

Rob The Rich "Suitcase"

Visit "[Suitcase](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Living out of my round,round suitcase,
I never know which place to call my home,
I don't think it's strange in my case.

I close my eyes, to forget where I am,
In every house that I go, I'm a different man,
Sick of your questions, so what's the plan,
Here I am, happy as I am,
Happy as I am.

You don't know the dreams that I chase,
It's hard when it's not set in stone,

Struggling to live at your pace,

I've watched you change, you're never the same,
I pray there's hope past the trees, through the same
old frame,
Out with the old and in with the new,
Because it's so true, I'm over you,
Mr view.

My group of three,
You know me so well,
Am I bored, I think you can tell

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