

American Steel, Time Gone By

So alone
the ghosts of ex-lovers haunt me
like they haunt this town
broken life broken dreams
and a fucked up heart
i've got a bottle of bargain scotch
and thats a start
christ look how this time's gone by
look at our rotting livers and our wasted lives
never alone
our friends leave broken bottles all over our broken home
it's the same scene every night
we sit around, drink, fuck or fight
christ look how this time's gone by
look at our rotting livers
and our wasted minds