

At the Park

Subseven

It rips me up spits me out I'm messed up in this rut
Caught up in this system put down as another victim
My fingernails are fading away and my hair is looking lazy
But that's okay, yeah, but I think I may go crazy This time I have don't feel my own
This life I live feels like a joke
But still I try to take control
Still on my own, all alone Here I go again, go, I lie awake
In my car at the park, I, I run away
It's half past three and I can't sleep
Looking up at the stars, looking up in the dark This time I have don't feel my own
This life I live feels like a joke
But still I try to take control
Still on my own, all alone My stereo turns on trying to ignore you but I still hear your voice
"Everything will be okay", you say
"Everything's going to change", you say This time I have don't feel my own
This life I live feels like a joke
But still I try to take control
Still on my own, all alone It rips me up spits me out
Messed up in this rut

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