

Orange 9mm, Guyatone

She can take the words I make
And trade me for the idea to strip my face,
And hang me with the skin
Hang me with the skin
Stained reminders are dividers we've all lied
We've all tried to gain relief
From real life nightmares
From real life hells
Sometimes I just want to yell
That I want to give it away
That I want to give it away
It's burning a hole in my head
That I want to give it away
That I want to give it away
It's burning a hole in my head

Who needs all this pain to live inside their bones
Remind them of the point that love once entered
So you search your soul
So you seach your soul
But stained reminders are dividers
We've all lied, we've all tried
To gain relief from real life nightmares
From real life hells
Sometimes I just want to yell
That I want to give it away
That I want to give it away