

Bronx, The

"Notice Of Eviction"

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Days, you always want to tell me lies
You try to sell me to the stars at night
You think i'm too uptight.

Love you call me on the phone, alone
You wish that i could stay
Speaking pain in codes.
Telling me you still care through a dial tone.

Days, you really want to put my life on hold
You really want to see my growing old with you
Like a naive friend.

But I never want to face myself again
Unless i'm coming true
Speaking pain in codes

Telling you that I know i'm no good alone
And I've tried so hard just to be myself
But i've erased everything I was
I tried searching for the truth alone
And I remember everything i've done
I'm thinking everything will turn out fine
But i'm a little kid without a soul
Give me just a little bit more time
Just a little bit

Say what you want to do to me or you
I don't care, right

I've tried so hard just to be myself
But i've erased everything I was
I tried searching for the truth alone
And I remember everything i've done
But i've erased everything I was
And i'm a little kid without a soul
Give me just a little bit more time
To solve my future.

To solve my future...

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