

Plumb

"Who Am I?"

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You there with your bag of gold, yeah
Thought you had it all together
But your hands are empty, does it matter now?
The pain it caused you cannot measure

But who am I?
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean something

Hey there, quit imagining yeah
That you have left this life
Your eyes are tired and your feet are worn
No, no one seems to hear your desperate cries

But who am I?
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean something

If I believe that's the truth
Then I believe you
If that's the way it should be
Then I believe you

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean something

Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
Suffering is sweet agony
Who am I to compare my pain to yours?
My suffering must mean something

Must mean something to you, to me
It's true
Who am I?

