

Race

The Leaves

In my race, to have it all
To nail it all, I have become
A useless bag, a dead man's sack
All these things find me now
But I get myself a good night's sleep
I don't know what to do about you now
Sometimes breathing's
The hardest thing to do
I'm runnin' after you
Two souls leavin'
Ever feelin' down
Never turn around
I keep on, movin' round
Turnin' down the things you do
Would it change anything
Heavenly Saints at all
But I get myself a good night's sleep
I don't know what to do about you now
Sometimes breathin's
The hardest thing to do
Runnin' after you
Two souls leavin'
Ever feelin' down
Never turn around
Now that I know, yeah
You know that I will
Now that I know
I keep on movin', cruisin'
Sometimes breathing's
The hardest thing to do
Runnin' after you
Two souls leavin'
Ever feelin' down
Never turn around
[Sometimes breathing's (We could make it and it)
The hardest thing to do (Should be alright, cause the bad things
inside)
Runnin' after you
Two souls leavin' (Now we can make it and it)
Ever feelin' down (Should be alright cause there's bad things
inside)
Never turn around] x3