

Pills, Demons & Etc.

Velvet Revolver

You, you got skills, you got the pills, you're getting older
You got the weight of all that's left you on your shoulder
But the world still waits for you
Throw yourself right through me

You got your demons and your wasted life
You could pull the trigger and
You'd end the strife

Yeah, I got the news, you had the blues, you bought the ticket
To the one place that I won't be going to visit
What the fuck were you thinking of?
Now I stare right through you

You got your demons and your wasted life
You could pull the trigger and
You'd end the strife
You got your demons and your fancy wine
It would go down easy if you'd
Spend the night

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