

Gob Squad, Slippin' Away

A fragile mind tries to pretend that everything makes total sense.
Oh yeah
The radio can't fix the pain. It's deeper than it's making sens.
Oh yeah.

Slippin' away.
Slippin' away.
They all say you'll feel good tomorrow.
What if tomorrow never comes?
Slippin' away.

Who decides what's right or wrong.
Try to find the cure in this simple song.
My radio can fix the pain.
It's deeper and it's making sense to fall.

Slippin' away.
Slippin' away.
They all say you'll feel good tomorrow.
What if tomorrow never comes?
Slippin' away.

Never tried to be your fucking savior.
My only goal that was to please you.
I never had the thought that I could leave you
and now you're running away.

Slippin' away.
Slippin' away.
They all say you'll feel good tomorrow.
What if tomorrow never comes?
Slippin' away.

Slippin' away.
What if tomorrow never comes?
Slippin' away.
What if tomorrow never comes?
Slippin' away.
Slippin' away.
Slippin' away.