

Til' The Wheels Fall Off

WSTR

We keep grinding it out
Stuck in the same spot
We'll keep riding walls
'Til the wheels fall off

Gotta work on my demeanor
Shut my mouth and get in line
Kinda sad that they get meaner
Fucks me up like every time
Stupid friends only make it harder
Drunken words and dead advice
Take me back to the late '90s
Straight cut jeans with Total Nike's

These past years treat me rough
Guess you'll spill my lungs
I don't think I've ever had enough
We keep grinding it out
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'Til the wheels fall off
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Break the bank just to feel better
Every day's a holiday
Strip the dark thoughts off their tenure
We all end up broke anyway
When it gets rough I'm a runner
I run the other way
Hang and rope me, man I miss it
The broken boy with frosted tips, yeah

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And I know it doesn't seem like it
But I'm still that lonely kid
With cuts on my wrist
(With cuts on my wrist)
Yeah, I'm still that lonely kid
(That lonely kid)
With cuts on my wrist
(Oh-oh-oh-oh)

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