

Horrorshow

"In"

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[Solo] Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge I'm trying not to lose my head, a-ha-hah-hah-hah Nothing in my pockets but an empty wallet and some house keys and a fuck you for anyone who doubts me As I walk the streets armed with the faith that these boots will be enough to get me home in one piece I exhale, breathe the air Smoke trail got me thinking bout the reason I'm here Cause I'm only nineteen but my mind is old Sydneysider heatwave to Minnesota cold Cold like the streets of the Cross where underages litter the pavement, this ain't "Paradise", it's "Innocence Lost" Cold like the veins of the junkies Cold like the hearts of those who take their money And I swear to God somebody died on my block the other night A life lost to a domestic fight, and that shit ain't right Now my picket fence don't look so white I wonder what possesses a man to kill his wife? And as if that wasn't enough We got these fucking poker machines sucking the souls of our single mums See I'm like Tim Friedman, I wish I could blow 'em up For all the futures that they've ruined and the homes they've broken up Now that's proof of a cold world, they package an addiction and they sell it as a game, but anyway Times are exponential, two-party preferential And though it's incremental, day to day we making change So here I am still trying to make this stone bleed In the city of late trains and broken dreams Where you rap with your talk, or you graff on the wall You gotta something out of nothing at all And yes, I built this house, I made it wrong I watched it crumble, now I'm moving on Now shit is rotten to the core, what a pity We don't wanna be forgotten That's why we write our stories on the walls of our cities I'd write 'em all for you if I had the time In forty-foot high letters cause they're important It's enough of a challenge handling mine Take it one day at a time Treading water and crossing borders Next to me a baby's crying for his mum as the ground's leaving Economy class with chaos all around me But I don't even care, I'm not even there Frozen in a blank stare with my headphones blaring like Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge I'm trying not to lose my

head, a-ha-hah-hah-hah Nothing in my pockets but a
boarding pass and a passport Plus an "I love you" for
the friends I never asked for It keeps me safe, guards
me from the sickness Like a pocketful of posie as I walk
with the wicked Talk with a quickness, never let 'em
catch up They wouldn't play with you if they could see
the odds was stacked up So you pack it up, move it
town to town Gotta study how the local village people
get down Riding through the night on a tube train
Having revelations bout my place in the food chain
Looking out the window at the world whizzing by I'm
determined to do something with my given time And to
begin with I'ma fit it in a rhyme Watch us plant this
forest one seed at a time So shit, I spend my days
hoping but by the same token We here to get our
chains broken and our names spoken So this is my dot
on the map, my drop in the ocean My patch of dirt, and
I'm make something Make something work, make
something feel Make something hurt to make
something real Make something out of me, make a
friend out of you Then again, make an enemy if need
be So just let me be, let me rest, let me sleep Let me
wake, let me eat, let me grow, be at peace Let your
guard down, let me close I'll let you see, let you know
Let you near, draw you in Let you hear, show you things
I'ma let you in Said I'ma let you in Said I'ma let you in
Horrorshow two-double-oh-nine One time for your mind
Said I'ma let you in We bout to take you inside

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