

Special Professional

Dead to Me

I pretend to sleep while she cries at night
Then slowly dries her eyes
Vacant are the words of mine
That say we are alright

I don't want, don't want to be
Your hate and misery
But I want to be your crutch and I want to be your thing
In this eternal un-ending

Hold on tight but don't hold me down
Stay all night if you wanna
Do your worst, your worst to me
No one will ever hear you

So let me get this straight
I'll take a minute if I may
And try to take it all
Take it away for you

Black and blue with residue
Your open heart and the untrue
Try to let us go
Another night without

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