Bullets And Octane, Signed In Alcohol

Hey man, why's the noose I wear such a perfect fit for you Why's everything I do your pleasure cruise Hey man, why's the hand you lend keep me on my knees again Why's my everything I do so funny to you Answer me

Fall apart on me And the world keeps spinnin' around I gotta handful of pride Gotta head full of brains And a whole fucking life I keep trying to waste

Fall apart on me
God damn get it off of me
I gotta hold it all together
Gotta hold it all together
But a part of your world's falling apart on me

So how do you sell yourself so short for free When your whole world comes falling apart on me