

Rough Around The Edges

Living With Lions

Rise up, red devil's on my shoulder. Holding my head up high in
the clouds

where the forked lightning strikes.

My motto man of conviction painted on my face.

My mind picture perfect nuclear waste.

It's hard to admit something's wrong when you having the time o
f your life.

Medicated, my mother says I'm a little bit rough, a little roug
h around the edges.

I appreciate, so help me god it's so deceiving.

I'm gone.

I buried myself in the bathroom when I remember what she said.

She said sweetie if you need me, I'll be here.

I lost my mind when I lost myself, I remember what she said.

She said sweetie if you need me, I'll be here.

I'll be waiting for your son. I'm on the run, what have I becom
e a product of.

I've lost it all, I've got my face wet, a safe bet,

I'm burring up, I'm shaking from the sun, off the sun.

The son that's been gone for so long.

I buried myself in the bathroom when I remember what she said.

She said sweetie if you need me, I'll be here.

I lost my mind when I lost myself, I remember what she said.

She said sweetie if you need me, I'll be here.

I'll be waiting for you, son.