

S.O.B.

Sam Barber

I'm finally gettin' sick and tired of sleepin' on my own
Where I'm at is not and will never be my home
Every voice in my head is more than I can shake
'Til the liquor takes over and I cannot hold my weight

I'm a no-good, worn-out, broken son of a bitch
There's a war on my mind over all the things I cannot fix
And I'm so damn tired right now I think I see the end
How I've walked so far, so long never gaining an inch

Every step feels like barbed wire wrapped around my skin
Cuttin' deeper than the fires that burn me within
What keeps me up too late is the thought of my own death
'Til the liquor takes over and I cannot hold my head

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