

Dying for a Six-String

Itchy Poopzkid

In the morning from a distance
You can smell the gasoline
You can feel the fire burning
But I'm nowhere to be seen

Cause I am on my way
To somewhere new my friend
I won't be back tomorrow
Cause I learned everytime
I thought I'd die I knew it was just a lie

Now I'm longing for the good times
And I'm grateful for the bad
All the miseries and wonders
Are the best we've ever had
I'm just dying for a six-string
That keeps playing in my head
How could we just say
We'd be better off dead

I've been taking stairs to heaven
And I'm used to burning in hell
And from all the places I've been
There are stories left to tell

I got wounds and scars
And a middle finger with a smile
Down with all the sorrow
Cause I know everytime I thought I'd die
I learned it was just a lie

A chorus ringing in my ears

Chasing away all doubts and fears
And no hand ever holds me back
I won't defend I will attack