Some odd days I get carried away and I'm dreaming. I don't know what to think. What can I say? I think it's everything just building up. Up to the point of no return. What has become of me?

It took the life from me. It took the life right out of me. I'd make ways to avoid. because I've seen it before.

It's on me. Now take the life from me. Some odd days I get car ried away.

It took the life from me. It took the life right out of me. I'd make ways to avoid. Because I've seen it before. It's on me. Take life from me.