
Every single line
And every single chorus

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We are the kings who hit their all time low
Pop rock body with a punk rock soul
The comeback story they never stop writing
They pulled the kid from the fight but he never stopped fighting