

Lying in the Road

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Puddles of whiskey on my windowsill, ragged leaves are hanging
from the trees
You don't know me by now - maybe you never will
The world is finally dead, I must have rocks in my head - for not
seeing you the way that you saw me

You can never know me the way I know myself, you think the best
I ever did I did for someone else
I'm lying in the road, waiting for a ride
I'm lying in a road, trying to save my life

Passed out on the party train for years, cigarette butts sticking
out of my ears
There stands a glass that'll hide my fear
That world is finally dead, I must have rocks in my head - for
not seeing you the way that you saw me

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