

Sullivan

"Insurance For The Weak"

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What would you do if you're not welcome in this place?
Make-up cannot mask the toll the weekend's takes on
your face. You were scared before, but now your not
alone. There's something growing inside you that you
cannot take home. You're so sad, so sure of what you
had before he took it all away. So long, desperate. So
wrong, wretched, empowered. See, what you want
from me, you could never keep. You're not welcome in
this, my place anymore. Are you sure? What were your
plans before now? What's in it for you if he's in it for
nothing. What you need is a little sympathy to get you
off, to get you off your desperate knees. You're so sad,
so sure of what you had before he took it all away. So
long, desperate for hours. So wrong, wretched,
empowered. See, what you want from me, you could
never keep. You're not welcome in this, my place
anymore. I'm sad to report, that you'll do what he
believes, and I'm used in accordance to cuts that make
you bleed. We all know where you've been by your
change of clothes, we already know, we already know.
So long, desperate for hours. So wrong, wretched,
empowered. See, what you want from me, you could
never keep. You're not welcome in this, my place
anymore.

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