

Aliz@e**"Continental"**Visit "[Continental](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got a dying urge to feel the way you do
Too close for comfort, bed and breakfast in a spoon
The shortest breath of your young life
A long walk home on friday night
You made, one last stop at the store
So close to perfect, swear to hell thought it was you
This bouncing baby boys now turning baby blue
I've got your pictures on my walls, I got a long list of
calls I must make...
To your existing family
You had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
Your final coffin nails been driven far too much
This won't take long you said I'm not going far
Go wait in the car
Go wait in the car

I often wonder what's it feels like to be you
A mess like this stuck on your hands with crazy glue
Ran out of time, no kiss goodbye
Wish I could learn to let this sleeping dog die
With out lying to myself
You had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
Your final coffin nails been driven far too much
This won't take long you said I'm not going far
Go wait in the car
Go wait in the car
You had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
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