

Jake Miller

"Steven"

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Yeah, look

Let me tell you bout a kid named Steven
He still be running out of things to believe in
every couple of months his mom leaves him
for no good reason his stepdad beats him
Not too many friends, only ever had a few of them,
but recently they don't want anything to do with him
Always eatin lunch in the bathroom stalls
he just wants to feel normal and be cool again
yeah, always feeling like the outcast
hes been going crazy ever since he's dad passed
and he's got it in the vice
but he's daddy only has break downs and flash backs
of the car crash
it's been getting harder every day
if he was still around everything will be okay,
'cause his dad was always the light at the end of the
tunnel but now the same damn tunnels looking dark
and gray

he keeps quiet in the back of the class
and when the bell rings Steven hurries home fast
He's scared that the other kids will kick his ass on the
long walk home cause its happened in the past
he's getting used to the black eyes and fat lips,
but all he's got is a fake smile and cut wrists
wishin he can walk right up to em
show em the scars and say look
you're the reason that I've done this,

and maybe you'll finally understand,
and go back to how it was .before It all began,
but it's just a little difference so they taunt him and
they beat him yeah
Its all just fun and games, they don't give a damn,
his older brother ain't around
in and out in jail, hanging with the wrong crowd,
he's been doing coke, smoking weed, getting drunk
all his life is a shame, no is not too proud,
now what's happened to him

rubbin off on his little bro, yeah
but guess what, little did he know
that every time you did a line, every time you lit a joint
every time you took a shot, you was at the mode,
so Steven sitting in his room, getting high now,
doors locked, music up with the lights out,
he just takes another toke for the rooms filled with
smoke

5-6-7 hours till he knocks out,

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now

Hes startin stealin pills from his mom
8-9-10 at a time and now they're gone
and maybe for the moment all his problems seem to
fade

but the high fades too, after not too long,
and that's when it really sinks in
and it's when it hits em, that these god damn drugs
wont fix em,
cut up on the floor, can't take it anymore
now it's talking to God, 'cause it's the only one that
gets em,

on his knees, looking up, can't stop crying,
God I know we haven't talked in a long time,
but it's time I really need you, please God help me say
something just give me a sign 'cause now I'm falling
apart

and now I think that I can do it,
Please God give me the strength to pull through it,
tell me should I give up, I can end it all right now
I just don't know if Im brave enough to do it,

'cause it's gotta be a better way than suicide
trying to wait it out, give it time, youll be fine
but it's been so long,
and I still haven't been able to get rid of all the
thoughts that i feel inside,
so sick, so angry so mad.
and I top it off, no one even knows that
thats when he stood up, wipe his tears walked over to
his desk and got a pen and a notepad

he just couldn't see getting any better
so on a cold dark night in December,
Steven knew exactly what he had to do
but first he sat down and wrote a couple letters
One to his stepdad, one to his mother,
couple to the kids at school, one to his brother,
bringing them the pain and that they once brought him
Tear drops on the paper, one after another

Yeah hope that you all feel guilty,
'cause I'm broken now and you can't heal me,
now you're all an accomplice of murder,
each and everyone have chipped in to kill me
so the reason that I'm writing you this evening
it's a simple plan- to tell you that I'm leavin.
but don't hold you breath 'cause I ain't never coming
back
Sincerely yours, Steven

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