Lost

Owen

Stay poor and die trying
Take the drugs I didn't take
Lay the whores I didn't lay because I was too afraid
That I might like it
Carry scissors with your teeth
Bury your burdens underneath your lover's skin

Pack a bag and pick a fight
Lead with your left and leave while your lies still breathe
Wherever you arrive, pick another fight
And leave the fucking bag behind

You may be wondering
Where all this wandering leads
You're lost but at least
You've nowhere to be and no one to leave you

Truth or dare – are you on fire?
And if so, how do you know?
And if not, do you burn to be?
Because I do when I see you but you can't see me

And you may be wandering driveway to driveway drunk
A ghost without a house to haunt
The last of my feral friends, I know you're lonely
But don't waste your breath telling me
That you want what I have
No one believes you

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!