Martyr Material

The Verve Pipe

It's different now
I feel that all those looks were just a game
You smoked and choked on cigarettes
And acted cute and lame-and lame

Your parting lips that wrapped me up
In promised company
Now mumble that each breath I take
Takes from the air you breathe-and breathe

You were to share these dreams
But from this bed it's different than it seems
You'll have to drag me everywhere you go
And you're not martyr material

You fell in love, you fell so hard
You said it must be days
I said that I am not quite ready
For your newest phase-your face

Conceding, lying, cheating
Deceiving relentlessly
My voice got softer
You could no longer hear me-hear me

That ring you wear in fashion
Has a chain that pierces through my nose
You'll have to drag me everywhere you go
And you're not martyr material

My life is riding in this chair of wheels
With arms that move too slow
You'll have to drag me everywhere you go
And you're not martyr material

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