Dig My Own Grave

Lisa Germano

Does these foolish, foolish thoughts
Why don't they go away
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave

So I cry, cry, cry
And feel sorry for myself
All I wanna do is get high, that's it
And I dig my own grave

I don't get it, I just don't understand
Because we talked about it
We talked and talked, you said
You weren't that kind of man

Oh, it makes me feel sick
Makes me weak in the heart
And I don't know what to do
Because where am I supposed to get my strength

You are a bad, bad, bad, bad, bad boy
You used to make me feel good
You made my day and now you're gone away
You went, you went away

I don't understand
And I'm full of it all these foolish
Foolish, foolish, foolish, foolish
Foolish, foolish foolish thoughts
Why don't they go away?
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave

It's a sad, sad life to feel sorry for yourself
Hope falls short, we dig our own graves

Now I try to look up to the bright side of things
But it just doesn't seem to work
You know it just makes me feel
Like I'm just missing out

About all the good things in life
And everybody's having fun, I'm not
I must be doing something wrong
But I don't know what to do

I try, try, try and try, and try, and try, I know if you could
You're supposed to make me feel better
And I don't feel better, I feel worse
And I don't know where you are
And why am I filled with these foolish, foolish thoughts

Why don't they go away?
They fill me with doubt
And I dig my own grave
Dig, dig, dig and I dig my own grave