

411**"Floyding It"**Visit "[Floyding It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well the words all come out so strained,
And the songs all sound the same,
And the heart is there but the strength is gone
And the notes fall out of time.
And it's not for lack of trying,
But I just can't get it right,
It's so flat and weak and boring
And it's all my fucking fault.
So just hold it, hold it,
Keep it together now, just hold it.
Because it's got me losing sleep,
And I just can't seem to keep this thing alive.
Well it starts with the snap of the sound of the snare
drum,
I breathe and I'm flat and I'm fucked and now I'm
drowned out.

And I can't sing to save my soul,
It's straight to hell from here on in.
And now the lights come on and the crowd moves in,
And when it's on I've got nothing to say
Because I drank it away so just play
And I'll try to keep my shit together for tonight,
But I won't lie, it's not looking good at all.

Because I'm far too fucking gone,
And it's been this way for much too long
And you said to me "Come on,
Tell me honestly, when you drink like you do
How do you expect to stay as sharp as you want man?
You're such a fucking wreck,
And you can't sing to save your soul,
It's straight to hell from here on in."
And the worst part is I know you're right
And I'll say the same again next time
Because it's hard to change,
But I guess it's even harder to stay the same.

And all the hours spent sweating it out
In the back of a van just to fall into background noise
Will never be enough for the cheap talk of a scene

That sold it's soul to a glowing screen,
We don't belong here, we don't deserve this,
We haven't earned this. We don't belong here at all.

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