

Been stricken sick. She could be the cure
And I felt quite sure. I opened every door.
It makes me sick; the things I do for you.
The shit that I go through, but I can't make you secure.
For once make it go away.
Give me what I want and I'll be fine.
I need some attention. You can help me clean my wounds.
Gotta lot of sewing up to do.
And I know what it's like when they're twisting your arm.
And it's difficult I'm sure when you don't know who you are.
But they don't own you though they may seem to.
But isn't that what it means when you belong?
Isn't that what you wanted all along?
Hadn't you realized you might be wrong?