

Trenches

Beth Crowley

I start to dial your number
And I can't help but wonder
Which side of you I'll get tonight
The one that's so unsettled
And hates me just a little
Or the one that isn't in denial

I've run out of things to say
I can't make you change
If you don't really want to
Why would you rather lay
In the lonely bed you made
When I'm out in the trenches
And I'm still fighting for you

It's been an endless cycle
Of memories you don't remember
But they all mean something to me
Each time you drown your sorrow
Hit the bottom of the bottle
It never fixes anything

You must think I'm pretty sad
Trying to bring some life back
In what's already half dead
I'm so angry I could snap
You should be just as mad
You tell me I don't know
What it's been like inside your head

But I never claimed I did, no
Help me understand
How did it get this bad

'Cause I've run out of things to say
I can't make you change
If you don't really want to
(If you don't really want to)
Why would you rather lay
In the lonely bed you made
When I'm out in the trenches
(When I'm out in the trenches)
You must think I'm pretty sad
Trying to bring some life back
In what's already half dead
(In what's already half dead)
I'm so angry I could snap
You should be just as mad
It's time that you decide
What kind of life you wanna live
(What kind of life you wanna live)