

Wednesday 13

"Buried with Children"

Visit "[Buried with Children](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm living the American Dream
Working for the man that I'll never meet
Trying to make a living
Trying to get by
Praying that I'll get to see another sun rise

With a little trust, I might make it
With a little love, you know I'd fake it
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it
Straight over the edge

Even if I ever got away
It would still haunt me in my grave
I was born to lose and determined to die
The odds are against me now
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me
Buried, whoa oh
Buried with children

All I need is a little break
So I can change my name
And leave the fucking state
There is no future
Nothing up ahead

So go ahead and put a bullet in my head

With a little trust, I might make it
With a little love, you know I'd fake it
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it
Straight over the edge

Even if I ever got away
It would still haunt me in my grave
I was born to lose and determined to die
The odds are against me now
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me
Buried, whoa oh

Buried with children

Even if I ever got away
It would still haunt me in my grave
I was born to lose and determined to die
The odds are against me now
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me
Buried, whoa oh
Buried with children

Visit [Wednesday 13](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.