

Savers

Bomb the Music Industry!

I'm kicking the party trash that coats the floor, empty whiskey bottles that serve reports of nights where all I could afford was to sell myself short. Our windows don't overlook the busy streets so I count the raindrops and drink my tea. Oh I'm living ! in a city that's killed so many better men than me. Hey, can you save my life and I could save your life? I got so hung up on things that bring me down that I start feeling lost when they 're not around. When relaxing feels like sinking into a bubbly pit with one arm reaching out, hey, can you save my life? I know everyone has bad nights, but you know I don't wanna die.