

M**"Strange Days"**

Visit "[Strange Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Good morning, don't cop out
You crawled from the cancer to land on your feet
Are you crazy to want this
Even for awhile

We're making this shit up
The reasons for being are easy to pay
You can't remember the others
They just kind of went away

So you're driving, it's rush hour
The cars on the freeway are moving like slugs
When you drift off to wake up
Do you always hit the brakes

We're done lying for a living
The straneg days have come and you're gone
Either dead or dying
Either dead or trying to go

It's evening, you're tired
You sleepwalk, a robot out to the street
Are you crazy to want this
Even for awhile

You're driving, it's rush hour
The cars on the freeway are moving backwards
Into a wall of fire

We're done lying for a living
The straneg days have come and you're gone
Either dead or dying
Either dead or trying to go

Good morning, don't cop out

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