

Trouble, On Borrowed Time

Am I going down
to where there's no return
how long can I go on
listening to my fears
I'm so tired of living
on borrowed time

I feel so sad, the world is driving me mad
'cause it's never enough to please
it's getting hard, hard to live in a place
where nothing is real

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Who is the one who can tell me why
can't I see the colour of my dreams
our hearts are blinded, blinded in a place
where nothing is real

Who am I supposed to be
nobody knows, not even me
and people say that I've got it made
don't they know I'm so afraid
you pay money just to see yourself
don't let them fool you with dope & cocaine
help me before i go insane

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