Back in the Trash

Artillery

It just isn't what you do - that - leads you where you are
Excuses I have heard - over - from you
If you really would you - might just have a chance
If you really could - you - might just have a hope
Your life - your song - isn't worth a damn
So go - escape - do the best you canThis place looks so familiar, you've been here before
Every little brick you know, you're back once more
Struggling hard to keep away, from this your private hell
Knowing it's no use to try, escaping from this spellAll through the years, fighting to survive
Find yourself a manhole, and breathe to stay alive
All things that you could have done, pounding in your head
Now you're back where you belong, wishin' you were deadAll you want is to stay away
All you get are glints of the past
You know from this smell of decay
You know that you're back in the trashAnd when the night comes, the gutter is your bed
And when the sun shines, you'll try to hide your head
There's just no help here, no one looks your way
There ain't no welfare, the question is: Will you survive the day?You just can't ignore the fact, that you are sinkin' slow
Everyonr around you can see you've lost the glow
There's no point in actin', you can't hide it anymore
You're vulnerable to eyes, they look at you and you feel sore

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