

**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 booed 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

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And New York City black

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Make my money back  
There's a trail of blood that trickles down from Denver  
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And if that ones for the winner, this one must be for me

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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