

Burning Bridges

Ann Beretta

I'm a proud motherfucker
Got nothing to prove
We live on the street where you got nothing to lose
A buck too short
Another day is too late Running the race where they laugh in your face.
At night on the streets
But the streets are burning down, Running in circles, Better off dead
Another burning question
Got no answer to give, Trusting yourself
But you know how to live, Burn your bridges
You can bury them all
Hate everything
You throw it away
Burn your bridges
You can bury them all
Hate everything
You fade away.
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