

Busy Dyin' Lyrics...

Verse 1

It's time I clean this place, pick my cloths up off the floor

Maybe take a shower, cause I can't stand myself no more

I spend all my time, wasted, gettin high

I'm always broke from all the dope I'm buyin'

You can't call this livin', when your busy dyin'

Break

I keep doin' stupid things no good for me

Like pickin' at a scab all day, until it bleeds

Over and over, it don't make no sense

When all you get is more pain in the end, in the end

Verse 2

I don't go out that much, I hardly ever use the phone

I keep my shades pulled down cause, my disease wants me alone

Every day's the same, I just feed the pain

Somethin' that I've always been denyin'

You can't call this livin', when your busy dyin'

Verse 3

Another strung out night, I'm down as far as I can fall

Through my bloodshot eyes I, I see the writing on the wall

God please help me stop, I'm down to my last shot

I'm all out of reasons to keep lyin'

You can't call this livin'...

When it takes more than it's givin'

You can't call this livin', when your busy dyin'