

Words

Days of the New

I will run for you
And I would kill for you
I think I'd let you strangle me too
And I would stand for you
Choosing left from right
Decisions, decisions
I hope I will make it right
Decide on decisions

(What the fuck)
I can't find my will
I can't seem to chill
Why don't I just sit still
'Cause I'd rather be alone

Tell me what to do
Ask me what to do
Force me 'til I do
The sadness of I do