

## White Town

### "Suckerpunch"

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clock hits AM once again  
blood shot eyes  
and callused fingers  
the purple glass  
the fear that lingers x2

maybe just a brush with suicide  
but I'm not that desperate and never could be  
no matter how bad I'm dying inside  
at least I can keep one half of me alive  
the phone is silent  
but my ears are ringing  
the call I missed because I'm clinging  
to yesterday or maybe last week  
my calendar's just numbers to me  
can't I spend one nite in peace

these requests I fear are to much  
buried deep below my feet  
shake the ground as I try to clutch  
the first thing I can get my hands on  
you always scream I have to let go  
who asked you I just want silence  
not a penny from your mindless thoughts  
that I go over a thousand times  
people passing without smiles  
in a place where I think their god resides x2  
oh God I've lost all control but I know  
I had it coming, it just laid low x3

no signs of warning  
but a suckerpunch break my legs  
And I fall to my knees  
but maybe it's where I'm supposed to be (x3)

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