Desolator

Fireside

Oh believe me
I know it ain't right to treat you like I do
Oh and believe me
I try so hard to figure out what I should do
but it's true
I'm brought up this way and I don't it know any other way
And it's not
It's not a matter of putting the blame on someone else

I've got to many things inside my head I'm about to collapse
And I guess that if I drink too much
I'll just have to drink some less
It's not a fantasy
the devil's got a hold of me
and it doesn't get much lonelier
than waiting by the phone

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