

Chris McCaughan

"Criminal"

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My anger is a sign of disgust with myself
A stewing serenade I hear the sirens on their way
The chemicals inside of me just kept on swimming
through my veins
Maybe I should make a move and try to leave this all
behind

I listen to the absence of noise
Dead summer breeze; I'm inflated with suspicions
Seems I've identified again the criminal of my intent
Imagine exercising that same routine to reinvent

I'm just a cold face on the street
Slow and somber in my patterns
I'm just a friend you'll never meet
I am the love that never happens

My days exist in meaningless ways
I need a way to shake this
I'm making lost time famous

My heart goes rushing to my head whatever happened
to me
Weeks spin forward I'm aware that I've been living in
reverse
I always hesitate like the future is engraved

Roots here grow really deep they're networked beneath
the city streets
It's a structured kind of madness
I always turn away back to a safer fate
I always hesitate

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