

# Help

Bryan Martin

I know it's been a while  
Been runnin' with the devil just tryna find my smile  
And you're the only one who can see right through my thoughts  
And I'll try to learn how to see myself through your eyes

Some say it's the whisky makin' me feel lonely  
Or is it the colder side of the bed?  
There's no one there beside me, no one there to hide me  
From the voice inside my head  
Yeah, I'm a runner, I'm a gunner, yeah I'm always up to somethin'  
But I'm goin' through hell  
I don't know where I'm goin' but the only thing I know is  
I can do it by myself  
And I don't need your help  
No, I don't need your help

Just another lonely night in motel outside Chicago  
And I wound up at the bottom of a bottle  
'Cause I was done with it all, had that pistol to my head  
But through tear stained eyes seen that Bible by the bed

Some say it's the whisky makin' me feel lonely  
Or is it the colder side of the bed?  
There's no one there beside me, no one there to hide me  
From the voice inside my head  
Yeah, I'm a runner, I'm a gunner, yeah I'm always up to somethin'  
But I keep goin' through hell  
And I don't know where I'm goin' but the only thing I know is  
I can't do this by myself  
Maybe I could use some help  
Maybe just a little help

And I don't know what I felt that night but it chilled me to the bone  
When I hit my knees I realized I never was alone

So I pulled out the whiskey, left behind the lonely  
Laying on the cold side of the bed  
Got you there beside me, you were there to guide me  
Fuck the voices in my head  
I'm a runner, I'm a gunner, yeah I'm always up to somethin'  
Now I found my way through hell  
And I don't know where you're goin' but the only thing I know is  
You ain't gotta do it by yourself  
You can ask for help  
It's okay, yeah  
You can ask for help  
It's okay to ask for help