

There's a street light right outside my window and some nights it's the only light i find and the clock on the wall has been stuck at four for days and it seem like i was meant to be behind . I have seen both sides of a sunrise and these bloodshot eyes are steadily wearing thin, and as the liquor and the caffeine both pulse through my veins i pray that tomorrow I won't end up here again.

Everyone needs a savior. Be it minor be it major. Always on the re best behavior. Won't you save me? Save me tonight.

Today it was the hottest day of the summer and those short skirt curves, oh boy how they do bend, and the minimum wage memories of the summers spent back home, hell they were fun but they never paid the rent. So i work a nine to five and call it a living, but this living of mine, hell it's killing it me it seems. So at night i stand up on this stage and i try to explain the difference between a tattered heart and a shattered dream.

Everyone needs a savior. Be it minor be it major. Always on the re best behavior. Won't you save me? Save me tonight.

All my friends they ask me how i'm doing and they ask that question as if I've got a choice. See i'm a notebook full of memories; i'm a screaming contradiction who talks to hear the sound of his own voice