

# Heaven Wasn't Built To Hold Me

## Four Year Strong

They sink down deeper  
While still dodging the creeper  
Of the blue collar classic motif  
Let it fall into the sea  
With your perfect posture  
Still a crooked spine  
While the flume you protect starts to leak  
Can't buy pride with good intentions  
Whoa whoa  
I feel like I'm a saint  
Whoa whoa  
But I'm treated like a ghost  
You starve for attention  
But you've been biting the bullet for years  
You betrayed my trust  
To learn my secrets  
And manifest my fears  
The cause and effect

For the simple minded  
It's pulled you in  
The ugliness whose pocket book you've loaded  
Can't buy luck with no religion  
Drifting through life without a trace  
Heaven won't take me  
But Hell can't wait  
You can't break this spell  
You can save me  
You can't right my wrongs  
You can't part the sea  
Heaven wasn't built to hold me  
Whoa whoa  
I feel like I'm a saint  
Whoa whoa  
But I'm living with a curse

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