

Tyler Read "Michael Jackson"

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Happiness is a warm smoking gun
I slowly turn around to face her, to face what I have
done
I can barely hold open my eyes all I think about is
sleeping,
until I start to realize, she just wants to feel wanted
all I want to feel is something inside my dim lit room,
I wake up in a panic this reoccurring dream I'm having
I haven't felt like myself in quite sometime
It was yours but I thought it was mine

Standing on the street side
Leave me I'm the last one
Left with all the things that I've done

For the longest time, for the longest time
Now I'm tearing up these pages
These paragraphs with single spaces
Documents of failure, existence of our love
I can barely hold open my eyes
but I'll talk her down from loneliness
It's what I owe her right
Another seems to say, look what she's done to me
I'm not to proud of the person that you've let me
become
I just wanted to feel wanted, and I think that she's
forgotten
So let's just see what happens now

We're making the most of the things that we have
This isn't the way that I want it to be

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