LP

Lottery tickets piling up
I'm in a dead end job don't know what up
I'm rushing around
God knows this city has got no soul
Killin' time and it kills me back
I'm lost in space and I got no map
They're pushin' me down tryin' to break my back
Baby you're so cold

You're heartless

You make me feel loveless

I thought there was one less person in the world to bring me do wn

You're heartless

You make me feel reckless

I thought there was one less person in the world to bring me do wn

You always told me not to worry But lately it's a different story

The pawnshop guy knows me much to well
And I'm starting to go to bars by myself
This life on the edge shit can be such hell
It's a hard way to go
My horoscope says I got no hope
I'm afraid to know if there's much more rope
I think I'll move to the western coast
Start again

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