

The Taste of Ink

The Used

Is it worth it? Can you even hear me?
Standing with your spotlight on me
Not enough to feed the hungry
I'm tired and I felt it for awhile now In this sea of lonely
Taste of ink is getting old
It's four o' clock in the fucking morning
Each day gets more and more like the last day Still I can see it coming
While I'm standing in the river drowning
This could be my chance to break out
Be my chance to say goodbye At last it's finally over
Couldn't take this town much longer
Being half dead wasn't what I planned to be
Now I'm ready to be free So here I am, it's in my hands
And I'll savor every moment of this
So here I am, alive at last
And I'll savor every moment of this Won't you think I'm pretty?
When I'm standing top the bright lit city
And I'll take your hand and pick you up
And keep you there so you As long as you're alive and care
I promise I will take you there
We'll drink and dance the night away
We'll drink and dance the night away Here I am, it's in my hands
And I'll savor every moment of this
So here I am, alive at last
And I'll savor every moment of this
Savor every moment of this As long as you're alive
Here I am
Promise I will take you there As long as you're alive
Here I am
Promise I will take you there Won't you think I'm pretty
When I'm standing top the bright lit city?
And I'll take your hand, pick you up
Keep you there to so you As long as you're alive and care
Promise I will take you there
As long as you're alive and care Here I am, it's in my hands
And I'll savor every moment of this
So here I am, alive at last
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Savor every moment of this

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