

Something Sweet

After Midnight Project

I'm sick of searching
I'm sick of wanting
I'm sick of dreaming
I'm sick of being.

I wish that love would find its own way
I'm sick of searching everyday
A touch a smell, a butterfly's wing
It's all I feel it's all you bring
A star can sit for a million years
I can barely sit still before I break into tears...
Confused...

I'm cold on the floor
Trying to look under the wooden door
But the shadow that tears everything apart has got a hold of my heart
I sit and I wait staring at a picture of your face that fades away
Then you're gone, now I need something sweet to move me on.

I need an opinion
I need a direction
I feed on deception
I lead to destruction.

Confused I'm left with nothing to choose
But this pad and this pen and this bottle of booze
I just want to know if this searching will end I've been running in circles and it seems that I tend
To look for an answer that could never be found
So I'll dig and I'll dig till I'm sick feet under ground.

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I just need you to need me
I just want you to know...

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