

## Strung Out "Six Feet"

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A family man in the midst of  
a total breakdown  
seeks refuge inebriated state  
As he thinks to himself how did  
life pass me by - somewhere down  
The line I forgot how to live  
now every day is just another chore,  
Another  
day, another week, another year.  
The world slowly turns, but this  
rut never ends - one blink of an  
eye then it's gone.  
So he puts his faith in the Almighty  
Lord up above, he's told for all good  
men Heaven awaits  
"Well I can't wait  
any longer when's  
it my turn to see the light that'll  
come and take my troubles away?"  
Now he spends his days preaching  
what he does not believe, to a world  
that's forgotten how to live  
and he can't understand the empty  
Feelin' inside that seems to grow  
every hour, every day.  
"What's it take to be a man, when  
everything I'm taught I can't believe  
And everything is thrown right in my  
face?  
I wake up everyday, I live here among  
The dead and I am one of them. Is  
this how it's gotta be? For you and me  
Open your eyes take a look a  
round think nice thoughts then  
it's off to work I go!"  
Now it's back to the hustle and it's  
back to the beat  
It's back to another forty hour  
week.  
"Soon that weekend will come  
I'll get to have a little fun then  
it's back to my forty hour grave"

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