

## **Almost, The "Want To"**

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Truth works just like it needs to  
Sharp, an ugly riding off the lips  
Of someone strange  
Oh, how weird it can be  
Looking at you, looking at me  
I know just what you think  
Yeah, I know just what you think

I can't take this down  
I don't need it  
No, I don't want it  
God, I don't want it  
I want to feel proud  
I won't let them see  
Won't let them see me  
Won't let them see me now  
It should be easier

The back of my throat is so dry  
The sick in my chest won't subside  
The ugly that is now is real  
The helplessness of my pain  
Me knowing the weight of my shame  
Can you get me out?  
Yeah come on, get me out

I can't tell how I lie, I can't tell why  
I'm not gonna make it  
Out real clean  
I can't tell when it's real  
I can't tell what I feel  
Maybe this is numb?  
Maybe this is me?  
If this is really me, God help me  
To separate fact from fiction  
Separate fact from fiction  
If I am really free, help me

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