

## Trippin

Poliça

All my friends, lost your face  
A million miles, constant traces  
No one even came to call  
Had to figure it out all on our own  
Put out with the battle cry  
You held me through the whole ride  
We can't for anyone say goodbye, oh my  
All the strings you have tied round my mind  
Tripping down  
Losing all I have  
Just to be no one  
Anyone knows at all  
All my friends, lost your face  
A million miles, constant trace  
Had to figure it out all on our own  
Put out with the battle cry  
You held me through the whole entire ride  
And we can't for anyone say goodbye, oh my  
This game, this game you wear me down just the same  
Tripping down  
Losing all I have  
Just to be no one  
Anyone knows at all  
All my friends, lost your face  
A million miles, constant trace