

Marathon

"Padlocked"

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On the couch, barely staying awake,
Feeling something eating away at you
Just sitting wasting time
Because it seems there's never anything else to do
And when you finally get up and go,
All you can do is drink yourself to a breaking point
And then you puke and you're at a starting line again

And it always seems the same
It's like nothing will ever change
A lot of weight is about all I can gain
If I ever make it anywhere,
Wonder if I'll see a reason to care
I'll probably keep groaning that nothing's fair

You keep on complaining and complaining more,
Even though you've got a lot going your way
But when you're feeling so empty inside,
Then a lot, it really means nothing anyway
A bottle is the only thing worth opening
Right now it all just seems to suck
"Where will you be a year from now?"
With no ambition, a question like that can't mean much

I'll probably keep telling myself nothing's fair,
'cause nothing ever seems fair
This isn't fair

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