

World Of Trouble

Zakk Wylde

2, 3, 4, 1, drank all my fucken brew
And I ain't got's no more
Feeling so damn tired
Running on desperate fumes
For the end is always near, now
Empty handed it's always soon
Psychocise me, terrify me
Jeopardizing all that's mine
Megolamize me, certify me
On my knees until I cry
Lord only knows where I've gone
Lord only knows where I've been
In a world of trouble again worries
Streaming 'round the bend
Treat me like a dog, now
Knowing I won't turn
Blind me like a slave, now
Cast down no concern