

Jamestown Story

"Have You Ever Danced With The Devil In The Pale Mo"

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I've been searching for some questions found in
questions I don't know to ask
All bottled up inside my head and never making any
sense but now I understand
You see my thought process is burried deep beneath a
life of self-abuse
There's too much damage to rebuild and what's left
remains a shield to tame future use
And as the wagon rolls away I still march on...
My life is all a waiting game
Long waits to feel straight but it never stays
So doctor fill my forged prescription cause I'm
addicted to addictions and blame

The past's still presently my home, which keeps
recovery on hold
I'll escape this stranglehold somehow

Look into my eyes, past the lines, and you'll see how
desperate I am to see clear
I've tried I swear I've tried, to hide, but when I stand to
run I get headstrung and fall

Yeah I stand to fall

There's one more thing that I'd like to make clear
My words are nothing more than days
That I have lived and struggled through
Only to learn, that things will never change....

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