

3rd Alley "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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