

I Never Got to See the West Coast

Emery

So is it courage or strength
And is that what I'm waiting for?
If I could just kill myself
Would it also kill the remorse?
I wanted so badly to catch a break
But I'm only breaking down.
I'm still here and standing
But if it's up to me
I don't think I'll be hanging around

The drink slips down my throat
And the burn cures nice and slow.
All the worst parts I wouldn't want you to see
The only parts left of me
Now, here I am
Just a kid without a better plan.
But it's the simple thoughts that haunt me the most.
I never got to see the west coast

Spent my nights just asking why
Would God let me become like this.
Was it a joke from the start?
Was I suppose to laugh more at it?
And everyone's quoting their teachers and preachers
But their words make me feel so alone.
No one ever says that they've had those thoughts
In the middle of the night.
No one ever admits that they wanted to take their life.

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But it's the life I dreamed I have
The love I've found in my grasp
The words I could share with someone.
Those thoughts keep the breath in my lungs
That tomorrow my hope will become
To feel a love that can't be undone.
And save a wretch like me.

So if the drink slips down your throat
And the burn cures nice and slow.
All the worst parts you wouldn't want me to see
The same parts, I have in me now,
It scares me too, we are both this way,
I feel just like you do;
But when you're by yourself you should know
One day we got to see the west coast.