

# The Taste of Ink

## The Used

Is it worth the 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  
The 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  
This could 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 can see it  
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 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  
Savor every moment of this As long as you're alive  
Here I am  
I promise I will take you there As long as you're alive  
Here I am  
I 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 and pick you up  
And keep you there so you can see it  
So long as you're alive and care  
I promise I will take you there

So long as you're alive and care  
I promise I will take you there 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  
Savor every moment of this  
Savor every moment of this

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