Threads

Sucioperro

Better if I could find the words to say
Whenever I take a choice it turns away
I'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure
I battle my thoughts, I find I can't explain
I've traveled so far but somehow feel the same
I'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm worn, tired of my mind
I'm worn out, thinking of why
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm always so unsure
I'm alive when I sleep?
While I look in all that I got?
I can't find no one to blame
Stand, stand, damned one
Damned one, damned one, damned one
I am one, damned one
Where do I go?

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