

# Disaster

Far From Finished

Woke up this morning in front of the 'ol corner store  
And every time I put myself down I keep on coming back for more  
Now the bells of the church are tolling for another deserving s  
aint

While I'm strolling the streets with no place to go  
But I 'aint asking for anybodies thanks

I'm a fucked up boy in a fucked up world  
You're never gonna see your life trough my eyes  
And I'll never know my reflection in their mirrors of misdirect  
ion  
Washing away in a see of fucking lies

I 'aint a fucking saint  
Ya think I'm a bum  
In a world that fucking rejects you, they think they've already  
won  
Now they kick you to the curb like you're some politician's bas  
tard son  
Now everyone's complaining 'bout the things I already know  
But what I wanna know are your ears bleeding from the sounds th  
at are coming  
From the radio

I'm a fuckin' disaster...