

Fisher, Miseryland

I learned to fly
So you, you ran to find a gun
To shoot me down
Before I got too high

Cuz you could not stand
To stand alone in a long line
For your wild ride
It requires two lost souls per seat
At least five foot five

And I don't wanna go for a ride
Down to Miseryland
Trapped with you, by my side
Down in Miseryland

Up in the air you wave
Two tickets for my
Utter amusement, you possess
An express pass to unhappiness
That makes you feel alive

And I don't have a place anymore
Down in Miseryland
Trapped with you forever more
Is not what I have planned
So take a seat, by yourself
And wait to fall, a hundred stories

Better hold on tight
Hands in, side the ride
And don't forget to breath

And I don't wanna go for a ride
Down to Miseryland
Trapped with you by my side
Down in misery
Have a place anymore
Down in misery.. Down in Miseryland

I learned to fly
But you are still shooting...
The sky

...still shooting