

## Hurt The Good

Charlotte Sometimes

I dreamed I once said,  
"Seems like a distant curse."  
And while I heard these words,  
I took a number off the shelf,  
It don't matter much,  
'Cause every time I saw myself,  
It hurt to touch.

My body bleeds all day.  
What do they do?  
They hurt the good;  
They hurt the truth.

The fool for the cause  
Seems like jaded truth.  
I'm running out of time, I know.  
All I do is why

My body bleeds all day  
What do they do  
They hurt the good  
They hurt the truth

They burn the only bridge in me