

# 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 search 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