

Gusty Like The Wind

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

Distant from faces hollow and uncomfortable.
I haven't been up or down in so long, but believe me.
Depression just takes too much and I'm far too drained to give
her what's due.
I live for defeat.
Find myself searching for the worst.
Take me where I need to go I'm much too tired to live alone.
Making a life dead on the inside.
Circulation like 65 at 5 and it never lets up.
Tomorrow I'll forget what drove me to this paper, but I'll use
it anyway.
Like the friends and family I love and ignore.
God give me a reason to love this place.
Come on just one reason.
Making a life dead on the inside.
Circulation like 65 at 5 and it never lets up.
I'm trying to shake these bitter days but it never lets up.
Making a life dead on the inside.
Circulation like 65 at 5 and it never lets up.