Sweet Misery

Born To Lose

Pick myself off the floor and fight another day.
The day that you walked out my door, I tried to stay sane,
But the day may come when I lose my heart and I lose my faith.
When the bitter taste of the sour grapes will remind me of.Sweet misery.
Sweet misery.
Cold and Empty.
Sweet misery.I'll bottle up my pain, swallow a pint of pride.
Her poison warms me with regret, and I can't hide.
That my head cries out while my heart looks in for a little faith.
But the last remains of this sinful saint are memories of... Sweet misery.Sweet misery.
Her pain reminds me I'm still living.
Sweet misery.
But how much do I have to give'Cause the day has come, I've lost my heart and, I'm losing faith.
And the bitter taste of the sour grapes it reminds me of
Sweet misery.

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