

**411****"The Favourite Son"**Visit ["The Favourite Son"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

When the word is spread,  
nothing can stop it,  
like a disease it  
infects your mouth,  
when you've gone to bed,  
you can not drop it,  
thinking about what  
you could have done instead,  
oh, my god, what have you done?  
you could have really  
been someone, you were  
the favourite son,  
wasn't it awful  
when it all was a lie,  
all the damage it has done,  
you don't know where to run,  
how does it feel when  
everything's opposite,  
down means up and left is right

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