

Danky

Belvedere

It restricts the range of motion right up to my head and it even pains me when I breathe. So don't try and tell me that you know just how I feel I don't wanna turn the other cheek. So tell my why you picked that tape up off the floor eyes of the wheel. So tell me why you think you're damned to say you're sorry but it's not and wish we could all be a little less careless sometimes. I wonder how we're all so far behind, when it comes to simple common sence, and I know why people shut their eyes up just before, it's that stupid people make us tense. Because I don't wanna, because I don't wanna, because I don't wanna. Wanna Die (yeah), Wanna Die (yeah), Wanna Die (yeah).

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