

Shots rang out, but there's no gun.  
Still you hurt on everyone.  
In the dips of you, the sparks are good,  
But you're not even trying, trying.

You feel the knife in your gut,  
You're so scared of what you want.  
You bite your lip and hold your tongue,  
What are you hiding, hiding?

*We got tired of your charms, and tired of your false alarms,  
You're just a book that never turns its page.*

**You can stand on the edge shouting out  
That you're ready to change, ready to change.  
You can say what you want, you won't jump,  
You're not ready to change, ready to change.  
Oh ...**

Happy times, there's been a few.  
A different me, a different you.  
Now you sell your soul for something new,  
But nobody's buying, buying.

*'Cause we got tired of your charms, and tired of your false alarms,  
You're just a book that never turns its page.*

**(Chorus x3)**