

Pompeii

"What Kind Of Future"

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Waking up on the floor
Joining ranks with the stains of the nights before
Grab the keys, where's the door?
I've had enough of this town--I can't take anymore
Broken bottles, bits of glass.
Empty packs of cigarettes to last the rest of my whole
Life.

I'll bite off more than I can chew until it hurts.
Putting the question on my direction.
I'll bite off more than I can chew if to eat your
Words.
There is no answer for the better or worse.

Waking up on the floor.
"What kind of future is that one to be working toward?"
"I don't know, you tell me."
You've taken quite an interest as of lately.
Bleeding dry of loves for cash,
I've carried you upon my back.
And I, I can't carry you anymore

I'll bite off more than I can chew until it hurts.
Putting the question on my direction.
I'll bite off more than I can chew if to eat your
Words.
There is no answer for the better or worse.

The road will bring to you something fresh, something
New.
Bite more than you can chew until they eat their words.
We calculate a path in all we do, do the math.
The odds are stacked up high, therein the problem lies.

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