

At first I recoil at the thought of you smoking,
But then I think it'd make you fun again.
I first heard my name.
I was alone in the kitchen.
I know what is on your mind again.
I took the night off.
Became the dumbest thing ever.
I know that I let you down again.
My least favorite thought is the sound of her screaming,
I know what will make you whole again
I know what will make you whole again
I know what will make you whole again