

# Bloodshot Eyes

Your eyes are intense and I like your tone  
This life owes you words that you owned  
It's hard to seek what you can't describe  
It's hard for void to make you feel alive

We may never be handed a megaphone  
To lead the revolt against chances blown  
But your bloodshot eyes can now see a way

You're such a sweetheart, you got a ton of soul  
You're a masochist and your fist ain't so bold  
If there's a story that you'd like to tell  
Send those muffling hands all the way to hell

We may never be handed a megaphone  
To lead the revolt against chances blown  
But your bloodshot eyes can now see a way

This town is cruel, it's all bought and sold  
But don't let that fact make your heart grow cold  
I know all too well how sick one can get  
Just sweating out some of last night's regrets