Pieces

PRIME Sth

Picking up the pieces
Of what was left behind
And I try to find a reason
Why I do this all the time
Maybe I'm just blind(chorus)
She builds me up
She breaks me down
And it keeps me hanging on
She takes me in
Then throws me out
And it leaves me so undone
I'll be here waitingPicking up the pieces
I got up and tried again
And I know there is no reason to look back
To go through all this again
Maybe I'm insaneChorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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