

## Broken Society

### "For You"

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You're stuck in bed  
And you can't move  
The stress is killing you  
And now it's real

I wrote this for you  
With nothing to prove  
When you were hurt  
I wanted to help you feel

I'm giving you something to use again  
Something that proves I'm a friend  
It's a little something i wrote myself  
A mix tape lying on your shelf

You fell to the ground  
And the pain hit your mind  
The loss started killing you  
And you were out of time

You recovered slowly  
And began to unwind  
You fell into my open arms  
Well, that's not a crime

I'm giving you something to remember me  
Something that shows that I won't leave  
It's a little something I thought up alone  
Listen in, don't hang up that phone

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