

# That's What You Get

## Paramore

No, sir  
Well, I don't wanna be the blame  
Not anymore  
It's your turn, so take a seat  
We're settling the final score  
And why do we like to hurt so much?  
I can't decide  
You have made it harder just to go on  
And why? All the possibilities  
Well, I was wrong  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
That's what you get when you let your  
heart win, whoa  
I drowned out all my sense with the sound of its beating  
And that's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
I wonder  
How am I supposed to feel?  
When you're not here  
'Cause I burned  
Every bridge I ever built  
When you were here  
I still try  
Holding onto silly things I never learn  
Oh, why? All the possibilities  
I'm sure you've heard  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
I drowned out all my sense with the sound of its beating  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
Pain, make your way to me, to me  
And I'll always be just so inviting  
If I ever start to think straight  
This heart will start a riot in me  
Let's start, start, hey  
Why do we like to hurt so much?  
Oh, why do we like to hurt so much?  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
That's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa  
Now I can't trust myself with anything but this  
And that's what you get when you let your heart win, whoa

