

Phat Chance "Angels In My Ears"

Visit "[Angels In My Ears](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I'm not making music I feel fake as hell;
But still I do this to escape myself;
And get lost in it, how can I feel like I'm trying to find;
A sign that my life's not just a waste of my health;

When I'm here because I failed to jump;
The saddest part of this all is that I'm not making it up;
My whole life's another tale of betrayal and lust;
Where everybody that we love's slowly fading to dust;

So I can barely face the morning sunlight;
Like work was a war with a morbid frontline;
Maybe I'm at peace with my boredom sometimes,
Or maybe I'm afraid to get up and touch life;

I don't do it cause I love my home;
I do it cause I can't leave my comfort zone,
I've got fears and hesitations, and
can't clear my head of the taste
Of my memories and failures;

I've got a few bones to pick with god or the devil, or
Whoever is responsible for letting me be present, here;
And let me make it perfectly clear;
It's life itself, not hell or heaven that I fear;
I've got angels singing in my ears;
I've got a life full of struggles but time to clear my head;
And I hope I never forget;
All the wisdom in the things that they've said;

I've got music playing in my ears;

IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got an artists soul but a childs fears,
IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got lessons learnt at my best and
worst,
And IãfÂçâ, ã™ m just waiting for the skies to clear;

I treat my beats like theyãfÂçâ, ã™ re bad news,
Cause thereãfÂçâ, ã™ s no hiding from it, or the
tidings they bring;
ThatãfÂçâ, ã™ s why I see my ink stains like tattoos,
Cause when you break it down IãfÂçâ, ã™ m really
writing on my skin;

I think IãfÂçâ, ã™ m looking for an avenue to raise a
complaint
With whatever big cheese about the pace of the day,
Cause I really saw my youth like a playful parade,
So who the hell was on these city roofs making it rain;

And who can I blame, for the state of my brain,
Or the way we sit apart when weãfÂçâ, ã™ re taking
the train;
I donãfÂçâ, ã™ t know if itãfÂçâ, ã™ s art, or
itãfÂçâ, ã™ s fate;
Or if I should point the finger at the mirror when
IãfÂçâ, ã™ m shaving today;
Cause at heart, IãfÂçâ, ã™ m just a confused boy;
With feelings under wrap like protecting a new toy;
And while I find it hard to breathe through that
packaging,
I aint gonna leave cause IãfÂçâ, ã™ m scared of
these mannequins;

WeãfÂçâ, ã™ re all running around trying to act like
we get it,
When we donãfÂçâ, ã™ t, even know where
weãfÂçâ, ã™ re headed,
And if I did, I might have something worth telling,
Though the likelihood is someone already said it,

But IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got angels singing in my ears;
IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got a life full of struggles but time to
clear my head;
And I hope I never forget;
All the wisdom in the things that theyãfÂçâ, ã™ ve
said;

IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got music playing in my ears;
IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got an artists soul but a childs fears,
IãfÂçâ, ã™ ve got lessons learnt at my best and
worst,
And IãfÂçâ, ã™ m just waiting for the skies to clear;

Visit [Phat Chance](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.