

The Life Of The Party Has Left The Building

Less Than Jake

The cycle circles, stalls then spins
Describes the current state I'm in
It's like I nose dived in a crash
With all my blackouts and scraped hands
It's in the words caught in my throat
It's in the how did I get old?
I'd like to sleep my life away
But I'd just wake up years too late

Songwriters

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