

# Mornings At the Bar

## Icarus Himself

6 o'clock, rolls around real slow, and I'm out  
In my truck, there's a song, playing on my radio

In the back, head down, my fear, drowns  
In round after round

Oh how the time wastes away  
With the ashtrays, nascar, and pull tab games  
All of our homes seem so far, they seem so far

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Lyrics submitted by Compound Fracture.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>