

Self Inflicted Scars

Bryan Martin

Headlights on an interstate
Seems like I'm running late
But I know I'm only headed down the drain
An empty bottle and another shot
I give it everything I got
But nothing can seem to numb this pain

Where I'm going won't be far
Too much whiskey and poor choices
And self-inflicted scars

Baby, don't cry for me when I'm gone
Don't be surprised if it don't take too long
Just know I loved you with all of my heart
Just too much whiskey and poor choices
And self-inflicted scars

I remember being a child
Never dreamed of running wild
But something just slipped into my veins
Take a pill and I'd wash it down
Then I'd find myself running 'round
The devil on my back drives me insane

One-night stands and old guitars
Too much whiskey and poor choices
And self inflicted scars

Baby, don't cry for me when I'm gone
Don't be surprised if it don't take too long
Just know I loved you with all of my heart
Just too much whiskey and poor choices
And them self-inflicted scars

Baby, I know that you've been praying
For an old soul that ain't worth saving
You hold me together when I'm falling apart
After too much whiskey and poor choices
And them self-inflicted scars

You hold me together when I'm falling apart
After too much whiskey and poor choices
And them self-inflicted scars