

I know what is wrong  
I'm sure you don't appreciate my tone  
Just get so mad, I'm not as brave that I tell myself I am

I love to be wanted, but all I wanted is to be loved, is that s  
o  
much?

To be remembered, never swept under the rug  
They say the soul don't die, but mines been dead for my  
whole life  
And I wouldn't trade it for anything

And there will be a day when I sadly outlive all my useful  
tricks  
And when I look back I want to know that we were more  
than just as sad

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