

Sixpence None The Richer "Disconnect"

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These things which I so often wonder
This need to create myself
Frustration forgotten through slumber
It's there when I wake, defeated before I rise
I'd pull myself out of this mire
If I could collect my strength
Or muster an ounce of desire
Finding the words, and making them mine

Is there somewhere
I could separate this feeling from memory
Disconnect myself from me?

Desire inside to mistreat you
It pushes words out of my mouth
This cyclical pattern I feed you
The back & forth, & up & down
But still here you are

Behind this veil of pious revelation
I'll close my eyes and look for worth inside
I don't deserve you

Relinquishing hope for the future
I try not to hate it so
But you are a bridge to those memories
I try to forget, if you only knew

Is there somewhere to occupy emotion
A room to keep my rage away from you?
Just tell me when these hopeless days are over
I'll open my eyes and see my new sun rise
I don't deserve this

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