

Broken-Hearted Janitors

"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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