

So Far

Buckcherry

I'll tell you how the stories told
Come on, oh I'll tell you how the stories told
I always wanted so much more
And way on down the road
I caught a glimpse of the sunlight Working on my favorite thing
Using every piece of me
Drinking, and smoking
And fucking and making nothing I didn't do it for money
I did it all for free
I did it all to fill the fucking hole
Inside of me
So far it's working out
Everything's different now, so far Think about what you know
Forget about what your told
She how your story grows
And let it come from your own mind Do all your favorite things
Cover it with all your dreams
Breathe it, and smoke it
And fuck it and make it something I didn't do it for money
I did it all for free
I didn't it all to fill the fucking hole
Inside of me So far it's working out
Everything's different now, so far
So far the mean machine
Hasn't got the best of me, so far
I'll tell you how the stories told
I always wanted so much more
And way on down the road
I caught a glimpse of the sunlight I didn't do it for money
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