

defeated

atlas

You've got a lot of problems I know
I've got a lot of fear in my heart
I'm frozen while I'm watching you go
Knocking on your door, asking "can we restart?"

And maybe it's an issue I'll fix
Or maybe it's a permanent scar
But every time I hear the word "beauty"
I picture your hands when you're turning your car

And I know that I say this too much
But dammit this shit isn't fair
You were the taste of my toothbrush
I had you each morning and night I was there

You were the notes on my staff
You fit like a glove on my hand
You are the smile on my face
You are the beach to my sand

You make me complete, you made me complete, now I feel defeated
You make me complete, you made me complete, now I feel defeated
You make me complete, you made me complete, now I feel defeated
You made me complete, you made me complete