

Care

Joel Faviere

Do you still care or do I sit here, running in place, with my hands in my hair?
And what if I said my friends hate my guts, cause all I talk about is how it was?

So do you still care that I still wonder who you're with and where?
I just want to speak, ask you how are things, I just want to sleep, come lay next to me.

Do you still care, or do I sit here hoping for love that won't ever come near?
And what if I said my friends hate my guts, cause I all ever talk about is love?

Do you still care that I still wonder who you're with and where?
I cannot sleep, barely speak, when I make myself sing-and cut, does this sting?

Then I do not care, who you're with and where your eyes may stare.
I mean, I'll try not to care, but I don't think I would survive out there.

And do you still care, that I still wonder who you're with and where?
That I still wonder who you're with and where,
That I still wonder who you're with and where.

Why do I still wonder who you're with and where?
Why do I still wonder who you're with and where?