

Steven

Jake Miller

STEVEN ? JAKE MILLER

Yeah, look, let me tell you about a kid named Steven,
He?s slowly running out of things to believe in.
Every couple of months, his mom leaves him.
For no good reason, his step-dad beats him.
Not too many friends, only ever had a few of them.
But recently they don?t want anything to do with him.
Always eating lunch in the bathroom stall,
He just wants to feel normal and be cool again. Yeah.
Always feeling like the outcast,
He?s been going crazy ever since his dad passed.
He needs guidance and advice, but instead
He only has breakdowns and flashbacks of the car crash.
Uh, it?s been getting harder every day.
If he was still around everything would be okay.
Cause his dad was always the light at the end of the tunnel,
But now that same damn tunnel is looking dark and gray.
He keeps quiet in the back of the class.
And when the bell rings Steven hurries home fast.
Scared to death the other kids will kick his ass,
On the long walk home cause it?s happened in the past so.
He?s getting used to the black eyes and fat lips.
But all he?s got is a fake smile and cut wrists.
Wishing he could walk rite up to them and show them the scars..
And say, ?Look, you?re the reason that I?ve done this.?
Maybe they would finally understand,
And go back to how it was before it all began.
But he?s just a little different so they taunt him and they beat him,
Yeah, it?s all just fun and games, they don?t give a damn!
Yeah, his older brother aint around,
In and out of jail, hanging with the wrong crowd.
He?s been doing coke, smoking weed, getting drunk all his life,
He?s ashamed. No he?s not too proud.
Now his habits are rubbing off on his little bro.
Yeah, but guess what? Little did he know,
That every time he did a line,
Every time he lit a joint,
Every time he took a shot,

He would set the mode.
So Steven's sitting in his room getting high now.
Doors locked, music up, with the lights out.
He just takes another toke, till the room fills with smoke.
5-6-7 hours till he knocks out.
Now he started stealing pills from his mom.
8-9-10 at a time and now they're gone.
And maybe for the moment all his problems seem to fade.
But the high fades too after not too long.
And that's when it really sinks in, when it hits him,
That these god damn drugs won't fix him!
Curled up on the floor, can't take it anymore,
Now he's talking to god cause he's the only one who gets him.
On his knees looking up can't stop crying.
?God I know we haven't talked in a long time.
But this time I really need you. Please god, help me.
Say something, just give me a sign.
Because now I'm falling apart and I don't think that I could do it.
Please god, give me the strength to pull through it.
Tell me, should I give up? I could end it all right now.
I just don't know if I'm brave enough to do it.
Cause there's gotta be a better way than suicide.?
Try to wait it out, give it time, you'll be fine.
?But it's been so long and I still haven't been able to,
Get rid of all the thoughts that I feel inside.
So sick, so angry, so mad!
And to top it off, no one even knows that.?
That's when he stood up, wiped his tears
Walked over to his desk, and got a pen and a notepad.
He just couldn't see it getting any better.
So on a cold dark night in December.
Steven knew exactly what he had to do.
But first he sat down and wrote a couple letters.
One to his step-dad, one to his mother,
Couple to the kids at school, one to his brother.
Bringing them the pain that they once brought him.
Tear drop on the paper, one after another.
?Yeah I hope that you all feel guilty.
Cause I'm broken now and you can't heal me.
And now you're all an accomplice in murder.
Each and every one of you have chipped in to kill me.
So the reason that I'm writing you this evening,
Is to say goodbye and tell you that I'm leaving.
But don't hold your breath cause I aint never coming back.
Sincerely yours, Steven.?

Lyrics submitted by brianna.

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