

# Graceland

Allan Rayman

Well, I am a shallow grave  
I'm a holy ghost, whoa  
I am that tidal wave that you'll miss most  
Oh, so lonely, so sad  
So vicious, so mad  
Poor me, poor me  
Well, I am that empty glass that you're sipping on  
I am that cigarette that you're quitting on  
Oh, so lonely, so sad  
So vicious, so mad  
Poor me, poor me

I like the steady rainfall, black and white movies  
Oh oh, getting used to the pain, I think I might use it  
Oh, poor me, poor me  
Poor me, poor me  
Yeah, poor me, poor me

I'm a bad habit that you can't shake  
Oh, I'm a hip swinger  
Oh, I'm an earthquake  
So lonely, so sad  
So vicious, so mad  
Poor me, poor me, poor me  
I am your Graceland  
Oh, you're my saving grace, I swear  
I'm only one man  
Oh, I'm two-faced  
So lonely, so sad  
So vicious, so mad  
Poor me, poor me, poor me

I like the steady rainfall, black and white movies  
Getting used to the pain, I think I might use it  
Oh, poor me, poor me

Dear Allan  
As much as it pains me to say  
I really fell in love with you  
Why is it so hard for you to find balance between love and music?  
Why does loving me mean the death of you?  
I've experienced it first hand, your ability to love something more than music  
You've now created the things that'll haunt you the most  
Please, allow yourself to love again  
For it may do the opposite of what you fear  
You told me once that you believed love creates a respite of death  
And I've struggled to understand the entrapment that you feel  
Because I, too, fear death just as much as anyone else  
Not just the physical sense of the word  
But in the idea of what death represents  
Dreams and aspirations becoming finite  
I never wanted to be your demon  
But you have made me this way  
Your lack of compassion feeds my obsession  
I am your wolf and you are the flavor that I will forever chase to taste again