

Papa Roach, S.O.S

S.O.S.

i'm feeling on top of the world

i'm feeling like i can't do wrong

i'm thinking everything is fine

i'm caught up in the smokin mirrors

People that you think are your friends

might be the people that want to drag you down

you've got to look out for yourself tonight

don't get lost in the smokin' mirrors

lie after lie, time after time

it's the same old sad story

he's lost- he's out of his fucking mind

it's the same old sad story

he's lost...

I'm trippin'

I'm over the edge

i'm falling and i got no wings

i'm praying, i'm making through tonight

i'm caught up in the smokin' mirrors

living in a prison's cell i'm strung out in downtown hell

i'm looking for myself tonight

i got lost in the smokin' mirrors

this is an S.O.S.

it's the same old sad story

he's lost- he's out of his fucking mind

it's the same old sad story

he's lost- he's out of his fucking mind

Out of his mind, doing the time

Walking the line, doing the time

this is an S.O.S.