Only

Matt Pryor

I'm becoming less defined as days go by
Fading away, well, you might say I'm losing focus
Kind of drifting into the abstract
In terms of how I see myself
Sometimes, I think I can see right through myself
Sometimes, I think I can see right through myself
Sometimes, I can see right through myself
Less concerned about fitting into the world
Your world that is, 'cause it doesn't really matter anymore
(No, it doesn't really matter anymore)
No, it doesn't really matter anymore
None of this really matters anymore
Yes, I am alone but then again I always was
As far back as I can tell, I think maybe it's because
Because you were never really real to begin with
I just made you up to hurt myself
I just made you up to hurt myself
Yeah, and I just made you up to hurt myself
I just made you up to hurt myself
Yeah, and I just made you up to hurt myself
And it worked
Yes, it did
There is no you, there is only me
There is no you, there is only me
There is no fucking you, there is only me
There is no fucking you, there is only me
Only

Only
Only
Only
Well, the tiniest little dot caught my eye
And it turned out to be a scab
And I had this funny feeling
Like I just knew it's something bad
I just couldn't leave it alone
I kept picking at that scab
It was a doorway trying to seal itself shut
But I climbed through

Now I'm somewhere I am not supposed to be
And I can see things I know I really shouldn't see
And now I know why now, now I know why
Things aren't as pretty on the inside
There is no you, there is only me
There is no you, there is only me
There is no fucking you, there is only me
There is no fucking you, there is only me
Only
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Only

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