

At The Park

Subseven

It rips me up - spits me out - I'm messed up - in this rut -
Caught up in this system - put down as another victim -
My fingernails are fading away - and my hair is looking lazy -
But that's okay, yeah, but I think I may go crazy -

Chours:

This time I have don't feel my own -
This life I live feels like a joke. -
But still I try to take control -
Still on my own, all alone -

Here I go again - go - I lie awake -
In my car - at the park - I -I run away -
It's half past three and I can't sleep -
Looking up at the stars - looking up in the dark -

This time I have don't feel my own -
This life I live feels like a joke -
But still I try to take control -
Still on my own, all alone

My stereo turns on trying to ignore you
But i still hear your voice
Everything will be okay, you say
Everythings going to change, you say

(back to chours)