

The Diary

Hollywood Undead

'Cause I don't wanna be like this
I've been runnin' these streets for too long now
I've got nothin' that's true but this song now
But the further I go I wanna go home

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I fuckin' swear that I care but it's hard when you stare
Into the bottom of a bottle that is empty and bare
Oh, my desolate soul in my desolate home
It's my desolate role, yeah I'm here all alone

I can't think of a reason to get the fuck out of bed
Curtains closed, lights are off, am I alive or dead?
I haven't shaved in a week, I always slur when I speak
Tolerance at its peak, another fit just to sleep

Oh, woe is me, woe is me, I guess I need love
Hoes you see, hoes you see I'm just in a rut
And I swear I'm tryin' baby, please baby don't leave
Goddamn I'm a fuck up but I guess that's just me

So I sit in my room and I'll cry in my bed
Thinkin' about all the shit that made me wrong in my head
I keep tryin' to climb but it seems so steep
Pour myself a fuckin' whisky and go back to sleep bitch

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I watch my momma cry, she says baby why?
I say baby died, baby's gone like a suicide
I don't think you'll see him soon, mom stay out my room mom
Tell daddy that I hate that motherfucker like you mom

I sing this shit for you Danny, Sasha and Jordan
These tears keep getting' warmer every time that I hold her
I pour this out for you like a partner in crime
It's part of the times when you're sick in the mind

Yeah, I'm sick oh so sick, I'm so sick of this shit
Yeah, I'm lit oh so lit, I'm so fucked up off it
So I stumble around 'til I stumble, fall down
To this puddle of my tears layin' here on the ground

When you've got nothing left, you've got nothing left to lose
With my last left single breath I'll still be singing to you

So when you bury me man, you better bury me deep
And sing along to this song 'cause you're broken like me

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And I wanna go back to the start, back where we started from
And I know it's been so long
I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong all along

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