

Vince Neil, Writing On The Wall

(1)

As sorry as it seems
It can be like it used to be
We live on broken dreams
We've given up on trying

The face I thought I always knew
The picture that I'd paint of you
Your crying eyes are lying

(chorus)

Can't you see the writing on the wall
Will the ghost from the past

Show us how it used to be
Draw the line on the things we said
Let them fade away
Now you'll see the writing on the wall
Oh yea, everything that used to be
Is writing on the wall

All the time we fooled ourselves
Had some fun if nothing else
But oh our little world was dying

(1)(chorus)