

The God Awfuls "East Side One"

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I guess i shouldn't blame you for all the pitfalls in my
life
All self obsessed and a callous broken will
An ounce of booze to chase your shame wont make it
seem alright

Im a fool to think that i could ever change
The way you've made me feel about this world
That's why i can't belong

Stacks of empty bottles draw the lines about my face
This weathered bitter bore that i have become
A slave in search of freedom from the grind of saving
grace
Cigarettes and misery are the only constants now
And always standing outside of the circle
Unwilling rebels always born of circumstance
Im a fool to think that i could every change

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