

## With The Punches

### "No Blood, No Foul"

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Throw my body my from this bed and right out the front  
door

(It feels like time is always running out on me)

I'm scared to death that I'm missing out (on what?)

I don't know man

That's just me

And I hate the way these nights

Always fade into days

Where my better judgment's nowhere to be found

Can't put myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed

And swallowed by the sea

I'll fight the undertow that's trying to

Drag this life from me

So much of growing up was losing touch for good with

So many old friends

That I'd get bummed out if I had a doubt

That they'd ever even notice

And I hate the way these nights

Always fade into days

Where my better judgment's nowhere to be found

Can't put myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed

And swallowed by the sea

I'll fight the undertow that's trying to

Drag this life from me

You won't drag this life from me

Looking back had to be the black hole

On the calendar this year

I pissed away another day feeling sorry for myself

So I guess in retrospect

The fear of death and loneliness

Take a backseat

Or those bad dreams

Will become reality

Can't put myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed  
And swallowed by the sea  
I'll fight the undertow that's trying to  
Drag this life from me

Heard what you said about pathetic behavior and how it  
labels you  
But tell me how you're better off for selling out and  
giving up  
Get a life and then we'll talk

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