

## 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