

Slit My Wrists

The Loud Family

I thought love would come so easily
Once I had time to spend
And who would guess
That time was not my friend
(Mother) I don't assign vindictive blame
That you'll cry when you read
No, not for trying
Just to give me what I need

But what I need is not fresh tears
I need not to feel the loss of the love and the years
What I need is not ways to go on
What I need is to slit my wrists and be gone

The more alone I felt the more the celebration grew
All the way down Van Ness Avenue
But I no longer take so lightly walking down that street
With nothing left between it and my feet

But what I need is not cut cost
What I need is a life where I've won
All the times that I've lost
What I need is not ways to go on
What I need is to slit my wrists and be gone