

# Not In My Palace

## Fireside

Maybe it's too easily fit  
No problems are as hard as before  
Look for me under the pillows  
Hiding from self-created danger, sucking the dust  
For what's left, well, go on, I'm the last to know  
But don't ask me if it hurts for I don't know  
I've lost sense of pain or I just don't give a damn  
What do you care anyway, you always second-hand me?  
I'm like a spare tire who is used, when the first one  
breaks  
Sorry if I'm out of style, I never meant to be in your way  
Tell me when I'm gone too far, I slipped  
And I grabbed the first thing, I could find you  
You would have done the same  
I looked out of the window  
But I've been away for too long this time  
Probably I'm too blame for almost everything

Songwriters

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