

# Vicious Rumors, Out Of Misery

(Lyrics & Music: T. Sisco, G. Thorpe)

I see you out there walkin'  
Your crooked smile  
You think that you possess such  
Grace and style... well I say no  
The wind is getting colder  
And you're getting older  
You sit and watch your life go by  
And you can blame yourself  
You call me over  
You call me brother  
But I despise you  
Like there's no other  
Put you out  
Of my misery  
Put you out  
Get away from me  
Take a walk around  
And see the world you live in  
Then reflect if you deserve  
The skin that you wear  
So it's almost over  
You will be forgotten  
Or could I be you in the end  
And I'll never walk away