

# Rottin' Apple

## Strung Out

Hey tired man I see you walk alone.  
The wrinkles on you face, a map  
Of all your pain  
Your expression becomes an open book  
Of time, filled with pages of forgotten hopes.  
Good intentions, regret, disillusion with  
Life, animosity, unbridled purity.  
All these things I swear I see  
And your eyes tell me all you could never be.  
So many times I've stared  
Into the eyes of the young, the old.  
The lonely and the wise.  
Just to find a glimpse of all I  
Have not seen  
Just to find some peace for my  
Jaded made.  
Don't wanna live my life by  
the second hand of a clock that's  
Long since past me by  
You say I've got to stay in line  
We'll your line is going nowhere and  
So are you.  
Choices decisions made smokin' away  
The pain inside  
Sit back and watch it all go by  
We could never find the peace  
Of mind we need  
We hid it all away for another day  
Sit back everything's gonna be alright.  
Rivers of pain map your agin'  
Skin your expression a journal  
Of where you've been  
All your dreams and your chances lost  
You walk along that dotted line  
Do you remember a time  
When you used to dream?  
Do you remember a time when  
You used to Live?  
All your dreams and chances they're

All gone.  
So you gave it all away unable  
to say all you wanna say  
Look at you now - turned out to be  
Face of misery  
Look at you now a rottin Apple's all I see.

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