

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