

## Hostage Life

# "When I Get Cancer Or Fuck It, Just Cut Out All The Parts Of Me That Have Stopped Working"

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continuing with my commitment to self-destruction  
you might have brought me in  
I'll take myself out  
light 'em up, because this don't mean nothing and  
all I want to know  
is how long it takes with no maintenance for this body  
to break?  
hold our glasses high to match our eyes and toast the  
brown haze in the sky  
when I get I cancer I'll consider regret  
save this body when there's nothing left for me to  
abuse or forsake  
piss on myself with the choices I make  
I'll start fighting when the battle's lost  
wallow in the now, with no thought of it's cost  
continuing with my resentment of what you're saying  
it's all part of some plan I could never understand  
who the fuck do you think you're playing?  
when I die don't bury me  
hang my body from a plastic tree  
fan the fire when you burn it down  
so I can hang forever over this town  
I'll suck on a new gun  
swear it's my last one  
rely on my third lung  
when I get cancer, baby doll, I'll be done

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