

Ace Enders And A Million Different People, Body

The story of my life, is I got bones
My body like my mind
Are both tired and cold
Been on high for days,
And now they've lost sight
'Cause I got gold

I made a record of, my platinum life
It's gonna make me rich, fill me up inside
Threw it all away, 'cause it's not what I like
And it's not why you're mine

Let's never forget who paid to get us here
I never understand why no one sees this clear

I got my disease when I was young
I put my records on, and around I spun
It's been that way for years
But now I've grown tired

I've got blood running through my veins
But I'm sick and tired
Of the fakest face, telling me to smile
Not quite losing faith, just giving it time
To make up its mind

It's not what I like
And it's not why you're mine

Let's never forget who paid to get us here
I never understand why no one sees this clear

Let's never forget who paid to get us here
I never understand why no one sees this clear

Until the whoa,
Don't let me tell you about the whoa,

Let's never forget who paid to get us here
And now we throw it all away before we ever hear

Whoa...
Now let me tell you about the whoa...
So let me tell you about the whoa...