

Who Am I?

Plumb

You there with your bag of gold
Thought you had it all together
But your hands are empty
Does it matter now?
The pain it caused you cannot measure
But who am I? Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean nothing So, hey there, quit imagining
That you have left this life
Your eyes are tired and your feet are worn
No one seems to hear your desperate cry
But who am I? [Chorus]
If I believe that's the truth
Then I believe you
If that's the way it should be
Then I believe you [Chorus]
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean something Must mean something to you, to me
It's true
Who am I?

Songwriters

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