Cruel Reminder

Treadmill Trackstar

Dead stop on the curb
With eyes in back of my head
Curbside inside around parking ? ?
Got a sore throat keeping you down
A sick desire been creeping around
Got a gallon of blood squeezing thru my chest
And the closer I am to you the thicker it gets
A knife in the back and stuck in one place
With a pat on the back and a slap on the faceKeep trying to see from a better position
It's no good
And it never really makes any difference
If it couldSick of having to start all over again
Here comes a big insider, turn myself in
Thinking of ways to explain everything
This sick desire, don't you do a thingKeep trying to see from a better position
It's no good
And it never really makes any difference
If it couldSick of having my hear right all over my face
And the backseat drivers taking my place
Got me staring at you eyes dropped like lead
It's a cruel reminder and it's all in my head

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