

Nonpoint, Alive And Kicking

I'm getting over it pusing past all the bullshit,
and getting right to the root of what the problem really is.
All the reasons for the misunderstandings,
the emergency landings on a plane headed for home.
It's where the heart was living till it was without feeling,
and started revealing itself to everyone else.
By just packing up and moving out.
Saying it could do with out a barely
able, unstable, running off at the mouth.

[Chorus 1]

So I'm tearing this and everything else,
between me and what I want to do to peices.
I'm tearing this and everything else,
between me and you a memory.

[Chorus 2]

I'm stronger now, even after everything that you did.
I'm still alive and kicking.
I'm better now.
I'm awake now.
I can see everything in front of me, now.

Now if you would've waited one second,
you wouldn't feel so second the second I put you first,
it made the situation worse.
Cuz you want to take advantage and control,
of the things that I manage to keep under control.
Like my hapiness, my family, and all of my music.
You had it all. You chose to abuse it.

[Chorus 1 and 2]

What's wrong with me?
You want to know what's wrong with me?
I could ask you the exact same thing.

I have my opinion and you have yours.
You don't have to like mine, cuz i don't like yours.

What's wrong with you?
I want to know what's wrong with you,
and why this doesn't make sense to you?

[Chorus 2]