

No Se'

Mad Caddies

my mind's locked up in a world that
i don't know
the end is coming soon
i think i'll lose control
staring out my window and it feels finewell... i'm sending all my signals
but i stiffen so im long
(that's not it, but it sounds funny)
said i'm sending all the signals
that i do not have a home
i said my month in up in armour
say i really wasnt scared
say my month in up in armour
but i do not have a waythings are happening
so really do we ever live so fast
theres a concert
oh but what a fucking blast
my bags are packed in all rugged up theres one thing left to say
i'll make you take the fall then im doin it my own waymy mind's locked up in a world that
i don't know
the end is coming soon
i think i'll lose controla re you happy working mornings
are you happy working nights
are you happy on your time off
when your high?here we go were back again
in the same rut withthe same friends
doin it like we did the year before
ya got no money got no car,
got no woman so there you are
your empty, sold out and depressedwell you can run and you can hide
from the trouble that is deep inside
your master of your own destiny and fame
things to do
gotta place to go
gotta cut the line
gotta make the next show
gotta make everything work out alrightwhat do we have to say for ourselves...
i dunno i dunno i dunno

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