Dear Me

Claude Kelly

Dear me, i'm writing this song
To let you know how much i hate
How you let him slip away
Dear me, you just don't know
How much it pisses me off every day
That you were too afraid
To tell him you wish
That he would stay
You make me sick
With all the things
That you never saidIf anyone knows how to get
The best of me, it's you
You're my best friend
And your mind was dead to me
It's trueDear me, maybe if you didn't try
To pretend you're so tough
You could just call him up
Don't think, that i don't see
Through the mask
You wear for everyone
Cuz it's not who you really areIf anyone knows how to get
The best of me, it's you
Why do you always
Mess up everything, you doSometimes i look in the mirror
And i don't recognize
The person that you've become
The person that's deep insideYou're my best friend
And your mind was dead to me
It's true, oh it's trueDear me, dear me (dear me)
Dear me, dear me (dear me)
Now don't you wish (dear me)
That he was there (dear me)
You make me sick (dear me)
Of all the things you never sayIf anyone knows how to get
The best of me, it's you
Why do you always
Up everything, you doSometimes i look in the mirror
And don't recognize
The person that you've become

The person that's deep insideYou're my best friend
And your mind was dead to me
It's trueDear me

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