

# 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 said  
If 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 true  
Dear 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 are  
If anyone knows how to get  
The best of me, it's you  
Why do you always  
Mess up everything, you do  
Sometimes i look in the mirror  
And i don't recognize  
The person that you've become  
The person that's deep inside  
You're my best friend  
And your mind was dead to me  
It's true, oh it's true  
Dear 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 say  
If anyone knows how to get  
The best of me, it's you  
Why do you always  
Up everything, you do  
Sometimes i look in the mirror  
And don't recognize  
The person that you've become

The person that's deep inside You're my best friend  
And your mind was dead to me  
It's true Dear me

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