

# Separate

## 40 Ounce

There are times when I'm feeling like I've lost all control.  
And I'm talking 'bout a year or more.  
And I remember when I was a kid and it was simple.  
I couldn't ask for more.  
And I was heading down the straight and narrow.  
But then the devil pulled me in by my elbows.  
He gently removed my blindfold.  
I said, "Don't show me more."  
Please, please, please, please.  
If I changed the worlds rotating, you still gonna leave?  
Please, please, please, please.  
All of the warm I'm missing, I guess you don't need.  
There are times when I'm feeling like I didn't sleep at all.  
And I'm talking 'bout a week or more.  
And I remember when I got my first lousy car.  
And I was out the door.  
But back then I was looking forward to the cold.  
Moving back and forth and upside down and growing younger.

Nothing could stop it.  
The driving inside, it's older.  
Please, please, please, please.  
If I changed the worlds rotating, you still gonna leave?  
Please, please, please, please.  
All of the warm I'm missing, I guess you don't need.  
The things I lost in the fire.  
Make it hard to keep my food down.  
Ten years gone in a hurry.  
All I got was my hands dirty.  
I stop myself from starting something  
Cause I can already see how it's gonna end up ahead of me.  
If I'm gonna be beat by a drowning,  
Gonna jump that bridge,  
Gonna jump that bridge,  
Not be thrown in.  
The things I lost in the fire