

Rustic Overtones

"Spunk Drive 185"

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(D.Gutter)

If it was up to me, i'd call
If it was real to me at all
If you could deal with me
Then i'd fall out of our grace
And think of someway better
To focus all our hate
Would it be too hard
Too cold
Feeling scarred, controlled..
Come on stop the car
Before we get too far
I'm not handling this well
Beside myself
Beside the fact I overlooked
Behind my back, treated me good
But what we lacked
And understood
Feelings divide - 185
On the couch monday
There are no more weapons
So why go on this way
I released too much
To save us from ourselves
Take in a bit
Let out alot
Time to forget what we've been taught
"alienated from a badly painted tongue"
Is what you used to say when i'd act this way
-chorus-

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