

# CUTS LIKE A SONG

Music: T. Kunz / Lyrics: T. Kunz

(verse 1)

It's such a pretty, pretty, pretty  
fucked up world.  
An open hand becomes a fist.  
On the road, on the run with your  
saints and demons,  
Who betray this silence with a kiss.

(pre-chorus 1)

We learn to listen up.  
We learn to play along,  
But when our love is on the tip of a  
blade

(chorus)

It cuts like a song (x2)

(verse 2)

Conversationalist.  
Sensationalist.  
Sensation. On a list of reasons  
The seasons never change.

The heart's a permanent space  
For such a rancid place,  
And still we fool ourselves  
For the love of the chase.  
Reassemble the pieces  
To shatter all over again.

(pre-chorus 2)

We can forgive the past.  
We can move along.  
But at the moment when you finally  
forget...

(repeat chorus)

It cuts like a song (x4)

(bridge - children chant)

When I grow up  
I want to live in a house  
With a dog and a cat and paper mouse.  
These are my dreams  
And they'll all come true  
And they'll never be ruined  
By someone like you.

(guitar solo)

(verse 3)

Medication.  
Meditation.  
I'm on the list for the new sensation.  
For where I end and you begin.

We'll always love you.  
We'll always need you.  
'Expectations' are a patient virtue,  
But they cut you,  
When they cut you in two.

(pre-chorus 1)

So, we say our prayers,  
And we sing our psalms,  
But when the words are gone  
And the music fades...

(chorus & outro)

It cuts like a song

Medication.  
Meditation.  
I'm on the list for the new sensation.