

How It's Going To Be

Gerard Way

Across the city steam and light
Off a runway to the manufactured night-
In storybooks you'll never find
In paper armor that you'd mind
They'll hold the match to you this time-
And watch the smoke rings fit the crime
In moments you cannot reprise
Like a soldier or a watch that you can't wind
We fought the world with hands twice-tied
The people cheered, the captain cried
I'll keep the souvenir inside
It's just better in my mind
And I wouldn't lie
I never really wanted more
Than what I ever really needed after all
Someone that hates to see me go
You made a promise then you hide
And you said we'd all be dead by twenty-five
It's not your disappointed sigh
It's not you traded this for pride
Not that we really even mind
We're just bored you're still alive
And I wouldn't lie
If I tried, take me down
And if I die here now
Wishing wells and magic spells and everything
between
Can you tell me what it's like?
Or how it's going to be?

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