

**411****"We Are Oscar Mike"**Visit "[We Are Oscar Mike](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Let's charge up the flame and watch it flicker, dancing and swallow it down to burn in our gut. I'm house sick again, but I'd give anything to be chasing down horizons, pushing blood through veins in the landscape. So, just for the record, you know I was sick to death but we wrote a song about beating drums and played it like we knew how. Now if I sing it real fast then maybe I can hide the feeling in double time, if I sing real fast everything will be just fine. But what I wouldn't give to be sinking words between eager ears-sweating, bleeding, hearts beating, a thousand voices come alive. I'm haunted in my dreams by the places I've never been, trace my sins to see where I've been hiding. I'm sick, sore, and tired, and never have been satisfied with this boring shit they call day to day so let's pack it up we'll be back some time soon. It's not that I'm ungrateful, it's just the same old shit that I see every day and people drowning in it, and what I wouldn't give to entertain the fucking thought that I might never be coming home again because I left my heart on the open fucking road. And I never said that would fucking stick around, in fact if I recall I made it clear I'd probably let you down, but now the seasons change and nothing stays the same but you still know I'll be coming home.

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