

**3Pc****"Battlewounds"**

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I swear, I put my foot in my mouth  
Too much for comfort, a car without a bumper  
What's wrong with me I got my eyes in my head  
But the mind doesn't work, kick me I'm brain dead  
Cuz, you're an angel, and I'm a jackass  
Wish that I could change it but the clocks tick too fast  
Delete doesn't work, trashcans are obsolete  
But there's lots of empty pages to stomp with our feet

For your battlewounds I'm sorry,  
For your battlewounds I'm sorry, yeah  
Battlewounds I'm sorry,  
For your battlewounds I'm so damn sorry

This not so fresh feelin's cuttin' deep thru my soul  
Pullin on my arms spillin out my bowl  
Flashlight out, run down, no doubt  
Eatin' hamburger meat with no buns and dry sprout  
If you wanna beat me, I deserve it  
You can make it long but try and make it quick  
Cuz hangin upside down is not a good feeling  
Middle of the night I'm still starin' at the ceiling

For your battlewounds I'm sorry,  
For your battlewounds I'm sorry, yeah  
Battlewounds I'm sorry,  
For your battlewounds I'm sorry

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