

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

Lyrics submitted by Compound Fracture.

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