So Low

sElf

Hello, meet my problems
I only miss you when I'm with you
I gotta fly car to jet around town
Gone sour to the bone
Gone bad to the marrow
Financial situation's depleted
Guess a slap in the face is what I really needed
From a strong hand to make me a man
What more could I ask?
What more could I stand?
I'm so low that I wish I was dead
With a knife in my chest and a bullet in my head
I'm so low that I wish I was dead
Must I go on?
Sold all my friends today
I'm so low that I wish I was dead
Gave everything away
Now I'm bound only by twine and thread
Just give me time
Don't give me time to miss you
Just give me time
Don't give me time to miss you
On a short leash yet she was eathbound
So I threw her in the lost and found
Now she's scaring me
A fine charity
With a pink trombone and a tuning key
So just ignore the footprints
And just ignore the sand
My epitaph stands before me
So wear your ego to the funeral of a frightened man
Saw her standing in the doorway
Fade away
And I believe in it
If I were dead
If I were dead
If I were dead she wouldn't love me anymore

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