

No Blood, No Foul

With the Punches

Throw my body from this bed and right out the front door
(It feels like time is always running out on me)
I'm scared to death that I'm missing out, on what? I don't know
man,
That's just me.
And I hate the way these nights,
Always fade into days
Where my better judgements nowhere to be found.
Can't pull myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed and swallowed by the sea.
I'll fight the undertow that's trying to
Drag this life from me.
So much of growing up was losing touch for good with
So many old friends that I'd get bummed out if I had a doubt that
they'd ever even notice.
And I hate the way these nights
Always fade into days where
My better judgements nowhere to be found.
Can't pull myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed and swallowed by the sea.
I'll fight the undertow that's trying to
Drag this life from me.
You won't drag this life from me!
Looking back had to be the black hole
On the calendar this year. I
Pissed away another day feeling sorry for myself.
So I guess in retrospect
The fear of death and loneliness
Take a backseat or those bad dreams
Will become reality.
Can't pull myself down 'til I'm overwhelmed and swallowed by the sea.
I'll fight the undertow that's trying to
Drag this life from me.
I heard what you said about pathetic behavior and how it labels
you,
But tell me how you're better off for selling out and giving up
.
Get a life and then we'll talk.