

Impossibles

"The Week Of August 1st"

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So I go down to my deepest depths
And lost the things I'd learned to accept
Like faith in promises
And I think about the truth I hold
Compared to the bitter fruits of getting old
Just like my father says
This is a test to see if my worst still can beat my best
This is a test, a measurement of my failure at success
It's just my sophomore jinx
It's all come back to me
I built up bad times in the cracks in my securities
But will I steer right?
Will my laundry stay white?

Whenever I lose sight of my plight?
But I still turn my back look the other way
Sustain myself, all work no play
It's life but far from living
And my views become naturally corrupt
When my friends and enemies get mixed up
My lesson's learned after the fact
(And so my palms get sweaty
I can't read the answers on my hands)

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