

Breadmachine

Accumulate into one, the second half has begun
 And I'm not the judge
 Innocent are hung, remain unsung
 And I hold a grudge
 Take a stab in the dark and then it comes as a shock
 Finger on the pulse
 Everything that can, happens to the man
 See the mannequin smile
 When I am running out
 I am running out
 I am running out
 Switch the moon and the sun, shield and the gun
 Clip after clip
 I'd love to stay and watch, make mine what you clutch
 Empire slips
 The weight is too much to hold
 Excuses old, I realize
 Everything that can, happens to the man
 See the mannequin smile
 You don't get it like I get it
 (You don't get it)
 Like I do
 You don't get it like I get it
 (You don't get it)
 Like I do
 When I am running out
 I am running out
 I am running out
 Empire slips
 Excuses old, I realize
 Everything that can, happens to the man
 See the mannequin smile
 When I am running out
 I am running out
 I am running out

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