

# Over My Head

## Coal Chamber

Call off the dogs  
I call the shots  
Can't hold a candle to you now  
Caught me off guard  
Let's clear the air  
You haven't got a clue  
Never cut and dry  
So cut it out  
It cuts to the core  
Knife to the heart  
A thousand pardons  
Nothing left to restore!  
I think we're all in over our heads now  
And there's nothing left of this life  
I think we're all in over our heads now  
Like there's no tomorrow Don't hold your breath  
If fans the flames  
I walk a fine line  
You beg to differ  
Say what you will  
But I've never changed  
So have the heart  
And my tomorrows  
Cause I hold the cards...  
I'm damned...  
I hate to say...  
I wasn't born yesterday!  
All this emptiness is what fills me  
Chase the American dream!  
This emptiness, it fans the flames, I walk a fine line!  
I'm busy chasing the American dream  
It's what's killing you, it's what's killing me  
All this emptiness is what fills me  
Chase the American dream! I'm in over my head!  
Over me head!  
Over my head!  
I'm in over my head!  
Over my head!  
Over my head!

I'm in over my head!

Over my head!

Over my head now...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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