

# Trashed, Lost & Strungout

## Children Of Bodom

Whoa yeah!

1, 2, 3, 40 and the thrill of the bright sweet night is a question of you.

Tryin' to be kickin' ass to help me out

After all you know I never wanna go

Before I go high, I'm very down

The only bottle left to drink, again and again

You know I can't go the other way without being trashed lost and strungout

Why do I slice them out?

When together try something, drug you question me,

Whats to coming out?

Before I go high, I'm very down

The only bottle left to drink, again and again

Come on!

Maybe I set my tracks to my life

What the fuck have I done to you

And the trashed people askin' my head until I sweat

Now tell me what the fuck to do!

One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,

Nothing but try to be strungout on you

You let me drown way deep down below

For the fleeting past to let go

Went to the end to raise my better half

Lookin' at my own reflection

Forever I saw him kissin' you goodbye

To kill my soul and diction

Before I walk I need the ground

You know me poor, I never return

Up yours and next you tell me "fucking whore"

The only bottle left to drink, before I go!

One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,

Nothing but try to be strungout on you

You let me drown way deep down below

For the fleeting past to let go

Went to the end to raise my better half

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Forever I saw him kissin' you goodbye

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