Bug Eyes

Phil Robson

Bring back those good ol' days
Nothin' feels right, nothin' ever goes my way
I threw my future away, now, I walk alone
Out here in the cold wanderin' astrayWhere's my future? Gonna need a home
You'd expect the same
Now, wouldn't you, wouldn't you?Your journey back to birth
It's haunting you, it's haunting you
Your departure from the earth
It's haunting you, it's haunting youOnly those who accept will find that acceptance in return
When you've been trimmed by like edges
Thrown just aside and wilt and spit at each other
From a distance with constant resistant from youI'm gonna need a home
You'd expect the same
Now, wouldn't you, wouldn't you?Your journey back to birth
It's haunting you, it's haunting you
Your departure from the earth
It's haunting you, it's haunting youIt's been ten years strong, that's much too long
It's time to do somethin' good for my health
Time to do somethin' good for myself
It's been ten years strong, that's much too long
It's time to do somethin' good for my health
Time to do somethin' good for myselfI've wasted all this time
I've wasted all this timeYour journey back to birth
It's haunting you, it's haunting you
Your departure from the earth
It's haunting you, it's haunting youYour journey back to birth
It's haunting you, it's haunting you
Your departure from the earth
It's haunting you, it's haunting you

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