

Lisa Germano, Dig My Own Grave

These foolish foolish
Thoughts
Why don they go away
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave
So I cry cry cry
And feel sorry for myself
All I wanna do is get high...
That's all
And t dig my own grave
I don't get it I just don't understand because we talked about it
We talked and talked you said you weren't that kind of man oh it
Makes me feel sick makes me weak in the heart and I don't
Know what to do because where am I supposed to get my
Strength you are a bad bad had bad bad boy you used to make
Me feel good you made my day and now you're gone you went
You went away I don't understand and I'm full of it all these
Foolish foolish foolish foolish foolish
Foolish foolish thoughts
Why don't they go away
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave
It's a sad life
To feel sorry for yourself
Hope falls short
We dig our own graves
Now I try to look up to the bright side of things but it just
Doesnt seem to work you know it just makes me feel like I'm
Just missing out about all the good things in life and
Everybody's having fun I'm not I must be doing something
Wrong but i don't know what to do I try try try and try and try
And try I know if you could you're supposed to make me feel
Better and I don't feel better I feel worse and I don't know
Where you are and why am i filled with these
Foolish foolish thoughts
Why don't they go away
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave
Dig , dig , dig
I dig my own grave