

Clit 45 "Misery On A Mainline"

Visit "[Misery On A Mainline](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Like a hole in a 45
There's an emptiness in all our lives
Lost innocence in tired eyes

And there's oil burning in the east
But it isn't for the lamp of peace
Were already dead, the breathing deceased

People suffer but we just need what we need
Leaving marks in backs, wish I could change the past
but...

So we spend these beer stained nights
Searching for the things that I wont find
Revolving doors of internal wars
(Someone please sew my mouth shut)

Supporting afghan renegades
With a rose and a razorblade
Hitting pipes under city lights

Hung himself on Christmas day
Day I heard his best friend say
Everyone he loves are in their graves

Stuck in these lonely caves we fucking cant escape
Straws, empty bags and a broken Ramones tape

So we spend these beer stained nights
Searching for the things that I wont find
Meaningless sex, whose sheets am I in?
It's uneasy stench stains my skin
We're all reading out last rights with self-hate crimes
Panhandling for hope under smog filled skies
(Someone please sew his mouth shut)

Give us something to ease this pain
Take it all but it wont go away
Bloodstained we walk in vain
Straight-jacket...We're being restrained!

Give us something to ease this pain

Take it all but it wont go away
Bloodstained but all hope is not in vain
MotionlessÂ... Release the chains!

10,000 beer stained nights
Searching for the things that I wonÂ't find
Burning cross on my TV screen
The tension wont seize there will be no peace
So read me my last rights with self-hate crimes
Tied down she shot it up-we said goodbye
ItÂ's all been misery on a mainline

Visit [Clit 45](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.