

Dover, The Weak Hour Of The Rooster

I lost another day
I never meant to be sad
But i lost it again
They're changing the chords
They're making it worse
I'm losing it all

Don't you seek for a friend
They never wait 'till the end
they leave anyway
They're changing the chords
They're making it worse
we're losing it all

I woke up with the rooster
Played loud and drove'em insane
I can't let go they hurt me
Come back and save me again

If you're gonna go
Then please let it show
I won't trade my mind
For some other life
I rather be dead than being so lame
It's better to burn than to fade away