

## 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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