

Too Far Gone

Wisdom In Chains

Some people trade life for the bottom of a whiskey bottle.

Too far gone, can't get it back now.

Some people love the pills.

They'll eat an entire bottle.

If that don't work, they'll cut their wrists off.

Some people love whores.

They'll spend every fucking dollar.

Go home empty, not an ounce of self-respect.

Happiness must be a dream.

I know it ain't material.

I've seen men search the world but die alone in the end.

So fucking alone.

No woman, no wine, no pills can cure this fucking disease.

It's in my brain.

No matter what I do, I can't get it out my head.

Years of memories flood my brain.

I just wanna sever these fucking veins

So I can sleep forever never coming back no more.

Too far gone.

Too far gone.

Too far gone.

Too far gone can't get it back

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

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