

Warrant, Family picnic

Mother should know father should go
Battered dreams and broken bones
Living hell when hes at home
Fell so much pain
I'm not to blame
Cannot move cannot breathe
He should die instead of me
Some break away
Some choose to stay
But every scream kept inside
Leaves a scar either way
Chorus
We are on our own
We all die alone
Black eyes broken truth
I'm still bleeding from a wasted youth
Welcome, to my family picnic