

The 20 Belows

"Like A Chokeslam"

Visit "[Like A Chokeslam](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I start to crumble under self
Inflicted pressure
Maybe a little late to settle for the lesser
And so I move along, tired and reluctant
A sour state of mind until it's time to disband
The smiles are bitter and the love
It turned to disdain
If this was meant to happen could
Somebody explain
Just why my head is full of apathy
And distrust
And every single day is beginning to feel just

Like a choke slam, like a tombstone
Like an elbow from the top rope
Gave it one shot now I'm out cold
And so ready to go

Make it through the day by going
Through the motions
A couple drinks at night then go to
Sleep alone when
The bottles empty and the pills
Begin to kick in
8 hours brake until the same
Procedure begins
So I move along ignoring
Repercussions
I stay out of the way avoiding all discussion
Lay me down and welcome the
Familiar sound
Of the ringing bell, ready for the 3 count

Like a choke slam, like a tombstone
Like an elbow from the top rope
Gave it one shot now I'm out cold
And so ready to go
Like a leg drop, like a face wreck
Like a steel chair to the forehead
Gave it one shot now I'm half dead
And so ready to quit

Visit [The 20 Belows](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.