

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

 Songwriters

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