Continental

Hurtmold

I've got a dying urge to feel the way you do
Too close for comfort, bed and breakfast in a spoon
The shortest breath of your young life a long walk home on Friday night
You made, one last stop at the storeSo close to perfect, swear to hell thought it was you
But this bouncing baby boy's now turning baby blue
I've got your pictures on my walls, I got a long list of calls
I must make to your existing familyYou had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
Your final coffin nails been driven far too much
This won't take long you said, "I'm not going far
Go wait in the car, go wait in the car"I often wonder what it feels like to be you
A mess like this stuck on your hands with Crazy Glue
Ran out of time, no kiss goodbye
Wish I could learn to let this sleeping dog die without lying to myselfYou had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
Your final coffin nails been driven far too much
This won't take long you said, "I'm not going far
Go wait in the car, go wait in the car"You had 9 lives and one by one you chewed them up
Your final coffin nails been driven far too much
This won't take long you said, "I'm not going far
Go wait in the car, go wait in the car"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/