

# 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  
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 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

