

Finch, A Man Alone

Woke up this morning without a face
I've fooled myself again
I've sold myself again
Another wasted day counting shades
Of gray, another fool's attempt to fall from grace

A casual line.
A sip of wine to sympathize while you're laughing
But on the inside
I've lost the insight that just might be
The truth...

Old man loneliness is a son of a bitch
Both hands bound, can't scratch the itch
Cut off all loose ties, and bleed for days
Who could stand veins with friends like these?

Pick my teeth out of the mud
And sink the sun, what have you done?
Cut the bandages,
Remove the oxygen
Hey man what's with that stupid grin?

I cut and bleed myself along
A man alone can do no wrong
Another wasted day counting shades of gray
Another fool's attempt to fall from grace

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No sympathy for the devil
God gave him wings, God gave him wings
No sympathy for the devil
God gave him wings, God gave him wings

"These hands; they've made for you
(No sympathy for the devil)
(God gave him wings, God gave him wings)
your wings that stick to you."
It's dirt beneath your fingertips
It hurts to much to wait for it
It's dirt beneath your fingertips
It hurts to much to wait for it
It's dirt beneath your fingertips
It hurts to much to wait for this

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