

Early Mornings

Goth Babe

And I, I sit in my room, all night long
I forgot how to smile, I forgot, how to be strong
And you and me, we'd make out in my bed
Sometimes I imagine life, if you were dead
It's not that rough

And you can only love, someone else
And you can only love, someone else

I'd love, to find, a way, into you
I can't go through life, having nothing new
The same awful day, over and over again
I can't make myself cry, I can't give into sin
It's not that rough

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