

8 Stops 7 "Forget"

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These things that we too soon forget
Collecting dust...spider webs that grow and grow
Till there's nothing left
Except for shreds that you can't quite call evidence

That I had a life before today
See I forget things I associate with pain
I think it's time that
I start to look back on my life

Sitting around watching things go
These things that remind me of my home
I don't want to be in doubt
I don't need to know what this life's all about
I just need to know for now
Are you gonna be around

When I need to find what I'm missing
And I can't recall what it was I believed in
Take me home, surround me with friends
Take me home

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