

# Guilt Within Your Head

The Gits

Each time you fall  
The pieces are only more and farther between  
And those pieces won't hold together  
With all the guilt built in your head

Well I see you shake  
I see the paint underneath your fingernails  
Scratching the walls  
Scratching the moments that brought you here

Each time you thought you'd hold on  
Trying to stay clean for someone  
Maybe you should just take a look inside yourself  
Cause you create your own hell

I see them scurry while they're helping dig your grave  
People are so quick to wave your weakness in your face  
Well I'm here to tell you  
Keep one step back from one day at a time  
There's only so much above your head  
That you're supposed to carry

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