

Zita Swoon

"50 Years In Dope Jittery"

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There's a room where 50 years I kept it down
Now I hear out for someone to share my sounds
I hide in my perception like a god
This lack of information has to stop
The clock strikes error
Time's on hold
Take me disappearing on a shot
Have me leave my romm and keep intact
The strongest and the loudest need relief
Replace him by the ones that live in grief
Get some to me
I never had any
Can't wait no longer
My 50 years keep rolling like a train
This train has gone insane
I need some water
I'll have it now
Take me disappearing on a shot
Have me leave my romm and keep intact
I need those people
Can't live alone
My heart's all empty
My 50 years are sinking like a stone

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