

Less Talk

Brian McFadden

Everytime I try to run
I'm sinking from the rising sun
Like everything I've ever done

Watching from across the street
Staring in my own defeat
And I don't really care, no no no

Less talk, I'm not a preacher
I'm no good, still a believer
I'm not made to be a leader
If I'm not dead then I'm still trying

Don't call I'm not a healer
Want no good, repeat offender
Here's no place to try and get better
But I'm not dead so I'll keep fighting on

(Less talk)
(Less talk)
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(Less talk)

I was like a loaded gun
Exploded out on every one
Attracted to the easy way out

I wonder was I ever loved
By anything or anyone
I wonder why the hell I'm here at all

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