

Good Life, The "Off The Beaten Path"

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well, i'm trying to be patient
yeah, the wheels keep turnin' 'round
but it's a treadmill and i'm just
dragging my feet. i'm so tired
of everything-defeated by routine-
by words that don't mean anything to me
at least not anymore, now that
i'm done with the mourning of a
day without ending. a year of
decadance to escape from penance
but i suffered and i'm over it
yeah i'm fine now, but i'm sick of it
i was happy being miserable
i used to lay down my head at the bar
and raise one lonely finger for a drink

it doesn't have to be so difficult
just keep coasting by. so you lost a limb
well hell, those wounds will heal with time
(but what happens when you loved what you lost?)
you didn't have to cut it off
but you did and i do and it took
everything i had. i wonder if i could
ever get it back to how it was,
when i still thought of love as a
risk i could take-if i was willing
to make the commitment to rejection
the mind games, the deception
the late nights under the covers
pointing the finger at who ever started
whatever we were fighting about

i guess that i'm fine now
yeah, everything's better
everything's cooled down-it's all copasetic
we'll move on, off to a better world
to a fresh start where everything's possible...
but i'm sick of it
yeah, i'm sick of it
no-i'm sick of it
i am

so sick
of it
uh-huh

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