

Numb

"Seasonal Depression"

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i'm alone - no one calling
i'm an island to myself, and i like it
you're the girl - lipstick and flowers
you were just too good for me, and you know it

sick of crawling
sick of falling

all i wanted was someone i could count on
count on
still i try

stranded here - hands wet with sorrow
spill affection down the drain, like a coward
i've gone blind - flashbacks turn grey now
i guess i'll never change, so i follow

sick of crawling
sick of falling

all i wanted was someone i could count on
count on
still i try
everytime it smells like the rain i want to cry
and so on, and so on
is my life

the thoughts that tuck me in proceed to break me
driven beyond my means i feel i'm breaking

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count on
still i try
everytime it smells like the rain i want to cry
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