# Separate

## Calamateur

There are times when I'm feeling like I've lost all control.
And I'm talking 'bout a year or more.
And I remember when I was a kid and it was simple.
I couldn't ask for more.
And I was heading down the straight and narrow.
But then the devil pulled me in by my elbows.
He gently removed my blindfold.
I said, "Don't show me more."
Please, please, please, please, please.
If I changed the worlds rotating, you still gonna leave?
Please, please, please, please, please.
All of the warm I'm missing, I guess you don't need.
There are times when I'm feeling like I didn't sleep at all.
And I'm talking 'bout a week or more.
And I remember when I got my first lousy car.
And I was out the door.
But back then I was looking forward to the cold.
Moving back and forth and upside down and growing younger.

Nothing could stop it.
The driving inside, it's older.
Please, please, please, please, please.
If I changed the worlds rotating, you still gonna leave?
Please, please, please, please, please.
All of the warm I'm missing, I guess you don't need.
The things I lost in the fire.
Make it hard to keep my food down.
Ten years gone in a hurry.
All I got was my hands dirty.
I stop myself from starting something
Cause I can already see how it's gonna end up ahead of me.
If I'm gonna be beat by a drowning,
Gonna jump that bridge,
Gonna jump that bridge,
Not be thrown in.
The things I lost in the fire

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