

Eighties Combat

"Second Note"

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I can never say just how I feel, so I bleed it out. I lie and wait.

My mind has endless comments; if I could sort them out, this would be something worthwhile.

And all these thoughts are racing. Would slow them down if I could only spit this out.

Things left unsaid will never put my mind at easier said than done.

This wound will spill just how I see this. Red won't hold this back.

It's time you see exactly what I mean when I say I know that it's not over.

And I'll tape my mouth shut so I don't ever have to hear me lying to myself again.

Been through this before I know how to take this like I should.

Been through this before, I know I should take this if I could.

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