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 dustFor 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 youYou 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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