

Bayside, (Pop)ular Science

Nothing feels right
But my fake smiles paint pictures like everything's fine
Sheep like what they're told
So they've got spindles spinning bad songs into gold
And who decides what's wrong or right to like?
When the puzzle pieces twist
And seem like they won't fit their match
And I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting
And all the best songs what's the best about 'em?
I thought I was part of something more
But more money, less substance, more demand
I've heard great songs that no one understands
You can't lay brick on wet cement or build castles out of sand
But who decides?
But when the puzzle pieces twist
And seem like they won't fit their match
Then I will try and try again
And hope that someone understands
I'll be waiting, I'll be waiting
And they can say they love you
But it still won't change a thing
'Cause the tides may turn tomorrow
And I won't be there to look
And I can say
I've got to say
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller
Trending what we fought to make ours
And they don't care about
They don't care
It's a good thing bad trends fade away
It's so much cooler in the shade
And they don't care about
They don't care
We give in nightly to our addiction
A self-afflicted public crucifixion
They don't care about
And they don't care
Dollar by dollar, your soul gets smaller
Trending what we fought to make ours
They don't care about
They don't care about
They don't care
They never cared