

Sick Puppies

"Sunday Drive"

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I've felt dignified fortune before
But the luck's not on my side today
Burnt out, can't remember the score
Success and reality have gone their separate ways
I know it's hard
When the solitary chain reaction buries me
Confessed, second guessed
I swallow the remains of my pride and my validity

Now it's come to this
I never thought I would hang so long
I'm blaming everyone
I was falling short all along
At odds, but I try
I know it ain't no Sunday drive
Pressure, it bears down
Distracts me from my life

Penniless, but got the bills to pay
Inferiority complex rations spent
Working nine to five every day
Sucks my time right through the social vent
I can't make sense
Of this systematic rat race marathon
In time I realize
My dreams for ideals and utopia have gone

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