Action Action "Attached To The Fifth Story"

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I can't, I can't take it easily
I won't, I won't let it gravel me
But I transgress
Born into sin, born into current

I can't comply to a compliment
I won't quietly ask for it
And the current still drags me in
Slow down, slow down, down, down

The pills won't make this go away Our trails stubbornly set in ways to revolt Try to repulse, ohh

Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke Your mind being pulled out of your head

I won't swallow it logically
I see I'm barraged by dollar signs
Show me in to permanent sleep, but ohh

Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke Your mind being pulled out of your head Noise fills your thoughts Inhaling to catch your breath with every heartbeat

Swallow your pride, strychnine's benign Dissolve your cyanide, enchant all my lies Discretely confined, coagulate my designs Am I seeing so clear? Original sin is a hoax

Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke Your mind being pulled out of your head Noise fills your thoughts Inhaling to catch your breath with every heartbeat

Swallow your pride, strychnine's benign Dissolve your cyanide, enchant all my lies Discretely confined, coagulate my designs Am I seeing so clear? Original sin is a hoax Tell me where are all the good times? The ones that set us free Tell me where are all the good times? Tell me where are all the good times?

I'm a lost cause sailing off course
I'll be good for you
I'll be waiting for the daze, I've got a handful of the
antidote
I'm working out, I'm by the head of an angel
I can't believe that I'm too blind to see

Oh

Tell me where are the good times? Tell me where are the good times?

I'm a lost cause sailing off course I'm a lost cause sailing off course

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