

Wait Until I'm Gone

The Honorary Title

I'm lacking any discipline, pulling strings
Typing up your skin of porcelain stopped listening
 No longer need, oh the sunlight
 That night we had, it will suffice
 Infatuation is the perfect camouflage
 A warm and temporary place to go
I'm lacking any confidence, second guessing
Separate for perspective, is there nothing left?
 And how I see for weeks and weeks
 Judged hastily, no patience
I've seen you under every, every sort of light
 From ideal perfection to the darker side
 You always were
 You always were
 So good to me
 I need a stimulant
 Something to help reinvent
 I need a stimulant
 Something to help reinvent
Well I have only one request
 Wait until I'm gone
 Wait until I'm gone
 Wait until I'm gone
 Wait until I'm gone
 Is there nothing left?
 Is there nothing left?
 Is there nothing at all?
 Is there nothing left?
 Is there nothing left?
 Is there nothing at all?
 I need a stimulant
Something to help a reinvent
 Well I need, I need, I need
 Well I need, I need, I need
Well I have only one request
 You always were
 You always were
 So good to me

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