

Theory of a Dead Man "Quiver"

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You'd leave me at the side of the road to die
(You'd leave me at the side of the road to die)
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
You don't need me anymore to listen to your lies
(You don't need me anymore to listen to your lies)
I won't be no fool for you any longer

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger

Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
Me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes me sick,
What makes me quiver
Just the thought of being alone

Like a needle in a haystack with nowhere to hide
(Like a needle in a haystack with nowhere to hide)
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Like a wing- clipped eagle who's waiting to fly
(Like a wing- clipped eagle who's waiting to fly)
No I won't be trapped in you any longer

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger

Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
Me, myself, and I

Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes me sick,
What makes me quiver
Just the thought of being alone
What make me sick
What makes me quiver

Quiver

Well it's me, myself, and I

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Me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone

What makes me sick,
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Is the thought of being alone
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