Quiver

Chris Spheeris

You leave me at the side of the road to die
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
You don't need me anymore to listen to your lies
I won't be no fool for you any longer

What doesn't kill makes you stronger

Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
But beneath myself and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes you sick what makes me quiver
Is the thought of being alone

Like a needle in a haystack with nowhere to hide
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Like a wing-clipped eagle who's waiting to fly
No, I won't be trapped in you any longer

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger

Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
But beneath myself and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes you sick, what makes me quiver
Is the thought of being alone
What makes you sick, what makes you quiver

Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
But beneath myself and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes you sick, what makes me quiver
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