Way Out

Bass Drum of Death

And if i flipped out on my own
whatever would i want for you to say
on 18 years now all alone
i'm feeling smaller almost everyday
wherever i should go
i'm never coming home
i found my way out
however i can float
i'm never going home
i found my way out
i've gotta stop and check my tone
everyone hears just what they wanna hear
and now i'm fucked up in my zone
pitiful fools won't make it and it's clear
(YOU'LL NEVER BE) SO WRONG
insane leather fear
i believe it's near
snakes won't cross the road
do just as you're told
everyone is everyone i know
don't get cracked it's best to take it slow
you'll never be so wrong
withering away
too drunk to dream i'll stay
down I-5 i speed
too rich to be in need.

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