

The Edge

Built to be Broken

Have you ever
Stood on the edge
Seen the dust fall down to God knows where
It is familiar
'Cause I am there
Sometimes the wind tells me it'd be easier, yeah Some kind of fool, some kind of man
It don't take much for me to know that's what I am
I'll tell you a story
I'll tell you a lie
I'll tell you the both and let you figure out the why Did what you need to, did what you want
You'll see the stains that won't come out in the wash
Maybe the morning
Maybe the night
Maybe my wounds will heal before the break of light Come December
Come the rain
Come whatever
Oh come what may
If I told you how it is that I now feel
Would you tell me that it'll be alright
Would you hold me or just let me Have your dreams been so close
You could taste it
Tell me, how much farther
Till the end's in sight
How much longer
Do I have to fight Push me down
Call me insane
You think your spit will make me go away
Rough me up
Bloody my face
Force me back to the edge

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