

# Finch, 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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