

Throne "Loner"

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arm is in a cast again from dragging you
you don't weigh much but I'm fragile
I won't pull another muscle until I heal
and i'm thinking about leaving

but you send flowers all the time

I'm one of a kind, and I'm dying, when I'm trying to love
I'm one of a kind, and I'm dying, when I'm trying, I'm
trying to love

talking to a wall again is sounding good
you're a crowded room of leaches
looking for a reason to be alone
but there's no door to escape from

but you send flowers all the time
I'm one of a kind, and I'm dying, when I'm trying to love
I'm one of a kind, and I'm dying, when I'm trying, I'm
trying to love

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