Get Through

The Almost

With a stutter, I'll be talking
No with my sickness
I'll get through somehow
You won't, no you won't, hey
With a fever, I'll put up a fight
With my temper
Can't get through tonight
And you won't, no you won't
I am sick of me and all my...If I had you, where would I be?
If I was real, could I be free?
If I was real, could I be free?
If I had you, where would I be?This situation, grown a little now
I'm pushing forward
With a stupid scowl
And you won't, no you won't
I've grown my hair a little longer
Now I've made
A fool out of myself somehow
And you won't, no you won't
I am over this, I am overDown on me, down on me
You won't look down on me
Down on me, down on me
You won't look down on me
Go ahead and let me be me
Change this head
And watch me, watch me

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