

I've been preaching now  
that I've gotta change my life around.  
I'm sick of all the same songs.  
I'm sick of all the rain fall.  
What's left for me now, besides these fucking clouds?  
I blame it on my down fall.  
I blame it on the last call I made when I was down and out of touch.  
Please keep your fingers crossed that I make it out alive.  
I'll walk or I'll crawl to the end of any road  
that will put me back to sleep  
so I can dream my life away...  
I wanna dream my life away...

Countless times, countless nights  
I've walked in the shadows of this town.  
Countless tries, countless lies  
I've told in the back of my mind.

I've lived at the end of what was once a beautiful world.

Home is where I gotta go.  
Will I ever know how to get there?  
Maybe.