

Way Out

Bass Drum of Death

And if I flipped out on my own
Whatever would I want for you to say
On 18 years now all alone
I'm feeling smaller almost everyday
Wherever I should go
I'm never coming home
I found my way out
However I can float
I'm never going home
I found my way out
I've gotta stop and check my tone
Everyone hears just what they wanna hear
And now I'm fucked up in my zone
Pitiful fools won't make it and it's clear

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written by JOHN BARRETT

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