

Empty Out Your Pockets

Machine Gun Kelly

Empty out your pockets, I need all that
I get the millions, then I fall back
They be chameleons, they'll change for some change
Days ain't the same, ain't be switchin' for the fame
Louis Vuitton, I'm in my bag
Get high, my memory's gone, I've been hurtin'
Rock like electric guitars, I be ragin'
Big knots, look like Yellow Pages

Run it like a race
Get in the way, brodie got the aim to blow you away
The next day, you in the newspaper on the front page
Prayin' for forgiveness 'cause it happened on a Sunday
Life's been gettin' to me, I just started smoking squares
They ain't gettin' in my circle, though, we still prepared
I'm still dealin' with some demons that ain't really there
Grew up a weirdo, twenty piercings and some bleached hair
In seventh grade, I didn't have a bed, I had to share
The fuck you think I go so hard for? I got outta there
Have you ever had somebody try to take your life?
Sometimes, I ain't safe from myself when I stay up at night, ugh

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah
Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah

I walk a lonely road
The only one that I have ever known
Don't know where it goes
But it's home to me, and I walk alone
I walk alone, I walk alone
I walk alone, I walk a-