

Quitter

Cameron Whitcomb

I've spent so long
Tryna to make right on my wrongs
But I miss being stoned
'Cause it would make this easy
If I give myself an inch
Hell I might take the mile
And she can't take my calls when I'm too drunk to dial

I'd love to sugar coat this
De-thorn all my roses
But she caught me at my lowest

The hardest part of getting clean are all the damn apologies
Paying tolls on bridges that I've burnt
I've been afraid of growing up 'cause that would mean to sober up
But stoned and drunk don't mix with loving her
Does that make me a quitter?
Does that make me a quitter?

Lonely as I may be
I'd rather that she hate me
For who I am and not the man whose hands were shaky
I finally seen a sunrise
And I could not believe it
Curtains open wishing she was here to see it

And I thought that I could handle
Both ends of that candle
But I'm throwing in the towel

The hardest part of getting clean are all the damn apologies
Paying tolls on bridges that I've burnt
I've been afraid of growing up 'cause that would mean to sober up
But stoned and drunk don't mix with loving her
Does that make me a quitter?
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The hardest part of getting clean are all the damn philosophies
Telling me how this is 'supposed to work
I've been afraid of growing up and losing friends I used to trust
But stoned and drunk don't mix with loving her
Does that make me a quitter?
Does that make me a quitter?