

Second Guess

Pheroze

sent like rain to your fallen knees
I remember blue written "Paris" on you here at the break
through not a path but brambles thick and all I can do is
 sit and stare at the floor
 at my shirt sugar too
 I don't need you anymore
 who was I trapped in all this fucking
 who straight as water as wine as you
 and maybe for a second we both thought
 it'd turn out the way we wanted it to
 but you're not like the rest
 you're not the fucking rest
you're not like anything I've ever seen
 second guess worst is best
 I'm not waiting for you
 I don't need you anymore
 and now I'm holding on
 I'm holding still
 let me go
 as far as I can go
 fake the fear
 face the fear
 flying high and sinking low
 I'm not what you think
 I am exactly what I want
 I don't need you anymore

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