The Ledge

Paint It Black

He says he wants to get better, but first he has to get a littl
e sicker.
He holds his tongue like he holds his liquor.

Too young to call it quits. Too old to settle for nostalgia, so
 he settles for this.

Too scared to slow down and find out what he missed.

No more hiding his medicine under his tongue, because that song
's been sung.

Salutes the angles for his rescue and subsequent protection.

He'd like to thank the Windy City for blowing this angel in his
 direction.

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