

I Am You

Off With Their Heads

If you really want some answered questions
If you really want to know just what it's like
If you really want to dig inside my head
Pull up a chair, you got all night

I'll tell you why I fucking hate my life and
I'll tell you why I can't seem to get it right
I'll tell you why I entertain the thought of dying all the time

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There's a little bit of me in everyone
Whether you admit it or not we're all the same

I'm every morning you wake up alone
I'm every time you're drunk and walking home
I'm all the tears you cry 'til you can't see
I'm everything you swore you'd never be

And the list goes on and on and on and on and on
And the list goes on and on and on and on and on

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