

Trippin

Poliça

All my friends, lost your face
A million miles, constant traces
No one even came to call
Had to figure it out all on our own
Put out with the battle cry
You held me through the whole ride
We can't for anyone say goodbye, oh my
All the strings you have tied round my mind
Tripping down
Losing all I have
Just to be no one
Anyone knows at all
All my friends, lost your face
A million miles, constant trace
Had to figure it out all on our own
Put out with the battle cry
You held me through the whole entire ride
And we can't for anyone say goodbye, oh my
This game, this game you wear me down just the same
Tripping down
Losing all I have
Just to be no one
Anyone knows at all
All my friends, lost your face
A million miles, constant trace