Lost Weekend

Brock Wilbur

Build me up Im breaking down,
Im tired of living underground,
Where depression tells me shes the only way.
I have nothing left to lose,
But i have nothing left to choose,
The bottle drinks the booze from me these days.
Hold me through the dark of night,
Before i kiss myself goodbye.I cannot scream, I cannot cry.
Ive lost all control of my mind.
Spinning out of time and out of sight.
And my body aches and my heart it hurts.
Ive long found out that drugs dont work.
Will someone save me from myself tonight.Im tired of my ambitions,
And Im tired of my suspicions,
Im so tired of knowing that I live a lie.
Sweet tea and valium,
Say one day I will marry them,
And we can live in champion disguise.
Hold me through the dark at night,
Before I kiss myself goodbye.I cannot scream, I cannot cry.
Ive lost all control of my mind.
Spinning out of time and out of sight.
And my body aches and my heart it hurts.
Ive long found out that drugs dont work.
Will someone save me from myself tonight.
Will someone save me from myself tonight

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