

# 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?  
Does that make me a quitter?

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?  
Does that make me a quitter?  
Does that make me a quitter?  
Does that make me a quitter?