Maggies Lane

Bec Stevens

And You said that maybe i could maybe try to get better
But when I'm sad I only seem to get thinner
Our mother says stand up for your self girl
But I know I'll be there at your every beck and call

And jealousy will kill me, if I, don't get there first
Cause it's the little things, the very little things that stay, stay and burn

And I'm stuttering and stuttering, tryina find some words you say you idiot, your not making any sense
You say speak your mind, speak your mind and maybe I'll understand
But you never will and you never fucking have

And maybe I'm scared cause I'm still sick
So when you steal my pride, please take it quick
Cause I'm so terrified of this pain,
But at least my friend I'm not stuck down maggies lane

So it's for my mom and for my dad that I write this song
And I promise them, that I'll get better
I've said it before and I'll say it again that there's really nothing wrong
It's just this beds not mine and my feet come off the end
Yeah This beds not mine and my feet come off the end
Yeah this beds not mine and my feet come off the end
And I'm still sewing up holes in all your things
And this tiny town is so huge to where I've lived
And they gave me those letters and I have not read them since
And I'll wear your shirts and rip them from my skin

Oh maybe I'm still in love with my best friend
Oh maybe I'm still in love with my best friend

So if you get the time can you please hold my hand

Lyrics Submitted by Keegan McNally

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