

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

Well I'm going through the motions
Seems it happens every night of every week
Well it's an ever running cycle
And the chance of breakin out of it seems weak
Well my mind becomes a freight train
And it never lets me get no decent sleep
Oh
Well my head starts a worrying about all the little things
I cannot change
And my heart it starts a pounding
Messing up the way the blood goes through my veins
Oh
I never dream of nothin pleasant
I'm always lost or gettin booted off of the stage

Well the west coast was a desert
And New York City black
So I spent some time in Carolina
Make my money back
There's a trail of blood that trickles down from Denver
to the sea
And if that ones for the winner, this one must be for me

Oh
Well there's this busy little corner
Half a mile down the road from where I live
Where all these beautiful women
Work the sidewalk for the little take and get
Oh it's like an escalator walkway
I lose my mind, please make sure my money's here
Well I got this friend, he takes his money down there
every day
And he just doesn't work
He asks for Georgia cuz she's special,
She reminds him he's a man he has worth
Oh but I don't judge him cuz he's honest
Which is more'n I can say I've been since birth
Oh

Well the west coast was a desert
And New York City black

So I spent some time in Carolina
Make my money back
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So if you're led into a wasteland or made to stumble
through the dark
You leave the cartoon color legacy or a common
watermark
We always back the underdog because he's the only
one we trust
And if that ones for the winner, this one must be for us

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