

Potential Suicide

Allister

"Potential Suicide"

She sits at home and tries to remember all the days when everybody said nothing could bring her down

Now she's found that she can't stand the sight of her reflection in the windows of this beat up old town

She's packing all her problems into a carry-on bag

She's packing all of her sorrow into one less silver box labeled memories

And every night that she's alive

Is a potential suicide

And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her

she goes to bed at night just to wake up to a nightmare and a headache that will never go away

She's doing time and hating every minute of it blaming everything on something she can't escape

She cries and she cries

But no one ever listens

She doesn't understand why she can't slow down

She's packing all her problems into a carry-on bag

She's packing all of her sorrow into one less silver box labeled memories

And every night that she's alive

Is a potential suicide

And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her

And all the pain she's kept inside

Doesn't help to cleanse her mind

From all the heartache and the frustration tonight

And now it feels like she's been dealt a shitty hand

She said "it is mine" but she doesn't understand

And every night that she's alive

Is a potential suicide

And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her

And all the pain she's kept inside

Doesn't help to cleanse her mind

From all the teardrops that she cried

And every night that she's alive

Is a potential suicide

And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her

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From all the heartache and the frustration tonight