Stitches

David Cook

This countdown
To the day of departure has slowly been eating away
It's a meltdown
It's a personal torture I never saw coming my way
I try to breathe deep
I try to find sleep
I try holding on to the same old song
Just because of a brand new verse

And I found what I always wanted
As she walked away
And I ran aground with this wound untreated
Let it wash away

So keep slipping
I continue to try in vain just to pinpoint an answer
I keep tripping
On the same damn wire and no one came tumbling after
Crawl back in reverse
Wash off this new verse
Then keep holding on to the same tired song
'cause from here it will only get worse

And I found what I always wanted
As she walked away
And I ran aground with this wound untreated
Let it wash away

Stitch me up (stitch me up)
And bleed me out
(It's over)
Stitch me up (stitch me up)
And bleed me out
(It's over)
Stitch me up (stitch me up)
And bleed me out
(It's over)
Stitch me up (stitch me up)
And bleed me out

I found what I always wanted
As she walked away
And I ran aground with this wound untreated
Let it wash away, let it wash away

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