

## **Late Tuesday**

### **"Armchair Sanctuary"**

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Throw my hands up I'm backing out  
Throw down my guns, I'm gicing up the fight to prove  
them right  
Gotta get away from myself, if I'm gonna make it out  
alive  
Standing on the sidelines spitting my 2 cents  
celebrating arrogance while hiding in a drowd of cynics  
passive passion proves my life is passing me by  
I'll never make it out alive  
This meaning is fleeting, just when we really need it  
A building and nothing more, these empty walls are  
bound to fall  
Throw my hands up, I've had enough  
I've been the first, I've seen the top of feeling down  
and out  
I gotta get away from myself, and I'll never make it out  
alive  
I'll be there if you feel like you're falling  
I know we're going all the way, I know we're searching  
for the answers  
And it's not enough when you're losing heart  
Instead of backing out just put in your part  
Searching for where we are going

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