# Gain

## B. Fleischmann

A selfish act of decency
I supplied you on the phone
Faded past, lost memories
You think it best if I go
I kept you around for when I fall down
I'll need you there for me
Unto you, I'll give my heart
But then you take it all away from me
Leave it alone, while I'm pushing away
I don't feel you close to me

Taking away what's left in me
Now I need to find a way
I don't want to lose you
Not before I change
I don't need to use you
Nothing more I'd gain
I think I'm scared
Of being here
Take it all away

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