

Pulp Fiction

Fanmail

Laying on the floor, I've been here once before
And I'm not proud of it
Misery comes today, it's coming back my way
And I want it to leave me
Doubtful, you are the people
Where your anger run your sleep
Fate of those who's feet are slipping
Or to those, who's eyes or to those
Who's eyes have seen
To him the strength belongs, the weak attempt his arms
And show me my offense
So look away from me because I can hardly see
I'm hiding nothing
Doubtful, you are the people
Where your anger run your sleep
Fate of those who's feet are slipping
Or to those, who's eyes or to those
Who's eyes have seen

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