

# Buried With Children

## Wednesday 13

I'm living the American Dream  
Working for the man that I'll never meet  
Trying to make a living  
Trying to get by  
Praying that I'll get to see another sun rise  
With a little trust, I might make it  
With a little love, you know I'd fake it  
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it  
Straight over the edge  
Even if I ever got away  
It would still haunt me in my grave  
I was born to lose and determined to die  
The odds are against me now  
Let me tell you why  
I'm buried, save me  
Buried, whoa oh  
Buried with children  
All I need is a little break  
So I can change my name  
And leave the fucking state  
There is no future  
Nothing up ahead

So go ahead and put a bullet in my head  
With a little trust, I might make it  
With a little love, you know I'd fake it  
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it  
Straight over the edge  
Even if I ever got away  
It would still haunt me in my grave  
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Buried with children

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