

## Towers

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 (woah)  
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  
(I've been on the way)  
Some people build towers, I just dig holes,  
On my way down again, on my way down

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 (woah)  
I need to find a place to lay my head

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I'm thankful to be moving at all  
Considering all the places I've been on the way  
(I've been on the the way)  
Some people build towers, I just dig holes,  
On my way down again, on my way down

On my way down

I walk then I crawl  
I'm thankful to be moving at all  
Considering all the places, I've been on the way  
(I've been on the way)

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