

The Shanklin Freak Show

"Scratchin' My Way Out"

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Woke up this morning in a cold sweat
One of those nightmares I sometimes get
I was in a coffin six feet underground
Shouting for help, but no-one hears a sound

I'm scratching my way out
Going mad I scream and shout
What's this all about?
I'm going mad, so come and let me out

Splinters in my fingernails, pennies in my eyes
My heart's still beating so I know that I'm alive
What's going on, my mind full of dread
Left in a coffin mistaken for dead

These spooky nightmares scare me half to death
I'm shut away, I can't take my breath
I must escape to see the light of day
'Cause if I don't then I'll rot away

At last I wake, it's quiet once more
Was it a dream, well I'm not so sure
Open my eyes, my God it's true
With all that practise I know what to do

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