

Nickel Wound

Texas Is the Reason

Its getting cold all over again
so I'll be inside way too much again.
You'll have to believe me.
You have to hear me when I say:
I'll make something up just so that you believe in me.
This is becoming to routine for me.
there will be time for the tomorrow,
but it's days like this that keep me alive.
is there anything left for me?
Daylight's almost over now,
cant think of anymore to say.
Even if I try to understand it wont ever be the same.
Is there anything left for me?

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