

Eight Fingers Down, Searching And Finding

It's not the time
It's not the place
Everything is always misplaced
My luck runs high
Then it runs out
It's been proven without any doubt
I don't wanna be the one who runs
Cause I don't know how
I've been up, I've been down
I've been looking around
In this world
Cluttered with shit
The targets there
And I just missed again
Losing my mind
Losing my cool
Everyone's a king
While I'm the fool
I don't wanna be the one who runs
Cause I don't know how
If you want it
Then you said it would be
I'm sorry, you're sorry
That we never had
If you wanted
To be done in that way
I'm sorry, you're sorry
That we never had