

Pennywise, It's Up To You

I see things happening, they fall before my eyes,
pretend I'm blind like I could never see the heartache that's not mine,
fills my head, can I just laugh away the sights that tear my soul
and make me sick, no, I could never be so cold to look away and maybe hide,
is it so wrong you wanna make a difference?
Why I'd like to think there's no excuse?
Is it a crime to want things better for yourself?
How you wanna live is up to you, it's up to you

Wish I could be like you, indifferent to it all and life's a joke,
sarcastic, cynical like everything's OK but it just won't work,
in life you have to choose to stay at home and hide or stand up and fight,
if caring's my offense I proudly stand accused so how 'bout you,
is it so wrong you wanna make a difference?
Why I'd like to think there's no excuse?

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