

Blake**"1000 Hours"**

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I'm talking backwards to myself
I couldn't spell it out just clear enough,
To get my point through and out
And now you're looking at me funny
I don't want to come inside
But there's a different part of myself,
I'm struggling to keep up with
And now I'm lying to myself again

And if I lie here on my own
Or if I'd die here all alone
Just tell me that you'd take me down,
You'll let me out
Just another dollar blown for Rock'n'Roll

I've got a bad fever again
You didn't bring it up, strangely enough
So maybe you have finally forgotten
Or ran out of lies to tell me
I've been struggling just enough
But to your judging eyes it's a surprise,
To see that I'm not able to go further
And I won't ever find it funny

Another crack in the movie screen
A different song on the tambourine
just keep it up,
I'd kill some time just to get it right
But you would rather waste your nights away,
Than spend them all on me

She's not the type,
She's not the type,
She's not the type that lends her heart to me
In one way or the same
She's not the type (She's not the type)
She's not the type (She's not the type)
She's not the type that gives her love away
At any time or any place

