Cowboys Don't Look Back

One Dead Three Wounded

You got a piece of me. I know it ain't ever coming back. You got a piece of me; it shows that when I play with matches, I always get burned. And when you scream these words, carved with defensiveness, the higher you build your walls, the harder they will fall. I can taste the fear in your lips. Can you taste mine? Crown me, for I am a king of fools. Purge me, for I have a mountain of fear to climb. Sober me up. Sober

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