

Bowling For Soup

"Sweet Misery"

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Pick myself off the floor and fight another day.
The day that you walked out my door, I tried to stay
sane,
But the day may come when I lose my heart and I lose
my faith.
When the bitter taste of the sour grapes will remind me
of.

Sweet misery.
Sweet misery.
Cold and Empty.
Sweet misery.

I'll bottle up my pain, swallow a pint of pride.
Her poison warms me with regret, and I can't hide.
That my head cries out while my heart looks in for a
little faith.
But the last remains of this sinful saint are memories
of... Sweet misery.

Sweet misery.
Her pain reminds me I'm still living.
Sweet misery.
But how much do I have to give

'Cause the day has come, I've lost my heart and, I'm
losing faith.
And the bitter taste of the sour grapes it reminds me of
Sweet misery.

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