

Skinniman Dancing, Wide Awake

Look at me,
no idea where I'm gona go
all the people screaming in my ears
try do something with you life now son.
But i'm thinking that it's all gone wrong
because I'm thinking that it's all been lost
I hear the voices in my mind
and I can't take it anymore

Can't remember when innocence tasted so sweet
thinking life was nothing more than a boy and his dreams.

Don't ask why
I'm just doing what i'm told to do
and I wonder if I'll ever know
what the fuck this is all leading to
and i wonder if it's gone too far
and i wonder if it's far too late
hear the voices in my mind
and they're keeping me wide awake.

It's like a never ending story
Life is nothing more than just a bunch of questions
you wake up every morning to look at your imperfections
and everyone is trying hard to pull you in all directions

But you know a little secret
I just tell my self that everything is OK now
I try to tell myself there's nothing wrong with me
Just 'cause I'm not crying when I'm dying on my sleep.

And every time that I fall I make an effort to get up
Every time I get up I hope there's something more to life.
Can you answer this,
Is there anything worth living for if there's nothing left to die for?

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