

Everything

Bry

With a head as muddled and cloudy as mine
And a heart that's winning races in record time
You're a town crier who is seldom heard
You're a novel writer with no words

But every last detail, and every little problem talk

You have been everything to someone like me
You have done all the things I didn't do for you

A mind so cynical for a happy face
With sense, you'd have took my hand and left this place
Conjoined, but never on the same page
Oh would you have stuck around if I acted my age?

But every last detail talk

You have been everything to someone like me
You have done all the things I didn't do for you

Every... last detail

You have been everything to someone like me

You have been everything to someone like me
You have done all the things I didn't do for you

You have been everything to someone like me
You have been everything