

The Front Bottoms

"Spoons, Gats, Prison Tats"

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Will this be your last chance?
Your chance to make it right again this time?
Will this be our last stand?
You've got to make a choice right now, it's not mine.

Is this really how you want to live your life?
Struggling day to day?
It almost seems you do it out of spite.
Or have you just lost your way?

Sit back.
Relent.
It's over for you.
Why try?
Rewind.
It's all the same.

I want to tell you that it's not ok
To abandon everyone and hide away.
We're losing you by inches.
So many needles in your veins
Can't give you all those years back or relieve one ounce
of pain.

Artificial security - let them take over.
Pretend you're helpless - pretend you're sober.

Your sick, simplistic, sadistic,
Torturous inside is dead in your head.
It's just too obvious to hide.

I want to tell you that it's not ok
To write this all off with no one to blame.
We're losing you by the inches.
So many needles in your veins
Can't give you all those years back or relieve one ounce
of pain.
Take this time now to live again.
I'm here with you, i know you can.

Sometimes i wish this could all be over,

So the pain, the hurt will go away.
But then i look inside you and i know you can.

Take this time now to live again.
I'm here with you, i know you can.

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