

Both Ways

Quietdrive

Be honest with me
Did you ever think that these things that you did
Would come back to haunt you and fail you again
Don't ever question my will to admit
That when we're alone its too hard to resist
Making believe that we're bigger than this
Choosing a road that is different,
but similar
To the same one I took before
Why don't we breathe
Why can't you see
That things aren't always what they appear to be
But as simple as it sounds
I think I've found
The perfect way to grow old
Simpleness describes
The iron that is you and your rusty old life
Get on with the mattress and tell tale lies
Watch everything that you touch turns to ice
We're following the sheep and they are at it again
Making believe that they're free as it seems
But only finding out that they're on a sinking ship
That doesn't care
How many it saves today
Why don't we breathe
Why can't you see
That things aren't always what they appear to be
But as simple as it sounds
I think I've found
The perfect way to grow old
Watch out now, I see the light
At the end of the tunnel
It seems realistic
That getting there will make us fine
But watch out now, its full of glass
Don't take a chance
You'll surely pass
At least someday we'll know that reason why.
Why don't we breathe
Why can't you see
That things aren't always what they appear to be
And as simple as it sounds
I think I've found
The perfect way... (to grow old)
Why don't we breathe
Why can't you see
That things aren't always what they appear to be
But as simple as it sounds
I think I've found
The perfect way to grow old
The perfect way
A perfect way