

Good Riddance "Shadows Of Defeat"

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these walls keep closing in
I'm just a mannequin it's time to go
Don't come too close to me
I can't find no space to breath it's time to go

My touch the kiss of death
More sick with every breath
I just can't seem to slow it down now
Why line up to conform
Why wear a uniform to grow old and die
In this same fucking town
Obsessed with misery
Life holds no joy for me it's time to go
No colors only gray
I die a little everyday it's time to go

I'm born wrong too dead to feel
Wake up it's all to real it's time to go
Switched off there's no more pain
Padded walls I'm half insane it's time to go

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