

# 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 face  
Keep trying to see from a better position  
It's no good  
And it never really makes any difference  
If it could  
Sick 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 thing  
Keep trying to see from a better position  
It's no good  
And it never really makes any difference  
If it could  
Sick 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

Lyrics provided by

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