

## Rivera

Call my name, to call the shot, I'd play it right, don't call me off  
Patience waning from frustration  
Creases in my face, I'm playing along, hear in my voice as I sing this song,  
A warrant claiming my restriction

In this place, in this role, the sound of control, the sound of control  
Doesn't come I push and pull, commonly that's what I'm told  
In my face, in my soul, aloud in the fold, aloud in the fold  
In the melodies, the 1,2,3's, this life I try and hold

In Holly's grace I look for answers, but questions still remain  
Tired, frantic, overrated, focused on the fame  
That's when I realized, the compromise was just part of the shame.  
Forcing life's my real affliction

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Time doesn't ask me what I want, doesn't care to slow down on Sunday,  
or tell me I'm late or I'm wasting it.  
I'm not the type who likes to wait, to remain to suppose whether time is right,  
to direct my course, or relate with space, or judge my feats by a certain date.

Oh I'm missing love am I missing, I'm amiss to know (X3)  
To know, know, know. Know, know, know, oh no, out here to know.

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In my face, in my soul, aloud in the fold, aloud in the fold  
In the melodies, the 1,2,3's, this life I try and hold  
When your suffering control, when your past is out the door, All I know, all I control is my ways.