Disenchanted

Handguns

WHOA
Just like a wrecking ball
Swinging through a second story window
Everything's in pieces
My eyes just can't believe it
I feel the undertow
Pulling hard and never letting go
I can't fight the sinking feeling
I hate the hands that they've been dealing
Instill the image of a saint
Into the hands of the people you hate
Lost my way and dull my faith
The thing that I believed in
Turned out to be something so different
and all I have left in me
Some paper and a microphone
A song quote and a broken home
WHOA
On the opposing team
Out for blood, not playing clean
Racking up the penalties
I don't watch my mouth I say what I need
I've been doing this since 19
What makes you think that you know anything?
- anger
From these words I put on paper
Thick skinned but I can see through you
Fall in line while you choke on the truth
Lost my way and dull my faith
The only thing that I believed in
Turned out to be sodmething so different
and all I have left in me
Some paper and a microphone
A song quote and a broken home
I won't forget that first December
I felt alive for the first time ever
Dissapointment swallowed me
It spit me right back on the street
I lost my way and dull my faith

The only thing that I believed in
Turned out to be something so different
and all I have left in me
Some paper and a microphone
A song quote and a broken home
The reason for my disenchantment
I know you'll take this for granted
Bleed me dry of all my passion
This didn't go the way I planned it
The reason for my disenchantment
I know you'll take this for granted
Bleed me dry of all my passion
This didn't go the way I planned it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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