

Alcohol and Alter Boys

Bayside

There's a voice in my head, telling me why I should hate you
But I hate myself instead
There's a pair of dead eyes in the mirror looking back at me
I guess it's wrong to live life so lifelessly
Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees
I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet
And now I'm feeling so down that there's no God above
No mercy for a soul that's just way too fucked up
There's a pain in my chest growing stronger with every
heartbeat
Now there's nothing left of me
But empty bottles of pills and Bacardi
Yes, I guess it's wrong to live life
Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees
I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet
And now I'm feeling so down that there's no God above
No mercy for a soul
Leave me here to die
Leave me here, here to die
Scars are tearing open along my palms and knees
I guess that's what I should get for crawling back at your feet
Now I'm feeling so down that there's no God above
No mercy for a soul that's just way too fucked up

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