

Old Fashioned

Input

We watched the world lose its mind, and never tried to help
Too concerned with the image of a perfect hell
When the summer cries, I proceed to write
Of all the misconceptions that you feel about my life
And I don't wanna yell, and you don't have to scream, and it just so happens that you dreamt
another nasty dream
Let the words go, and punch the time clock, so we can excavate the demons from your minds'
thoughts
All aboard the bus it's headed to the city lights
I know we're in for what the Christians call a shitty night
But I don't care at all, because you're by my side, and that's the only thing that matters if the
story dies
Wipe the tears away, and let that smile shine, before we leave the store lets grab a drink from
aisle nine. Drink the pain away, and breathe the nicotine
Lets all experiment with ways that we can fix a dream

Chorus:

We're dying for sleep while trying to live
And all of a sudden we've showered in sin
Awkward and scared we stare at the sun
Portraying our nightmares and feelings on drums
The forecast is fake
The snow is not real
The truth that we speak of
The lies we conceal
Dangerous and hopeful that God is alive
Famous for stealing an angel's disguise
And what's at the bottom of the wine glass?
Just another broken heart
The liquid helps the time pass
We've been here long enough I think they shouted, "last call"
I know it's hard to judge each other when we act small
Cornered by a feeling big enough to make you run
Sorta discontent and aggravated from your buzz
But you can be yourself and thankful that you found that
And all I ask is that you let me sing your soundtrack
The music speaks in a way that we cannot describe
And if we die today I know that we have lived our lives
Don't expect your simple words to be the end of this
You told me what this life is about

I'm glad you mentioned it

Chorus:

We're dying for sleep while trying to live
And all of a sudden we've showered in sin
Awkward and scared we stare at the sun
Portraying our nightmares and feelings on drums
The mornings are diluted with the headaches
Coffee-coated arguments rewind and press play
It's not that serious
It's actually a blessing
To say the things we need to say without a second-guessing
And I don't ever wanna play the villain
I've done it once before and it's a process that can kill men
Oversaturated and under criticism
I told myself that I would never teach this to my children
Falling back on everything I thought was true
I only strive to be successful when it comes to you
Call me old fashioned its all I've ever known
I love it when you're here
It makes for a better home

Chorus:

We're dying for sleep while trying to live
And all of a sudden we've showered in sin
Awkward and scared we stare at the sun
Portraying our nightmares and feelings on drums

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