

Deuce

"Secret Hell"

Visit "[Secret Hell](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey I know there's more to this
But I bought you a newspaper every Sunday
At the end just a huge pile of yellowed sunday
telegraphs on the windowpane
We sang three blind mice together:
"Three blind mice, three blind mice
Who went in across the farmer's house"
You know well, just never tell
If someone's got a secret hell
Now you, you should be breakin' me
Sometimes I lose my head, I don't know nothing
You, you should be breaking me
Instead you let me hide behind your back
What goes around, will come back down
Can someone get it out of town
I'm in this state, kinda late
But tell me, don't it look just great?
You, you should be haunting me
Some drift get twisted before I even touch 'em
You should be scaring me
But don't I only scare myself?
So don't I only scare myself, so don't I only scare
myself?
So don't I only scare myself, so don't I only scare
myself?
So don't I only scare myself?

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