# Want To

## The Almost

Truth works just like it needs to
Sharp, an ugly riding off the lips
Of someone strange
Oh, how weird it can be
Looking at you, looking at me
I know just what you think
Yeah, I know just what you thinkI can't take this down
I don't need it
No, I don't want it
God, I don't want it
I want to feel proud
I won't let them see
Won't let them see me
Won't let t hem see me now
It should be easierThe back of my throat is so dry
The sick in my chest won't subside
The ugly that is now is real
The helplessness of my pain
Me knowing the weight of my shame
Can you get me out?
Yeah come on, get me outI can't tell how I lie, I can't tell why
I'm not gonna make it
Out real clean
I can't tell when it's real
I can't tell what I feel
Maybe this is numb?
Maybe this is me?
If this is really me, God help me
To separate fact from fiction
Separate fact from fiction
If I am really free, help me

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