Wasted Town

Smile Empty Soul

Look at this mess
Look at this place I call home
No sleep no rest
Surrounded yet still alone
Drift slowly or do something

But I've been locked down in this wasted town
They got anything you need but you can't stay sober
I gotta get the hell out of here
Been locked down in this wasted town
Where everyone's a friend till they hear your over
I gotta get the hell out of here

Walk through these streets
To feel the hopelessness I
Carry with me
No matter how hard I try
Drift slowly or do something

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Its always the same
Eagles and games
California to the coast of Maine
Its always the same
People and games
Do you like to play?

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[x2]

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