

Cut Me Up

Headstones

You cut me up, you cut me down
You cut me in two
How can I explain or dignify
The things that you do?

I am not a mess, I am not the freak
That you once spoke to
I am right here, I am complete
If I'm not then you're a joke too

No more wasted time to redefine our lives to you
You've got something to prove to you
You've got something to prove to me
I've got nothing to prove to you

Want me to pay, want me to fall
I'm not sure who's disgraced
You locked yourself into a vault
Now your face is mean

I catapult a fresher thought
You must watch the groove
You catch yourself, you're cynical
And that's your excuse too

I want to give you something
Something that you've never had