

# Vince Neil, Writing On The Wall

(1)

As sorry as it seems  
It can be like it used to be  
We live on broken dreams  
We've given up on trying

The face I thought I always knew  
The picture that I'd paint of you  
Your crying eyes are lying

(chorus)

Can't you see the writing on the wall  
Will the ghost from the past

Show us how it used to be  
Draw the line on the things we said  
Let them fade away  
Now you'll see the writing on the wall  
Oh yea, everything that used to be  
Is writing on the wall

All the time we fooled ourselves  
Had some fun if nothing else  
But oh our little world was dying

(1)(chorus)