

Ghost Machine, Vegas Moon

Lately the winds of change are telling me to go
(telling me to go)
Some where beyond where i have been
(some where beyond the end)
no tiny victory will save me from myself
(save me from myself)
my patience coming to and end cause they're all the same

Its never ending how the road it seems to wind
No matter how hard i try to escape

Red mooner vegas sets on some poor suckers grave
(some poor suckers grave)
I say its better them then me
(better you than me)
I tried maunuvering through all the emptiness
(all the emptiness)
But I can't fight what i cant see, cause im not the same

Its never ending how the road it seems to wind
No matter how hard i try to escape
We're all descending its the blind leading the blind
Some times i wish that i could change but im not the same

I'm not the same they're all the same i not the same
NO

Its never ending how the raod it seems to wind
No matter how hard I try to escape
we're all descending its th eblind leading the blind
some times I wish that I could change but im not the same

I'm not the same