

Swingin' Utters "Storybook Disease"

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I have broken many dreams, but like broken hearts
they seem to mend with ease I've traversed the open
sea with a grain of guts and a gallon of need but I'm
tired and I'm easily fixed a hair trigger in this one's
breed I'm upset with upsetting things and always sad
to see the good things leave. So what's wrong you? so
what's wrong with you? so what's wrong with you? she
says oh, what's wrong with you is what's wrong with
me Long lost negotiations make in hell to break my
nerves toiled and fought my way to the top, I haven't
done but have tried at least to deserve shiny things on
golden jeweled plates aren't just handed out for those
in need oh I've learned and I'm learning still that
staying idle is the worst disease I blame myself for
breaking promises I made to myself in so called "dire
need" but I won't apologize for the cursed words I've
laid upon those that I blamed it's no use to toil over this
isn't life to be a simple thing? it's a flux, a want for
worth that I need to dispel those need.

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