

# Wednesday 13, Buried With Children

I'm living the American Dream  
Working for the man that I'll never meet  
Trying to make a living  
Trying to get by  
Praying that I'll get to see another sun rise

With a little trust, I might make it  
With a little love, you know I'd fake it  
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it  
Straight over the edge

Even if I ever got away  
It would still haunt me in my grave  
I was born to lose and determined to die  
The odds are against me now  
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me  
Buried, whoa oh  
Buried with children

All I need is a little break  
So I can change my name  
And leave the fucking state  
There is no future  
Nothing up ahead  
So go ahead and put a bullet in my head

With a little trust, I might make it  
With a little love, you know I'd fake it  
With a little drugs, you know I'd take it  
Straight over the edge

Even if I ever got away  
It would still haunt me in my grave  
I was born to lose and determined to die  
The odds are against me now  
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me  
Buried, whoa oh  
Buried with children

Even if I ever got away  
It would still haunt me in my grave  
I was born to lose and determined to die  
The odds are against me now  
Let me tell you why

I'm buried, save me  
Buried, whoa oh  
Buried with children