

## You, Me & Everyone We Know

### "A Symptom"

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It's a compulsion really out of my hands  
To tell you all about you making all the wrong plans

But I grind my teeth,  
And I'm picking this scar  
Anything to make it through  
A night at the bar

Leave me with flat teeth, with fresh wounds,  
Another nervous tick,  
Please leave me on the kitchen floor,  
With my dignity while I get sick  
Bleed me out like an open sore  
Say its me that makes you a whore  
Go ahead blame the moon and sun, then deny me  
Because that's what makes this fun.

You're just a symptom  
You're just a symptom  
You're just, your just a symptom  
You're just a symptom, your just  
You're just a symptom  
Just a symptom

Bleed me out like an open sore  
Say its me that makes you a whore  
Go ahead blame the moon and sun, then deny me  
Because that's what makes this fun

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