

Life Is Hell

Hush.

An empty room - painted black
I lost a part of me, and just can't get it back
Like a bird - to long in a cage
I lost the way to fly in, don't sing much these days
And I've dranked on in the pain, but it cuts through
anyway

Life is hell - through my last penny, in an empty
wishing well
I'm tiered of fighting - somebody ring the bell
There's got to be a better way - coz life for me these
days is hell

Another day - well I don't care
Looks like loneliness ain't going anywhere
So I drink alone - and I won't mind
I'm just waiting on that life to hit me one more time
It go on hit me where it hurts - coz you can't make
matters worse

Ouh, life is hell - I through my last penny, in an
empty wishing well
I'm tiered of fighting - somebody ring the bell
There's got to be a better way - coz life for me these
days is hell

Life is hell - through my last penny, in an empty
wishing well
Now, I'm tiered of fighting - somebody ring the bell
And show me any other way, of puttin' me in an early
grave
Coz life for me these days, is hell