

Might as well pack up all your stuff and move into my
head
I wish I could dispose of all these thoughts and just be
numb instead
I wish you'd stop running from your problems and run to
me instead
Black and blue, eyes bloodshot red while she's passed out
out in her bed

This song is for William
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Maybe I can make you change your decision by using all
the ink in this pen
Maybe I can make you change your decision by using all
the ink in this pen
Maybe I can change you