

## Think Of You

MS MR

You got high off my devotion  
We caught as you crutch  
Black some sick of potion  
I was addicted to your touch  
Carried your weight the misplaced way  
Had the burden of hate  
The decadence of decay

I still think of you  
And all the shit you put me through  
And I know you were wrong  
I still think of you  
And all the shit you put me through  
And I know now, I know you were wrong

You made pain your lover  
Infidelity not discrete  
I knew you found another  
How could I compete  
Abusive words cover me like dust  
I waited to know for sure  
You only give what was lost

Dark clouds follow you around  
Your own worst enemy  
You only picked me up to bring me down  
Down, down, down, down