

# Skin, Burnt Like You

You'll always be a born  
Worn out loser  
Still blaming all of us  
For your bad choosing

No I can't watch the same mistake  
Waiting for the boys to turn out straight  
No I can't run the same dog race  
And get burnt like you

You're swollen in the gut  
From all those last nights  
Still swinging vodka punches  
That don't land right