

You give us bread, you keep us warm  
What I do for you in turn  
I leave you with this memory stained  
Between the sheets, under the rain  
Your face is pale, your lips are red  
Your eyes are dark, you might be dead  
But I will hold you even then  
Until you breathe and I am fed

Jodi, my dear, I'm sorry but I must disappear  
I leave you with a song and a tear  
Just please don't wash away  
This is my crutch, you had me at the face and the touch  
But I can only give you so much  
Before it goes away  
You could be my end  
You could be my end

We can do this on our own

But you're still telling me  
What I want, what I need  
'til I can't even be  
Here on my own

And in the dark and on the floor  
The bottle caps, well they just pour  
And you can tell I want you more  
Beyond the few, beyond the storm  
But this won't stay, yeah I confess  
That I am not what you have guessed  
I'm just a whore and nothing less  
And I won't stop until I rest

Roll into town with thunder on our backs, heads are proud  
We wander through your gates and your crowd  
To ponder what we'll take  
And though you are far, I keep you in a place in my heart  
And never let the beast tear apart  
What happened there in May  
You could be my end  
You could be my end

We can do this on our own

But you're still telling me  
What I want, what I need  
'til I can't even be  
Here on my own