

Bullet – Hollywood Undead

My legs are dangling off the edge
The bottom of the bottle is my only friend
I think I'll slit my wrist again,
And I'm gone, gone, gone, gone
My legs are dangling off the edge
A stomach full of pills didn't work again
I'll put a bullet in my head,
And I'm gone, gone, gone, gone
Gone too far, yeah, I'm gone again
It's gone on too long, tell you how it ends
I'm sitting on the edge with
My two best friends
One's a bottle of pills,
And one's a bottle of gin
I'm 20 stories up, yeah, up at the top
I polished off this bottle,
Now it's pushing me off
Asphalt to me has never looked so soft
I bet my momma found my letter,
Now she's calling the cops
Gotta take this opportunity before I miss it
'Cause now I hear the sirens
And they're off in the distance
Believe me when I tell you
That I've been persistent
'Cause I'm more scarred,
More scarred than my wrist is
I've been trying too long
With too dull of a knife
But tonight, I made sure
That I sharpened it twice
I never bought a suit before in my life
But when you go to meet God, you know
You wanna look nice
So if I survive, then I'll see you tomorrow
Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow

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We hit the sky, there goes the light
No more sun, why's it always night?
When you can't sleep, well, you can't dream
When you can't dream, well, what's life mean?
We feel a little pity, but don't empathize
The old are getting older,
Watch a young man die
A mother and a son and someone you know
Smile at each other and realize you don't
You don't know what happened
To that kid you raised
And what happened to the father
Who swore he'd stay
I didn't know 'cause you didn't say
Now Momma feels guilt, yeah, Momma feels pain
When you were young,
You never thought you'd die
Found that you could, but too scared to try
Looked in the mirror and you said goodbye
Climbed to the roof to see if you could fly
So if I survive, then I'll see you tomorrow
Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow
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I'll put a bullet in my head
And I'm gone, gone, gone, gone
I wish that I could fly
Way up in the sky

Like a bird so high
Oh, I might just try
I wish that I could fly
Way up in the sky
Like a bird so high
Oh, I might just try
Oh, I might just try



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych