

# 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

don't take it away

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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