Chasing Honesty

I can hardly feel the corners of my father's favourite chair I can hardly watch him sitting there I don't really think I'm g rowing I've got nothing much to share so if you could be my saviour we 11 If you could be my saviour this time any place, anywhere else i s fine step right out And slam the door I won't be seeing you no more We're always chasing honesty golden ashes for the family And if you could tell me stories man I'd even go for lies But I can't hold on much longer so if you could be my savior From now on step right out and slam the door I should have done this long Before we're always chasing honesty bitterness and tragedy step right out And slam the door I won't be seeing you no more we're always ch asing honesty We're always chasing honesty these days

Favez