

## Zakk Wylde "World Of Trouble"

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2, 3, 4, 1, drank all my fucken brew  
And I ain't got's no more

Feeling so damn tired  
Running on desperate fumes  
For the end is always near, now  
Empty handed it's always soon

Psychocise me, terrify me  
Jeopardizing all that's mine  
Megolamize me, certify me  
On my knees until I cry

Lord only knows where I've gone  
Lord only knows where I've been

In a world of trouble again worries  
Streaming 'round the bend

Treat me like a dog, now  
Knowing I won't turn  
Blind me like a slave, now  
Cast down no concern

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