

Ambry

"Postcards From California"

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so this is what its lie to feel something
that no one understands
ill scream as loud as i can
until im spilling blood
but im just talking, talking to myself again
the pressure is getting to me
although it keeps me up at night
i still believe in dreams
through these dreams and worn out seams im
breaking
im breaking out of this
ill find my chance to shine this time im leaving
leaving everything behind
this noose is coming undone
breathing is getting easier
i can see the future

open roads and phone calls home to you
but dont ask me if ill miss you
because you know im always honest
dont search for answers you dont want to hear
depression is getting to me
although it keeps me up at night
ill find my time to sleep
this town has left me nothing but
broken bones and past friends names
engraved in stones when teenage boys end their lives
single handedly somethings just not right here
somethings just not right
we pray for rain to wash all our past mistakes away
the only ones who dont believe are the ones that never
learned to
breathe
now i can breathe...
im learning you cant live
until youve killed the enemies in your head
and leave them for dead
this is what we need

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