

Joel Faviere

"Care"

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Do you still care or do I sit here, running in place, with
my hands in my hair?
And what if I said my friends hate my guts, cause all I
talk about is how it was?
So do you still care that I still wonder who you're with
and where?
I just want to speak, ask you how are things, I just want
to sleep, come lay next to me.
Do you still care, or do I sit here hoping for love that
won't ever come near?
And what if I said my friends hate my guts, cause I all
ever talk about is love?
Do you still care that I still wonder who you're with and
where?
I can not sleep, barely speak, when I make myself sing-
and cut, does this sting?
Then I do not care, who you're with and where your
eyes may stare.
I mean, I'll try not to care, but I don't think I would
survive out there.
And do you still care, that I still wonder who you're with
and where?
That I still wonder who you're with and where,
That I still wonder who you're with and where.
Why do I still wonder who you're with and where?
Why do I still wonder who you're with and where?

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