

The Soviettes

"Latchkey"

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I guess you thought it would be fun to make your pain
into a game for someone. I guess you didn't realize
how hurt and lies would color all our lives. What you did
to, so residual, my yesterday. What will I do to my
tomorrow? Will I take on, for forsaken, my father's
ways and I could draw my own blood's blood? I
sometimes lie awake at dawn, though wrong, love him
now he's dead and gone. The part that loves him aches
inside. In deep it lies next to the the scars I hide. I
forgave you when i gave you my wild eyed childhood.
How ddo I fill my empty doors and frames? How do i
get, born of his spit, wise and mild? When did all the
colors run grey? My life is gray, when will I see day?

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