

Fireside, Not in My Palace

Maybe its too easily fit,
no problems are as hard as before
Look for me under the pillows
hiding from self-created danger
Sucking the dust

For what's left
Well go on
I'm the last to know
But don't ask me if it hurts,
for I don't know
I've lost sense of pain
or I just don't give a damn

What do you care anyway,
you always second-hand me

I'm like a spare tire
who is used,
when the first one breaks
Sorry if I'm out of style,
I never meant to be in your way
Tell me when I'm gone too far,
I slipped and I grabbed the first thing,
I could find you
I would have done the same,
I looked out of the window,
But I've been away for too long this time

Probably I'm too blame,
for almost everything

I know sometimes I behave like a monster,
but please don't walk away
You can keep me in your basement
As long as I can be with you

I'm pleased with that