

Soul Asylum

"Ain't That Through"

Visit "[Ain't That Through](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A sweet scent of discontent rising in the air
You don't get old you just get passive and then you
stand and stare
Hey nobody's keeping you from stopping
Like a bulb without a socket your finger trigger's itching
but you forgot to cock it
And things didn't turn out the way you thought they
would be
No you can't take that out on me
If you can find a better way then I ain't standing in your
way
I'm fed up with holding out I called your bluff now let it
out
You were thinking you were never never never enough
It ain't bad luck it's just that you ain't that tough
Ain't that tough ain't that tough
A graveyard of bottles and bla bla bla
If you're so brave why's a .45 hang from your hips
Nobody's keeping you from stopping
You're always threatening to kill yourself
Well why don't you just do it right here, right now
I didn't turn out the way you thought I would be
No you can't take that out on me
I thought I was talking to someone else I guess I was
talking to myself
I'm fed up with holding out I called your bluff now let it
out
You were thinking you were never never never enough
It ain't bad luck it's just you ain't that tough
Last time I saw you you were talking just like me
Now you're talking like some hollywood actress,
What the hell's that supposed to mean?
You ain't that tough you ain't that tough ...

Visit [Soul Asylum](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.