

Street Dogs

"Dead Cliché"

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I strayed from the kitchen that's where we kept the
knives
That could slice the tense air from clenched fists
I wasn't partial to pain but I fled home everyday,
Staring at the veins through the skin on my wrist
And in the morning when my throat burned like cuts
and scrapes
And salty dry eyes refused to wake
The only warmth were cold hands of a mother
She'd say "it'll be ok"
I'd be no more than A Dead Cliché,
A Dead Cliché
A Dead Cliché
With nothing to say
Farewell notes are so passé
So shoot me in a gallery, we'll call it art
You can critique the blood stain on the floor
Why let my death go to waste, if I'm dying anyway
I might as well have something to die for
Cause I'm breathing in dead air, I'm tugging at dead
skin
I know that every road I walk is a dead end
And the papers would agree it's the only fame I'll see
Cause all the greatest artists are insane. Or Dead.
I made a heart out of tape and wire
I painted it the color of crying eyes
I wore it on my sleeve
For the vultures to see
Screamed
You're born you learn you work decay and die

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