

Mest, Long Days, Long Nights

if i could be anything at all. i'd be an angel spread my wings and fly away
but im stuck here on the ground so ill see you around
youll hear me piss and moan and complain.

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I coulda guessed the day would come that you would consider me scum
the day is here all the signs were there
and id always prayed that you would stay but instead you walked away
the feelings gone the pain dwells on

long days long nights the feelings just not right
i picked up a pen and pad and i start to write
thinking about our last fight. it was a cold and rainy night

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the day is here all the signs were there
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the thrill is gone the pain dwells on
on and on

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