

# 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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