

(I spend most of my days,  
and most of my nights  
chasing tomorrow.)

I hate the things i do and  
all the shit i put you through.  
It's tragic, i'm static.

I am the world's worst,  
i am my own worst enemy,  
and i hate me...most days,  
i can't believe i'm still here.  
Most day's, i'm surprised.

You want a new lie/line/life,  
i wanna do what's right by you,  
but I can't seem to get my shit together,  
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.  
I never seem to get it right.

I'm sick of having you depend on me  
because i'll let you down like i always do.  
I am the world's worst,  
i am my own worst...it's crazy you stuck with me.  
Most day's, i can't believe you're still here.  
Most days, you cry.

You want a new lie/line/life,  
i wanna do what's right by you,  
but I can't seem to get my shit together,  
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.  
I never seem to get it right.

And through all the times we've had,  
i never saw what you saw in me.  
Through all the times we've tried,  
i never be what you needed of me but i wish, i were.

You want a new lie/line/life,  
i wanna do what's right by you,  
but I can't seem to get my shit together,  
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.  
I never seem to get it right.

I still remember,  
i still remember,  
i still remember,  
how i made you feel.  
I still remember,  
i still remember,  
i still remember,  
how i made you feel, once upon a time.