Lifer

Brutal Truth

Row of mirrors and I can't see my reflection, my reflection
My life is so far, far from my expectations, my expectationsIt's getting lonely in this parking lot of life
I guess my punishment is my salvationI wish I could find a way to roam, driving home
Always gives me the blues, gives me the blues
I wish I could find a way to roam, driving home
Always gives me the blues, gives me the bluesSinging songs about what I feel like inside
Keeps me coming back for more
It's getting lonely, getting lonely in this parking lot of life
I guess my punishment is my salvationI tread the thin line, I tread the thin line, I tread the thin lineI tread the thin line
You don't know who to follow, who to follow home
Your life is so far, far from your expectationsSinging songs about what I feel like inside
Keeps me coming back for more
It's getting lonely with this parking lot of life
I guess my punishment is my salvationI tread the thin line, I tread the thin line, I tread the thin line
I tread the thin line, I tread the thin line

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