

Gits

"Wingo Lamo"

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When I'm going into the bar,
I'm there trying to ignore
this terror in me, I can't set it free
I can't make any sense
unless it's in a song
and every time I try to feel
I only seem to wake up lifeless
where would it ever end
when we fall to our own demand
It takes up your life
and throws it like dice
each time we fail,
it never gets over looked
When you're thinking that the cards lay forward

it takes up your answers
with no second chances
Immobilized by the torment
it hits so hard, there's nothing more I can take
Needing each breath just to make it through
there's nothing more I'm expected to do
there's nothing worse than hating yourself
and parading around like you're somebody else
I wish that it would just all go to hell
Wanting some time just to be by myself

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