

Digger

"Alcohol, Women, And Misery"

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Scared to death of the telephone
Cringe at the thought of ever being alone
I've got quite a lack of vertebrae
To say the words that I know I have to say
I'm burned out on your digital voice
I wish I didn't have to make this choice
Sometimes I wish I could fade away with you
Just me and you in a padded room
Were we doomed right from hello?

If it's all my fault I guess I'll never know
Where did all the good times go?
If it's all your fault I guess we'll never know
I didn't want it this way
When will the timing be just right?
I know I'm running away
I'm scared of being right
...I hope you catch me soon

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