

Mal Blum

"Country Song"

Visit "[Country Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I came home to find you on drugs
I was on the verge of every song I'd ever sung
you said oh my gosh
it's like I can't escape
I am a child of fate
and then you threw a plate at me
you were so wasted

All my life
I've been a child of stress
you were the worst at best
and if I may confess the worst ain't over
yet if you call
I won't stumble
I've been humbled
like your bottles, empty in the morning

Hold on up, we've got a bleeder on our hands
I don't think you understand, get here as quickly as you
can
I've learned to hate
oh, I have grown to love
I have learned to be
what I hoped I would become
and tell me what of you
what did you do
what did you say
what did you leave behind
who did you save

You came home, I was on the rug
you were on the verge of every hole you'd ever dug
you said Oh my God
I cannot catch a break
but I am a child of faith
so when you turned away, I just lay in silence

Hold on up, we've got a bleeder on our hands
I don't think you understand
you better do the best you can
you'll grow to hate

oh, you will learn to love
you will learn to be what you hoped you would become
and tell me what of me
what did i do
what did i say
what did i leave behind
who did i change

Visit [Mal Blum](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.