

The Taste of Blood

"The Kid In The Background Of Every Picture"

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Grinding his fingers off.
Grinding his fingers away.
Turn that hat around so you can shove your face into
your pillow and cry out all your worries.
Cry into it.
But tears don't count if they don't run red.
So many years have been washed down the drain.
And dreams don't count if they don't come true.
This friendship has come to an end.
I'm sick of you talking all your shit.
This friendship has come to an end.
Ideals just don't matter if they were never there.
What were you thinking? Where was your head at?
What will you do with all that ink?
What will you do with your name?
Friends and family will ask - does he even have a
name?

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