

Schroeder's Songbook "To The Core"

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I miss the way it was before I took a tour
If this city is an apple, then it's rotten to the core
I'm starting to forget what it's like to breathe
Without coughing up a piece of what's left inside of me
I miss starting conversation with someone else
Without interrupting one they're having with
themselves

Never mind the man
Behind the smog curtain

I wanna go home
Surrounded by a city but I'm all alone
Keep my heart, my brain and all the courage in my
bones
If I click my heels three times can I finally go home?

You know for the price of one shot
I can drink back home 'til I lose every motor skill I got
To get away today
But I gag every time I even walk through the subway
Traffic turns the streets into a parking lot
But I still can't manage to find a fucking parking spot

Never mind the man
Behind the smog curtain

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