

Emilio Pericoli

"What's A Clock Without The Batteries?"

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I bleed for my dreams in a place that I come from.

This time it's true, this sweat's for you.
Make it stop with just one move.
Make it stop with just one move.

Pity those with a soft hand
Making smaller cuts on toughest of fabric.
We know what it's like when we
Put it out in front of us or go home.
Now watch him bleed. Stomach turns.
Let's keep this time rolling where it counts.
And baby, I know that I tried
As desperate, it seems that I'm high
From watching you fail.

My heart's for you.
My heart's for you.

Breath in deep.
His mind is slipping, farther side of room,
His feet are planted, his gaze shifts to you.
Can it be enough? Will it be enough?

Now stop the pain at the deepest cut.
He's inside, damaging our pride.
We've driven this road to many times before with no
exit.

We all know what it's like when we lose hope,
Put it out in front of us or go home,
put it out in front of us or go home, or go home.

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