

I know there's no hope in holding up this weight.  
It just won't float.  
Man, I tried, but the tide.  
It knows no sides.  
If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?  
[If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?]

Maybe she needs love  
to put the bottle down.  
Maybe she needs me  
to be around.

The pain in her stare is drawing me shapes  
oh, so fair.  
The pain in her stare is making me wish I was there  
with something to declare.

We'll it's quite possible I won't make it out  
alive.  
Because I'm quite sure that I could die.  
Because what's best is what's left when nothing is left but the  
sound of  
the rain on your head, a woman asleep in your bed.  
Dreaming in my bed.

Something's got to happen.  
Now