

Strung Out

"Andy Warhol"

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I never was much good at walking lines.
I never learned the right steps to the straight and
narrow path
and I regret to say I don't remember faith in anything.
So I found a my own way with a little help from my
friends.

You can't write a song if you've never lost anything
you've truly loved.
You can't start a fire crying in the rain.

Cuz we all play a part in history and we all end up just a
memory.

Round here it's either do or die.
No one really wants to know your name or cares where
you've come from.
All the pain you think you know there's always someone
just below,
gettin' by just living high the story goes.

So light a fire, leave it all behind.
Hit the road and lost your mind.
Steal a heart and find what you really need.

Cuz we all play a part in history then we all end up just a
memory
to someone else we leave behind.

Gonna leave this place behind!
Don't regret what you never tried.
Sing what's left inside.
When nothing really matters you got nothing left to
lose.
Look to me for something to believe.

You can't write a song if you've never lost anything
you've truly loved.
You can't start a fire crying in the rain.
So light a fire, leave it all behind.
Hit the road and lose your mind.

Find out what it is you really need.

Cuz we all play a part in history and we all end up just a
memory.

Cuz we all play a part in history and we all end up just a
memory.

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