

## My Iron Lung "Family Traits"

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How did you find yourself here?  
I know it's been a while but I remember a face far less  
decayed.  
Manicured nails, hair without grays.  
I never suspected a thing  
And then on that day

Perfume hid the scent  
Of rum and cigarettes stained your breath.  
Sorry was all you could say  
When your son found you face down on your sink.  
Your hands and knees trembling, my heart fell down to  
my feet.  
And I'm scared

Because we're both so alike with our addictive  
personalities  
That some days I'll get so down,  
Someday I'll get so sad  
And the bottle won't fulfill so I'll try something harder,  
Something that last longer that will take away the  
troubles in my mind.  
I bet it felt good the first time, maybe even the first few  
times.

But if you could go back it wouldn't be the same.  
I bet you'd be a saint if you could have seen your face.  
Oh, how I wish there was a way for anything to change.  
I want to see you smile.  
I want to hear you breathe without the influence of  
substances that change the way you think.

Oh, how I wish there was a way.

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