

# Social Siberia, The lone gunman

In road, little friends strip-search our faith  
And broke our bones  
It's hard, look it up, when searching over and over  
And heals once again broken arms  
Your still outnumbered same kind of hopes  
They're all the same kind adoring the streets  
but they need the same cover because they play the same cards

The sun is set for now, sacred blouse around your neck  
Still have written no's to all your quests  
The sun will get us past your path  
The sense I've lost, are your sense?  
The sincerity will be written in the stars

Is this your way to well?  
Desire's gone...  
It's a quick breath to take  
but they care to breath

In the night when no one is around  
Playing with your feelings  
like they didn't know it was there  
I know I must get back to under wide wings  
It's time to sober up and pray for gold

And broken arms  
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but they need the same cover because they play the same cards

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NOTE:Vldigt mycket som r vldigt svrt att hra, detta kan mycket vl vara helknas.. sander