

You were like a mirror
Standing right in front of me
Chasing women, risking everything
You gamble money just to get over
A pint of liquor
Were you ever sober

You could've had all of me
But you gave me nothing
No point in falling apart
When you were never there for

The sick days
What about the sick days
Couldn't get a hold of you
No one had control of you
Coke on a switchblade
What about the sick days
What about the sick days, yeah
Even when you cleaned it up
You didn't even give a fuck to visit on the sick days

Trojan horses breaking down the walls
Wrap us in gold, don't let us fall
Doctor in the hall won't pick up the phone
You never loved me at all
How could you

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But you gave me nothing
No point in falling apart
When you were never there for

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