

Cage

"I Found My Mind In Connecticut"

Visit "[I Found My Mind In Connecticut](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

I'm not afraid to fail, got time but I hate the smell
Let's stop to sniff the rose's thorn, send me straight to
hell
Been on this raft for weeks, no sign of help or a beach
I lose sight of the bigger part
And I'm really laying on the airbed at Sean Martin's
Bleeding and starving, looking for a niche, nothing to
carve in
Except my left arm which is already scarred
And I'm not them or a mirror, I'm the dog shit in the
garden
Haters are so dumb and plus they don't got to front for
us
Especially me, about to jump in front of a bus
I bought a plot but I won't tell you where I'm buried
Leave your debit card over my eyes so I can pay for the
ferry

[Chorus]

Every morning I just lay in bed cause I don't wanna
wake up
Pick my stupid face up, give my shit away
You'll take it from me anyway even if I go away
I will never go away

[Verse 2]

My skin is changing, I'm becoming what's inside of me
You guys should start a band that's called The Four
Girls That Lied To Me
You want me in looser jeans, more opinions, less
assholes
Why you looking at my legs? That line's from Wes
Eisold
Goes from good to bad, from bad to fucking worse
She said she wouldn't judge me then a gavel fell from
her purse
My brain left me in PA, departed CC

Then begged me take it back crying in a bar in CT
Life is so strange, so is God with games
The one wrapped tightly around me like a dog with
mange
Kick me in the stomach, I shit myself in the damn street
Left for dead, wanna be knocked out like that but can't
sleep

[Chorus x 2]

[Verse 3]

I lay and lurk with kooks, pain hurts but suits
What if Ian Curtis were to climb down from the noose
That's what I thought that dangled from my neck in
amazement
Struggled, undo hanging myself in my own basement
Sometimes I think I should be more private, keep it
secret
But the open book of my life, is it really worth reading?
Cover to cover, there's something pointing towards
leaving
Don't give a fuck what you think, when you finish I'm
not breathing
You think the world of a girl and she becomes your
world
And then you lose your grip regardless of what you curl
You clean yourself up you get laid more, great work,
Columbo
Truth is she just fucked me cause my bro is D. Palumbo

[Chorus x 2]

Visit [Cage](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.