

Stitches

Skid Row

Well I'm breaking the place up
Cuz you're stealing my air
We've been going to hell in a handbag
But it is what it is and I don't really care

The loss of direction
Has turned me around
I am a lone aberration
Too early for judgment or too late to be found

I can't wait for these stitches to heal
I'm pulling them out for the wound to be real
The breaks and the bruises are
All that I fell
I can't wait for these stitches to heal

I tick like a time bomb
And fight for my life
The trick in the defusing
You can live a new day or explode in the night

I've peeled back my eyelids
To try finding my way
Waiting on some indication
To leave with the light or to not where I lay

I can't wait for these stitches to heal
I'm pulling them out for the wound to be real
The breaks and the bruises are all that I need
I can't wait for these stitches to heal

Bent not broken
Down but not out
Bless the chosen ones
Who scream out loud