

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

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

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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?