

Texas Is The Reason, Nickel Wound

It's getting cold all over again.
So I'll be inside way too much again.
You'll have to believe me.
You have to hear me when I say:
I'll make up something that you'll believe in me.
This is becoming too routine for me.
There will be time for this tomorrow,
but it's days like this that keep me alive.
Is there any left for me?
Daylight's almost over now,
can't think of anymore to say.
Even if I try to understand it won't ever be the same.
Is there anything left for me?