

Asking so many questions
Finding so little answers
My friends told me to give up the ghost
and move on
But I don't like to take my chances
to take my chances
Pick me up off the floorboards
I'm not dead and buried yet
They always seem to creak
When I needed someone to speak to
They've been the only thing I've talked to in weeks
Where were you
Where were you?
Stitch me up and make me new
I need someone to pull me through
Endless nights with open wounds
I've been to hell and back because of you
Why tell me I need to change?
When you woke up in someone else's bed
Without even knowing their name
I may have crossed the line
This Time!
But I sure as hell hope you have a rope for this climb
From here on out it's all a downward slope
And I'm not falling for anyone or anything
Other than the noose you tied around my neck
I've lost all sense of space and time
Just thinking about when you were mine
The days become weeks and the weeks into months
I refuse to put on these implausible fronts
To face the world would cause me to self destruct
To face the world would cause me to self destruct
The days become weeks and the weeks into months
I refuse to put on these implausible fronts
To face the world would cause me to self destruct
To face the world
Stitch me up and make me new
I need someone to pull me through
Endless nights with open wounds
I've been to hell and back because of you
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Pick me up off the floorboards
I'm not dead and buried yet
They always seem to creak
When I needed someone to speak to
They've been the only thing I've talked to in weeks
Where were you
Where were you?
So pick me up (Up!) off the floorboards
I'm not dead and buried yet!
So pick me up (Up!) off the floorboards
I'm not dead and buried yet