

# Get Well II

## Icon for Hire

Oh, i need my pain  
don't take it away  
My sad makes me specialDo you want to write you another sad song?  
Would you like that?  
Do you want me to tell you will never be alone?  
Would you like that?The truth is you're no different from the others  
Blaming our sob stories like colors  
Cause the truth is we like it, we like it here  
Where better off than when we let on our fearWe have to make you sick  
The way that we live  
We say we're over it but  
We can't undo the scars  
Up and down my arms  
Can't forget how it felt when it all fell apart  
And we talk a big game like we want to Get Well  
In our prision made of pain only fooling ourselvesOh, i need my pain  
don't take it away  
My sad makes me specialI want to scream my sick soul alive  
I want to look you dead in the eyes  
Did you think you were the only one?  
The only one?  
Will holding on trying to make sense of  
The sanity that we once loved  
We cut up ouvr lives trying to put down the knife  
Trying to pick up the fight, Oh  
Trying to make you sick the way that we live  
But we can't undo the scars  
Up and down my arms  
Can't forget how it felt when it all fell apart  
And we talk a big game like we want to Get Well  
In our prision made of pain only fooling ourselvesOh, i need my pain  
don't take it away  
My sad makes me special  
Oh, i need my pain  
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My sad makes me specialCause the truth is we're no different from the others  
The truth is we like it, we like it here  
Where better off than when we let on our fearCan't undo the scars  
Up and down my arms

Can't forget how it felt when it all fell apart  
And we talk a big game like we want to Get Well  
In our prision made of pain only fooling ourselves  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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