

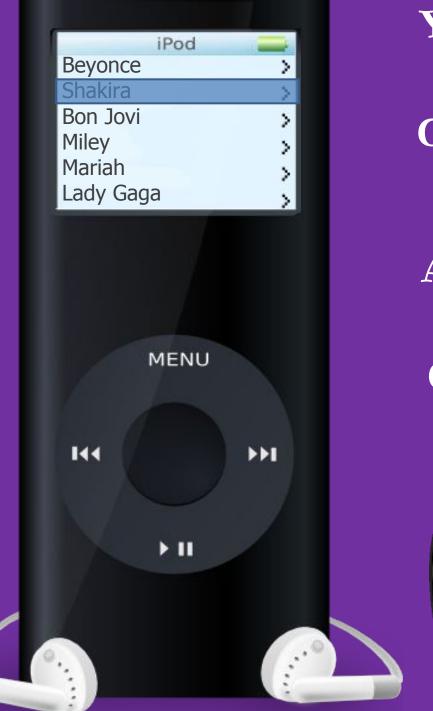
Remember those walls I built

Well, baby they're tumbling down.

And they didn't even start up a fight

They didn't even make up a sound





You're a good warrior

Choosing your battles

Pick yourself up And dust yourself off

Get back in the saddle



BEDE RICH

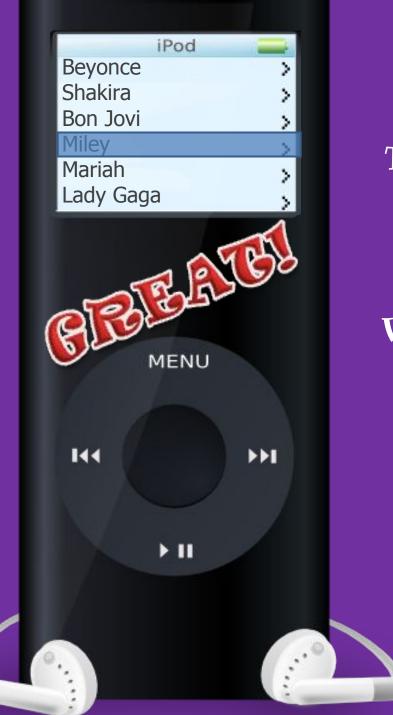


Oh! There's nowhere to run.

No one can help me.

The damage is done.





We get red carpet love

When we come stepping up

The boys keep dropping their arms.

Can never get enough.

We make them stop and stare.

We see them every where.

And now you know who we are.

Tonight your living like a superstar,



No, I can't forget this evening

know your face as you are leaving

but I guess that's just the way
the story goes

you always c<mark>ry,</mark> but in your eyes your sore shows,



yes, it shows

