

# 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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