

# Quiver

## Romantica

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

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