

Kid Dynamite

"Never Met The Gooch"

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When the music went away, with all that I've conceived
the sun goes down and smiles start to fade. Another
Tuesday and I smell the leaves, they're dying in my
city. Inspirations lost in sirens. It's not easy to live when
motivation keeps on dying. The street lights are far
from glistening and I'm at my window listening through
the silence just to hear your voice, but I'm distracted by
the outside noise I can't think of your eyes without
wondering how you live your life. When my song begins
to play I'm thinking everything's gonna be ok until the
smiles start to fade. In the beginning. I never got what I
wanted because I never tried. I guess some things
never change. Rejection seems real enough that it
scares me away. The notes are barely audible and the
melody seems kinda dull. I wouldn't know it if it
slapped me in the face, I need some help putting this
one in its place. I can't think of your voice without
wondering how you sing your song. The orange night
keeps me aware of how I've loved and how I've hated.
But hate's remembered long after love's forgotten. I
want to forget. Yet, I want to remember.

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