

Guyatone

Orange 9mm

She can take the words I make
And trade me for the idea to strip my face
And hang me with the skin
Hang me with the skin

Stained reminders are dividers we've all lied
We've all tried to gain relief
From real life nightmares
From real life hells
Sometimes I just want to yell

That I want to give it away
(Yeah)
That I want to give it away
(Yeah)
It's burning a hole in my head

That I want to give it away
(Yeah)
That I want to give it away
(Yeah)
It's burning a hole in my head

Who needs all this pain to live inside their bones
Remind them of the point that love once entered
So you search your soul
So you search your soul

But stained reminders are dividers
We've all lied, we've all tried
To gain relief from real life nightmares
From real life hells
Sometimes I just want to yell

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(Yeah)
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{Incomprehensible}

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