

Skumf*k

Sum 41

Take the pictures off the wall
Erase the thoughts, forget them all
The choice is yours to save yourself
Or in the hands of someone else. Broken thoughts and alibis
Conscience disappears in time
Voice is all that I can show
But all that I have is a soul
Yeah. You're set up to failure
A dead-beat on parade
With a foot in the gutter
And the other in the grave
You've cursed your silver spoon so black
So die Well what can I say?
Guess it's obvious you would end up this way,
When you live amongst the dead. The best of luck,
As the one and only resident scumfuk.
A victim or just a tragedy? I hear you talk
but I don't hear you speak.
You don't make sense,
your mind is incomplete. I can't believe all the things that you say.
You just can't get enough.
We'll all be waiting here just for the day.
Guess your time is up. Well what can I say?
Guess it's obvious you would end up this way,
When you live amongst the dead. The best of luck,
As the one and only resident scumfuk.
A victim or just a tragedy? All that I need is time for me to breathe.
Dream little dreams that only I believe.
Now that I see beyond the light,
I know I'll be, I'll be alright.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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