

Smith George

"No.1 Illness"

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You're Burning like a light,
That's dying in the rain,
And you're fading far from view.
You cannot see that far,
You cannot know the way,
Or see what I'm doing to you.
Cuts into my skin,
I can't live my life in this lie
Im drowning in.
Naming all the wrongs
And forgetting all the rights,
And placing blames on me
And maybe I just thought
We'd never reach that height,
Or what it could never be.
You come before me now,
You're asking for me
To make sense of this somehow.
But I, I can't make what's wrong seem right
& I can't raise my hands to the sky,
And dream of what could be tomorrow.
If you could take enough of me,
And see what I could do to you.
The beating of it all,
Gets me thru.
So cry out to the moon,
Or wish upon a star,
And see if that get's you far
Then strike it hard and cruel,
Cos it cannot help you now
Like water in waves,
Stop crying to me this way
Cause I, I can't make what's wrong seem right
& I can't raise my hands to the sky,
And dream of what could be tomorrow.
So don't tell me now,
You think what I would say,
Or do
Or if I've had enough of you...
Feel sicker this tme? You will
Sit tight cos I'm coming in for the kill
It cuts you but you won't know when

It's just the begining of the number one illness.

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