

Fat Amy, Fortunate

(R.J. Johnson/Guiney/Reedy)

Staring down the walls, with your empty hands
never forced you to feel anything
stealing back the time and all the innocence of everything
has finally made you see... it's finally made you believe.
we seem fortunate for pain
and stale goodnights
I've been sitting here thinking for days
so fortunate for change
wrapped around the nights, with all your emptiness
you'll see the face you believe in anyway
giving back the time and all the innocence of everything
has finally made you see... it's finally made you believe
that we're fortunate for change
with the stale goodnights
I've been sitting here thinking four days
we're fortunate for pain
stale goodnights
fortunate for change
you're always bringing me down...
you're bringing me to drown
ending all the pain of never being here
has finally forced you to feel for a change
giving back the walls with your empty hands
has finally mad you see... you'll never want to leave
we're fortunate for pain
and stale goodnights
I've been sitting here thinking for days
we're fortunate for pain
you're always bringing me down