

Peel

"Comes down...ok"

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Open my book
Read my diary
Squeeze out
Every sick bone that's in me
What are you gonna do when I come running
It won't come to no confronting, cause I'm whipping out
all sense in me,
Whipping out all sense
What are you gonna say, I stare away, I know I fucked
up, that's OK
Forgive me, forgive me....
This is the day it all comes down.....OK
This is the day it all comes down OK
Close my eyes now
Strange taste in my mouth
Now, fear is long gone
Shook my hand, waved goodbye what are you gonna
do.....etc.....
This is the day it all comes down.....OK
This is the day it all comes down OK

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