

(I spend most of my days,
and most of my nights
chasing tomorrow.)

I hate the things i do and
all the shit i put you through.
It's tragic, i'm static.

I am the world's worst,
i am my own worst enemy,
and i hate me...most days,
i can't believe i'm still here.
Most day's, i'm surprised.

You want a new lie/line/life,
i wanna do what's right by you,
but I can't seem to get my shit together,
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.
I never seem to get it right.

I'm sick of having you depend on me
because i'll let you down like i always do.
I am the world's worst,
i am my own worst...it's crazy you stuck with me.
Most day's, i can't believe you're still here.
Most days, you cry.

You want a new lie/line/life,
i wanna do what's right by you,
but I can't seem to get my shit together,
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.
I never seem to get it right.

And through all the times we've had,
i never saw what you saw in me.
Through all the times we've tried,
i never be what you needed of me but i wish, i were.

You want a new lie/line/life,
i wanna do what's right by you,
but I can't seem to get my shit together,
not ever, no matter, how hard i try.
I never seem to get it right.

I still remember,
i still remember,
i still remember,
how i made you feel.
I still remember,
i still remember,
i still remember,
how i made you feel, once upon a time.