

Lorene Drive, Too Her Taste

I do
And I know that I do

It's all random
A boy from a broken family
She walks alone
And mother really wants you to come home

A new bed, a new throne,
A new place to call my own
I know you want it your way
Or no ones way at all

But I know
And you know
I was there for love, never distrust
But you're bleeding on me
It's dripping on my sleeve

Emptiness,
An occasional flattering
It meant a lot to me boy
What do I get for where I roam?
Another metal box of stone
It didn't have to be this way

The news camera shines,
The mic hits the floor
She lets out a long breath
What are we fighting for?

What are we fighting for? (repeated)

Emptiness,
An occasional flattering
It meant a lot to me boy
What do I get for where I roam?
Another metal box of stone
It didn't have to be this way