Bullets And Octane, Caving In

It's hard to say what's real these days My mind can be a dangerous place She's too naive for suicide But god I wish that bitch would die

Give me, give me, give me, give me a reason Why every night I'm losing sleep God damn she's on to me again Or maybe I had too much to drink You see I think I figured out I figured out as I was thinking How to stop her piercing voice From everything that she was stealing Get the gun, get the gun, get the gun Is all I'm hearing again and again you know

I used to be such a hopeless man And she used to be such a sweet, sweet thing

She's too naive for suicide
But god I wish that bitch would die
Shot gun shells, yeah it's alright
The whiskey says, "Let's take her fuckin' life."

One thing I do remember
Is that things never get better
And I got to make the voices, make the voices for the maker
Of the maker making voices, making voices
Gotta make her, gotta, gotta make her stop
Before my head comes caving in again

You can walk this world all alone But I can still hear her, tearing me apart