

## Imminent Bail Out

Buckcherry

I got this problem in my head with no solution  
My troubled mind wants me to be dead  
Some they may hate me and some are friends  
I got no time to kill and fuck around and sit in my shit

Where do I begin?  
Something's got to give

It's a lie or the truth  
Protect us from our youth  
It's a sign, what to do?  
I should get away, get away from you

I'm trying to find out who I am with no illusions  
And my color coated canvas is all red  
I wanna know just how it ends, I wanna know  
'Cause I never wanna wind up here again

Where do I begin?  
Something's got to give

It's a lie, or the truth  
Protect us from our youth  
It's a sign, what to do?  
I should get away, get away

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Mother Mary, I am dying, it fucking hurts  
I don't wanna wind up dead  
My heart bleeds, I can't stop crying, I'm out of words  
Locked up in the prison in my head

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Imminent fucking bail out