

Dead Skin

Crossfade

So I'm the king of all these things of this mess I have made
Such a waste what a shame my whole life is a fake
Well I'm a bore and I'm sure I'm a thorn inside of you that has
torn at you for years
The alcohol the demerol these things never could replace
What a minute with you could do to put a smile on my face
I'm a bore and I'm sure I'm a thorn inside of you that has torn
at me for years
I can't get out of this dead skin I can't shed my skin
I'm not sure where to begin why can't I begin again
I can't get under my dead skin I can't shed my skin
Can I sleep 'til then

Phenobarbital and alcohol these two surely will do
To knock me out keep me down at least a day or two
When I'm awake I can taste how bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bear some days I pray someone will blo
w me away
Make it quick but let it burn so I can feel my life fade
Well I'm a waste and I can taste how bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bear
I can't shed my skin
I can't shed my skin