

Sober

Voyager

I have tried so hard to feel much more for her than nothing
Wouldn't it be nice if I pretended that I care?

I can promise her a life of wonderful perfection
I can promise her that I will lead her from despair

Come the day and I'll be over
And I will leave her all alone

Will I stay?
Will I stay sober?
Or just bottle all my shame?

She
Drags me under
Pulls me over
Now I'm sober
She
I don't want her any more
I don't need her any more
So I leave her, standing at the door...

When I look at her a creeping guilt lies in my lusting
Does she realise just what she's doing to herself?

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