

# Trashed Lost & Strungout

## Children of Bodom

Whoa yeah. Yeah! Once a day falling on the trail walking blind  
trade nothing descretion in low,  
It's hard to wait taking yourself in honor  
I should know how low I can go Before I go high I get very down,  
and I'll be going after it again and again You know I can't go the other way  
without being trashed, lost and strungout,  
When together try something going back to the question  
what's to coming out? Before I go high I get very down,  
and I'll be going after it again and again Maybe I should've (could've) trashed my life  
but for that I'm gonna turn to you.  
And the trashed people askin' my head until I sweat  
Now tell me what the fuck to do! One day I getting to the point where I ain't gonna do,  
Nothing but trying to beat strungout on you  
You let me drown way deep down below  
For the fleeting past to let go  
Until the end I raise and batter around  
looking at my own reflection  
forever I shall kiss you goodbye  
to kill my soul addiction Before I go high I hit the ground,  
Then you know me for i get very down  
Up to the next you tell me "fucking whore"  
And i'll be going after it, before I go! One day I gettin to the point where I aint gonna do,  
Nothing but try to be strungout on you  
You let me drown way deep down below  
For the fleeting past to let go  
Until the end I raise and batter around  
Lookin' at my own reflection  
Forever i shall kiss you goodbye  
To kill my soul addiction

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