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When you talk about your homelife I try to identify With my own memories Childhood life was such a breeze But now i'm slipping away From the boy my mother made I'm growing on, but i hold on To the days that made me fell so Powerless and ignorant Without a cent, without the sense to know That one day i would have to try To survive and go

First time you gotta leave your home Second time you live alone Third time you just don't know

Fourth time you gotta pack your life and go

On the day my father died I was too naive to cry Inside i was so unclear I always thought he's reappear But now i'm slipping away From the lost child he made I'm growing but i hold on To his name and to the days of Innocence and selfishness I find these things impossible to shake But i won't break, until i take Take a fuckingg chance and go

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