

## **Bullets And Octane "Caving In"**

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It's hard to say what's real these days  
My mind can be a dangerous place  
She's too naive for suicide  
But god I wish that bitch would die

Give me, give me, give me, give me a reason  
Why every night I'm losing sleep  
God damn she's on to me again  
Or maybe I had too much to drink  
You see I think I figured out  
I figured out as I was thinking  
How to stop her piercing voice  
From everything that she was stealing  
Get the gun, get the gun, get the gun  
Is all I'm hearing again and again you know

I used to be such a hopeless man  
And she used to be such a sweet, sweet thing

She's too naive for suicide  
But god I wish that bitch would die  
Shot gun shells, yeah it's alright  
The whiskey says, "Let's take her fuckin' life."

One thing I do remember  
Is that things never get better  
And I got to make the voices, make the voices for the  
maker  
Of the maker making voices, making voices  
Gotta make her, gotta, gotta make her stop  
Before my head comes caving in again

You can walk this world all alone  
But I can still hear her, tearing me apart

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