

Scott Weiland, Some Things Must Go This Way

I'm waking up so fast
To see myself staring back at me
I laugh and ask about
What was this dream I had

What am I trying to hide
Let's hear the secret that you keep
I've been misunderstood
Until it all came to me

It's out there
The state of blinded grace
It keeps us waiting at the door

Where is it
The pantoms liberty
It's hiding all that we know

We're pushing back the time
To breathe it in with a staffled grin
I know I must admit
Some things must go this way

What am I trying to hide
Let's hear the secret that you keep
I've been misunderstood
Until it all came to me