

Days on End

Buck 65

days on end windows I'm changing silent hands like its a virtue
holding on to damaged truth like its a weapon meant to hurt yo
u

shouldn't care a wooden chair cracks its knuckles restless midn
ight wind blows worthless turn the lights off cursed the one sm
all thing I did right

shoes don't fit theres miles to go clement weather smiling stra
ngers worried minds sisters of mercy barking dogs that warn of
dangers

people people everywhere arms that need eyes like stop signs gi
ven just one match to burn held breath I'm scared to death to d
rop mine

shaken doped up with insomnia troubles that can kill the mind r
ivers and ways to escape streets to cross and hills to climb

I just want to get from point a to point b then eight and nine
watch the sad face of the clock change run for cover wait in li
ne

what else can a poor man do what does he have besides his place
its hard to find he is instrumental painted gray he hides his
face

afraid of being someone else don't let me vanish from your sigh
t I shed my skin I had no choice I taught my self to fight

guns and drums walls that listen forgetting with reckless aband
on dozen roses in the trash can ballad of the last man standing

roughly cut I'm vague to you I hold my cards close to my chest
I don't want to spend my life I took a chance I should have gue
ssed

dead end dreams all written down the endless ocean its not pret
ty empty bottles keep their secrets living dead wander the city

half insane we laugh like dogs and play the games we got to pla
y we don't have the strength to fight besides we don't know wha
t to say

smoke machine ballet and murder combination virgin whore I find
myself behind the eight ball hollowed out washed up on shore

ancient hatred man made thunder dust and ashes turn to mud the

birds all know that somethings wrong temperatures that burn the
blood

invisible the evening comes knife in its teeth and jealous rage
ten thousand volts its pins me down does its dirt collects its
wage

roads that recognize my voice actions that i can't defend chopp
ing down this crooked tree I've sang for days on end