# Anyone, Anyone

## Dashboard Confessional

I'm not sure of anyone, anyone
But I've got plans
I'm not asking for everything
But sure I could use a handGet a little anxious
Sometimes you'll be gone and I'll be left behind
Get a little nervous
Sometimes it'll be my cue and I'll forget my linesGet a little lost look and some staring
From the corner of my eye
Never really mastered disinterestI can't see how, the way that you leave me alone makes us close
I must be out of touch, I won't ask you
To give up on the things that seem to keep you gone
But I can be gone tooFeel a little sorry
Sometimes you're not here when I am writing
Feels a little awkward
Sometimes you won't talk but we're not fightingYou hold on to your secrets
And I'm not privy to what is on your mind
But I can't help but feel tired
So tired, so tired, so tiredSo tired

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