

Finger Eleven, As Far As I Can Spit

Help me, yeah.

How can I trust in anyone,
When I can't trust myself .
I'm stealing things from better lives,
The lives upon the shelf.

But I'm not as lonely,
As I thought, but I know now.
That it takes much longer,
To be free from this.

What used to come so naturally,
Seems to go away.
You're killing me from inside out,
To make me understand.

And I can't believe this,
And I pray that you find him.
Never did understand,
How you were, and you were.

Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight, fight.
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight, fight.

Let it go.

I'm seeing things in darker lights,
Pressed into nicotine.
You're never thinking for yourself,
You're fastened by you're strings.

And I can't believe this,
And I pray that you find him.
Never did understand,
How you were, and you were.

Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight, fight.
Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight, fight.