

## Winning

To never open a book always reading a magazine. Outspend betting if it looks like winning you haven't been. Knives don't have your back I wait and I count the knives don't have your back. I wait and I count to the last breath we take. What we made doesn't make sense. What's a wolf without a pack?

Open your chest and take the heart from it, open your chest. What's bad? We'll fix it. What's wrong? We'll make it alright, alright. It's gone, we'll find it. Takes so long, we've got time, all the time.

Some part of you, too small to lose  
Some part of you, too small to lose

All of us, all of you

All of us, all of you counting to the last breath we take. What we made doesn't make sense What's a wolf without a pack? Open your chest and take the heart from it. When you talk can I tape you? How'd you get what we don't know? We don't know how to help, only know how to hound. Nose to the grindstone, grindstone to the ground.

Don't even visit that place they'll sharpen their teeth on your smile. I'm glad you didn't, all our songs will be lullabies in no time.