

Better Luck Next Time

We Are the In Crowd

I guess it was wishful to think
I was different from the rest
Now I'm red in the face
I don't think I'm impressed

Miss strong and outspoken
So easily broken
Now I kick myself
I should've know better
Get it together
You can't blame me

Are you listening?

Wrap your lines around another
While you sweet talk to yourself I'd rather leave
You stitched a heart on your sleeve
But I see right through the seams
I knew the coward in you would play the lead

The nights you spent with me
And didn't want to leave
You stayed with me until I fell asleep

All the things I wish I said
Playing back inside my head
It just might be a long shot
You're marching with your eyes shut

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