

Suicide Machines, Break The Glass

There's somethings about myself I can't control yet
It happens time and time again when I'm trying 2 be
Well I smash it down I break it down
when I'm trying 2 be
Well it's a shame its sad to say there's nothing
to see there
I don't wanna talk about it. You know I can't live
without it.... It's a stupid fucking shame.....
and everytime I think about it
I think I'm so lame
I break the glass
I break it down
What's your story What's your sign. No I can't agree
Well you know you'll never get it in this life for free
You can blow it down and break the glass
break my heart in two
But you better be prepared It's such a shock
there's nothing in there
fill me up because I'm empty. Why couldn't I just
have kept me...You know it really fuckin sucks...
and when I try to talk about it
the word seem to get stuck