

Out of Homes

Michael Kiske

I was the one to shout
When my shoes were tight
Now I'm doing better babe
I've changed parts of my strategies
Still I'm shooting straight
I swallow what goes wrong
There's no in-between
And nothing's ever what it seems

And it always seems alright (yeah,yeah)
I still come down after fights (yeah,yeah)

I'm alone on the streets tonight
I am lost but I will get it right
Silent anger chews my heart to mush
Dirt stains on me like a skin
And you always gotta see me again!

No longer cursed with doubts
Yes, that would be a life!
But life won't take our lessons babe
It takes its prisoners when it dates

I've seen, you've packed your things
For what tomorrow brings
I doubt preparing's possible
For something so untouchable

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