

Bullets And Octane "Signed In Alcohol"

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Hey man, why's the noose I wear such a perfect fit for
you
Why's everything I do your pleasure cruise
Hey man, why's the hand you lend keep me on my
knees again
Why's my everything I do so funny to you
Answer me

Fall apart on me
And the world keeps spinnin' around
I gotta handful of pride
Gotta head full of brains
And a whole fucking life I keep trying to waste

Fall apart on me
God damn get it off of me
I gotta hold it all together
Gotta hold it all together
But a part of your world's falling apart on me

So how do you sell yourself so short for free
When your whole world comes falling apart on me

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