Second Guess

Left for Dead

sent like rain to your fallen knees
I remember blue written "Paris" on you here at the break
through not a path but brambles thick and all I can do is
sit and stare at the floor
at my shirt sugar too
I don't need you anymore
who was I trapped in all this fucking
who straight as water as wine as you
and maybe for a second we both thought
it'd turn out the way we wanted it to
but you're not like the rest
you're not the fucking rest
you're not like anything I've ever seen
second guess worst is best
I'm not waiting for you
I don't need you anymore
and now I'm holding on
I'm holding still
let me go
as far as I can go
fake the fear
face the fear
flying high and sinking low
I'm not what you think
I am exactly what I want
I don't need you anymore

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