

The Resurrectionist, or An Existential Crisis in C#

Frank Iero

Crutch.

All you asked is, do I feel better now
All I said is, do I have a choice

Maybe I'll find better ways to give a damn about bettering myself.
Maybe we'll see better days when the leaves start crumbling underfoot.
I'm on top of the world.

I, I feel lost, and I'm not sure if I'm heard by anyone.

Maybe I'll find better ways to hide the truth that I'm becoming undone.
Maybe you'll find better ways to see the good in me being myself.
(...And stop trying to fix me.)
All you ask is can I try and smile.
All I said is, I thought I was.
I'm on top of the world.

I, I'm still here, though I'm not sure what it's for anymore.
I, I feel lost, and I'm not sure if I'm heard by anyone.

Would your love run out if my heart gave out?
Like a star burns out. Like you feel when you're uninspired.

Are we still hanging on?
Always, always, I'll be hanging on,
Cause when I'm with you
I'm on top of the world.

I'm on top of the world.

I, I'm still here, though I'm not sure what it's for anymore.
I, I feel lost, and I'm not sure if I'm heard by anyone.

Watch the color drain out of my face.
Watch the color drain out of my face.
On and on our own we give up.
(As I feel love, but) I'm not sure am I worth it anymore.
I feel loved, but I'm not sure if I deserve it.
I feel everything all at once.
I feel everything all at once.