

Intimate

The Waifs

Now we are so intimate do you think we could ever part
though there's little love left in it something seems to make it hard
I'd like to stand up on my own
But i fear you will always be my crutch Did I save myself or was I saved
Though I knew it was killing me - I did it anyway
To think of all those years I led my self astray
Knowing it was killing me - I did it anyway I see it all from the other side
The prison walls around your mind
These are the subtle scares I hide
Looking in from the other side

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