

You better watch yourself this time  
On your waiting in a long line  
Of kicking off a slow crime

I guess the Devil wouldn't have you  
But you used who what you're used to  
You always seem to somehow  
make it through

I know I let myself go a bit  
I try to lay low  
But it's hard to be alone

I know I never took my own advice  
Chased a couple rollin' dice  
Somewhere I don't belong

I can't make myself be good  
I wish I could  
Somewhere my conscience tuned to petrified old wood  
I can't make myself do right  
On Friday night  
When all these shadows they get bigger and bigger in the light

Another night another rope burn  
Well I guess that it was my turn  
To wash all of the pain down

Maybe you were just a decoy  
It doesn't matter much to me, noise  
It covered up the voices  
I don't want to hear

I let myself go again  
I tried to let you know, but then  
It's hard to be alone

I know I never took my own advice  
I got tired of playin nice  
And cut right to the bone

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