

## Passerby

Vanna

I've carried this out for way to long.  
I'm sick of singing these tragic songs.

It's been days since I could open up my eyes.  
Open up my eyes.  
Every waking moment's another passing by.  
Passing by.

I'm left stranded on my own again.  
Empty handed, in need of amends.  
Broken, battered, abused my friend,  
Or could you not recall that name?  
Pretend, that you ever shared a world with me.  
I feel like I'm living the dying dream,  
The one where you wake up with me.  
Pull the covers up with no light to see.

Is this all I have to say  
About anything anymore?  
I'm just trying to keep myself on my feet,  
Keep living in the consciousness of this.

Live with this.  
I have to die from it.  
How could you live like this?  
Live like this.  
This is my take back, this is my final mark.  
I'm not this useless person,  
I'm not this tired lonely fuck.

Every moment spent is just another of regret.  
Different words could be said,  
With our spirits lifted.  
When every night spent,  
Couldn't make a dent.  
Another passerby.  
Is this all I have to say  
About anything anymore?  
I'm just trying to keep myself on my feet,  
Keep living in the consciousness of this.

Is this all I have anymore?  
I'm holding myself up.  
I'm just trying to keep myself on my feet,  
Keep living in the consciousness of this.

I'll pull myself out.  
Out of the wreckage of my life.  
I'll hold myself up,  
Over dark and horrid skies.  
I'll pull myself out.  
Out of the wreckage of my life.  
I'll hold myself up,  
Over dark and horrid skies.  
When every night spent,  
We couldn't make a dent.  
When every night spent,

Another passerby.