

Buckcherry, So Far

I'll tell you how the stories told I always wanted so much more
And way on down the road I caught a glimpse of the sunlight
Working on my favorite thing using every piece of me
Drinking, and smoking, and fucking, and making nothing
I didn't do it for money, I did it all for free
I did it all to fill the fucking hole inside of me
So far it's working out, everything's different now
So far

So far the mean machine hasn't got the best of me
So far

Think about what you know forget about what your told
See how your story grows and let it come from your own mind
Do all your favorite things cover it with all your dreams
Breathe it, and smoke it, and fuck it and make it something

[Pre-Chorus]

[Chorus]

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[Pre-Chorus]

[Chorus]