

Alabama Shakes

"Dead End"

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Things are always on my mind
Flashing scenes, waste of time
Reality caught up with me
My own brain's insanity
Fight like hell push you away
Pop some pills another day
Like a knife stuck in my back
Jacked up in my own attack

I thought taht, I could just be me
It's not that way I clearly see
The dead end has come to be
My best friend and worst enemy
I thought that I could just be free
It's not that way I clearly see
The dead end, is now in me
Lock the door and throw away the key

Feel the rage build up inside

Count to ten, enjoy the ride
Find the things that bring me down
The room is spinning round and round
Confusion catches up with me
Calm breaks in and sets me free
Straight jacket on it fits so well
Put me in my padded cell

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