

What You Will

Humble Pie

Thinking of the past I feel my life
Is slipping by at such a speed
Things I knew have gone and those I loved
I look for granted and deceived Call me anything you will
I'll hide behind a purple pill
And though it seems I'm laughing still
I'm crying Looking from my window I see winter
Almost too bare to believe
People change with seasons
And I wonder if it's my turn to receive But they avoid the things I ask
Or quickly change their style of mask
The faith I had is fading fast
I'm dying

Songwriters

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