

Adjusted

"But I'm Dying"

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I'm tired of living in your constellation
Most of your friends, they still don't know my name
I've never been good at orbiting
And everything you say is Greek to me
So why don't I blow the lid off this can of worms?
I think there might be a prize at the bottom
It's a Cracker Jack deal
I'll be free and you'll be rid of me
Everything's gold on the surface of the moment
But I take my coffee much blacker than you ever will
And when my day comes crashing down
At 3 a.m., without a sound
You're fast asleep...but I'm dying.

You're making me laugh
But I don't want to laugh anymore
People laugh when they don't really know the score
And laughing is just one step away
From crying...and I don't want to do that today
A bit of a piece of a fragment of you is enough
I can file it away with the last six months
In a tattered envelope
Stuck away in a book that I never read
Everything's gold on the surface of the moment
But I take my coffee much blacker than you ever will
And when my day comes crashing down
At 3 a.m., without a sound
You're fast asleep...but I'm dying.

I had a dream last night 'bout an angel
She was laughing at me, but so sweetly
Then she kicked me out the door
I fell out of bed and now my ribs are sore
Everything's gold on the surface of the moment
But I take my coffee much blacker than you ever will
And when my day comes crashing down
At 3 a.m., without a sound
You're fast asleep, but I'm dying
You're doing fine, but I'm dying.

