

# Crackout, Last In Line

Pull me up again  
I don't wanna know  
Nothing's ever real  
I'm inside out and all to go  
Shut me up the same  
Got nowhere to go  
Nothing left to feel  
I'm gonna get a better home  
Too late  
Wait my turn  
I'm gonna watch you burn  
Into myself she pulls my hair  
I can't let go or go elsewhere  
Too nice to like I tell a lie  
In to myself I'm last in line  
Nothing for a friend  
Falling out of life  
Something to believe  
I'm tripping out and out of time  
Crippling to bent  
Nothing else is true  
Facing what I sent  
I'm gonna get the best of you