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
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