

Talking To Myself

Betcha

Say brain
Why you gotta lie...
The truth is not a loaded gun
Wait brain
We don't have to brawl
To feel alive

Talking to myself again... speak up
Walking back through hell again... keep up

Because I'm always on the move
That's right I'm always changing moods

There's two sides for your life
Back again
Steady deja vu will hit you like a porch-light
Now you're borderline pretend

Talking to myself again... speak up
Walking back through hell again... keep up

Because I'm always on the move
That's right I'm always changing moods

You said that life was a cage
You've fallen in love with the rage
You said that nothing but good's what you wanted to say
Pulled up inside and unloaded a gauge oh no...

Look at all the lines you've thread
It's feeling like a vinyl press
There's honey-water pumping out the side of the neck
Money laundered under everytime I checked
Look at all the lines you've thread
It's feeling like a vinyl press
There's honey-water pumping out the side of the neck
Money laundered under everytime I checked

You should be in New York state
Ringing in a New Years Day within...

Because I'm always on the move
That's right I'm always changing moods