

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