

## Who Am I

Plumb

You there with your bag of gold  
Thought you had it all together  
But your hands are empty  
Does it matter now  
The pain it caused you cannot measure

But who am I?

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
Suffering is sweet agony  
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
My suffering must mean something

So, hey there, quit imagining  
That you have left this life  
Your eyes are tired and your feet are worn  
No, no one seems to hear your desperate cries

But who am I?

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
Suffering is sweet agony  
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
My suffering must mean nothing

If I believe that's the truth  
Then I believe you  
If that's the way it should be  
Then I believe you

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
Suffering is sweet agony  
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
My suffering must mean nothing

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
Suffering is sweet agony  
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?  
My suffering must mean something

Must mean something to you, to me  
It's true  
Who am I?