

## **Six Pence None The Richer "Disconnect"**

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These things which I so often wonder  
This need to create myself  
Frustration forgotten through slumber  
It's there when I wake  
Defeated before I rise  
I'd pull myself out of his mire  
If I could collect my strength  
Or muster an ounce of desire  
Finding the words, and making them mine

Is there somewhere  
I could separate this feeling from memory  
Disconnect myself from me?

Desire inside to mistreat you  
It pushes words out of my mouth  
This cyclical pattern I feed you  
The back and forth, and up and down  
But still here you are  
Behind this veil of pious revelation  
I'll close my eyes and look for worth inside  
I don't deserve you

Relinquishing hope for the future  
I try not to hate it so  
But you are a bridge to those memories  
I try to forget, if you only knew

Is there somewhere to occupy emotion  
A room to keep my rage away from you?  
Just tell me when these hopeless days are over  
I'll open my eyes and see my new sun rise  
I don't deserve this

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