

5 Cent Deposit "Broken Frames"

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6am the room is cold and you're not there
The ceiling fan could really use some dusting
Looking around your pictures Ive not taken down
I remember the days
You always had something to say...
Now the storm has faded and you're gray
You aint got a god damn thing to say
Looking back at the way things used to be
You lost everything when you left me
You kept me down

You picked me up to push me out
Along the way I figured out that I miss me
Because we were we
You didn't leave no space for me
Your hairs too long your clothes are worn
You're constantly a bitch to me
You kept me down
You picked me up to push me out
Its all in vein
Aint got a god damn thing to say
The things you say...

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