

A Cursive Memory

"Darkness Washed Over The Dude"

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I'll hide under the covers until this winter is over. I won't see the sun, and I won't watch the rain and I won't count my blessings for my blessings are my pain. There's things I feel that scare me to death. I've got a lot of fears I'll never fight until the bring me down for the count. I'm living in a world that's betting all of it's losses, on all of it's promises. I'm up and down like beers into my mouth. It's a therapy I've been pending for my happy ending. Now I'm trading my addictions but adding new addictions. New addictions to the rest. I don't count the stars cause they don't count on me. I won't leave my house tonight cause it's where I'd rather be. There's thinks I know, that scare me to death. I've got a lot of shit built up inside, until it brings me down for the

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