## Gangster

## **Electronic**

It's not the way that you would listen Or the way you comb your hair It is the fact that you are missing How I feel when you're not thereI went through all the months of January Locked up in this cell I'd like to be at home but on my own I didn't do too wellLook at me, I always get the blame But I can't even learn to spell my name I'd like to read, I'd like to write but where I live, I learn to fight So don't you ever say that we're the sameI don't need a doctor telling me I'm full of juice It's not a statement that I'm making But the plain and simple truthI went through all the months of January Locked up in my cell I'd like to think of home when I'm alone It doesn't work too wellLook at me, I always get the blame But I can't even learn to spell my name I'd like to read, I'd like to write but where I live, I learn to fight So don't you ever say that we're the same

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