

Towers (On My Way)

Young Guns

Hello again, my dear old friend
Is it that time again?
Is this the end?
The beat goes on and on, with such sweet grace
But I'm just out of time,
I'm out of place

I found rebellion in self destruction
I need to find a place to lay my head
I walk then I crawl
I'm thankful to be moving at all
Considering all the places, I've been on the way
Some people build towers, I just dig holes,
On my way down again, Hey
On my back in the gutter
And I've seen this place before,
How do you make it look so easy
When the wolves are at the door?
Contrition is, a bedfellow of mine,
In my defense I'm wasted, the beat goes on and on
I couldn't stop it even if I tried

I found rebellion in self destruction
I need to find a place to lay my head.
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Considering all the places I've been on the way
Some people build towers, I just dig holes,
On my way down again,

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