Martyr Material

The Verve Pipe

It's different now I feel that all those looks were just a game you smoked and choked on cigarettes and acted cute and lame-and lame your parting lips that wrapped me up in promised company now mumble that each breath I take takes from the air you breathe-and breathe you were to share these dreams but from this bed it's different than it seems you'll have to drag me everywhere you go and you're not martyr material you fell in love, you fell so hard you said it must be days I said that I am not quite ready for your newest phase-your face conceding, lying, cheating deceiving relentlessly my voice got softer you could no longer hear me-hear me that ring you wear in fashion has a chain that pierces through my nose you'll have to drag me everywhere you go and you're not martyr material my life is riding in this chair of wheels with arms that move too slow you'll have to drag me everywhere you go and you're not martyr material