

## **The Good Life "Off the Beaten Path"**

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Well I'm trying to be patient  
But the wheels keep turning round  
But it's a treadmill and I 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 a morning of a day without ending  
A year of decadence to escape from penance  
But I've suffered. 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 on 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 it'll heal with time  
What happens when you love what you've lost?  
You didn't have to cut it off  
But I did, and I do, and it took everything that I have  
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  
and the mind games, the deception  
The late nights under the covers  
pointing the finger at whoever started  
whatever we were fighting about

I guess that I'm fine now  
everything's better  
everything's cooled down  
it's all copesetic  
We'll move on, off to a better world  
To a fresh start where anything's possible

But I'm sick of it  
Yeah I'm sick of it

I'm so sick of it  
No, I'm sick of it  
no, no, no, no, no  
I'm sick of it now  
I'm just sick of it now  
no, no, I am so sick of it  
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
But he's sick of it  
no, no, no, no

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