

## Far From Finished "Disaster"

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Woke up this morning in front of the 'ol corner store  
And every time I put myself down I keep on coming  
back for more  
Now the bells of the church are tolling for another  
deserving saint  
While I'm strolling the streets with no place to go  
But I ain't asking for anybodies thanks

I'm a fucked up boy in a fucked up world  
You're never gonna see your life trough my eyes  
And I'll never know my reflection in their mirrors of  
misdirection

Washing away in a see of fucking lies

I ain't a fucking saint  
Ya think I'm a bum  
In a world that fucking rejects you, they think they've  
already won  
Now they kick you to the curb like you're some  
politician's bastard son  
Now everyone's complaining 'bout the things I  
already know  
But what I wanna know are your ears bleeding from the  
sounds that are coming  
From the radio

I'm a fuckin' disaster...

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