

Hoods

"On The Way To San Francisco"

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I don't want to die
But I feel that this is it

Stomach in knots
Twenty pounds less
A weekend of hell
Six months depression

Lost in a love sick
World of pain
I cry 'cause you're gone
I'm dying in pain, in pain

My love for you is forever
I promise this sick world I'll never forget
I wrote you this note
I put this razor into my skin

The tub overflows
I awaken in pain
I choke on my own blood
I hear the phone ring

Back to reality
Pat and I are off to the city

Drunk for six months straight
I'm drowning myself in alcohol and pain
Depression magnifies times ten
The blood in my veins is starting to run thin

I don't want to die
I feel that this is it
My face is in my hands

I don't want to die
I feel that this is it
My face is in my hands
Again I slit my wrists

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