

Filth Pig

American Head Charge

I start out (???) things and people start (???)
Been a thousand days and it's getting overexposed
Then someone asks, "How do you sleep at night?"
With the borrowed dreams from a broken past
You keep runnin' away don't matter how fast or long you always
wind up there
Another thousand pileups in the ugly name (of morality/a poor addict who's)
Fucking ugly, some creepy guy keeps asking
"How the fuck do you sleep at night?"
With a frozen dream and a borrowed hope that died
Filth pig, filth pig
I sleep with both eyes open
Filth pig, filth pig
I keep chasing this tail but the tail gets bigger go figure
A thousand more stories keep the fires and flames alive
So how the fuck do I dream at night?
With the memories of a borrowed death, the guilty tide

Songwriters

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