

# Halfcocked, Glitter

Wasted Glitter on My feet.  
Smokey flashes light my way.  
Light Sparkles on the last note that I dare to speak  
And just fall to sleep...yeah....

Its not so sweet  
The days are dragging on  
So incomplete  
You wish you could be wrong  
And I'm not so cheap  
You sway me with your song

Lipstick patterns on my face.  
Empty Bottle in my hand.  
Floats like a feather through the cold, hard concrete.  
And just fall to sleep...yeah...

Its not so sweet  
The days are dragging on  
So incomplete  
You wish you could be wrong  
And I'm not so cheap  
You sway me with your song

\*Nifty guitar solo\*

I'm almost done, I'm almost...