

As You Were

Devin Townsend Project

Stale as a 2-day half, full beer, cigarette boats float around in here
A field in my gut lacking sunshine
Put down like a teenager's first drink, I cough up compliments, I think
You're better off walking away while you still can She was passing through to climb a hill
As you slipped and slid on my gut spill
My better half was praying for you to fall Rotten like a 3-week half full glass of breast milk, drunken off my ass
I would give anything to erase the past nine years of my life
Put down like a prostitute in court
All liberty soon to abort like my sanity, like thoughts of you She was passing through to climb a hill
As you slipped and slid on my gut spill
My better half was praying for you to fall
Praying for you to fall So pitiful
Praying for you to fall
I'm fuckin' pitiful Praying for you to fall
So pitiful
Praying for you to fall
So fuckin' pitiful

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