

Dying Is for Fools

Lost Years

Took it out for the last time and It's a long drive
Back to Steel City. Still waiting for these long nights
And hangovers to slowly fade away. I'm just sitting
Alone again calling all my friends telling them that I
Could use a drink or ten. I'm not going home alone
Cause I can't pretend like I'm not lonely anymore

The soundtrack to my life is so low
It happens every night we sing
No, no not anymore
The soundtrack to my life is so low

So I'm stuck in the streets, I don't eat I don't pray
For anyone or anything to get me off my knees. I'd rather
Sing the blues to you than ever be saved. I got a tattoo
Of a mic with my friends name and these burns on my arm
To remind me of better days when I still felt alive on
The inside

Woah, the soundtrack to my life is so low
It happens every night we sing
No, no not anymore
The soundtrack to my life is so low
It happens every night and that's why
We sing