

Get Well II

Icon for Hire

Oh I need my pain
Don't take it away
My sad makes me special

Do you want me to write you another sad song
Would you like that?
Do you want me to tell you we'll never belong
Would you like that?
Cuz the truth is we're no different than the others
Wearing our sob stories like colors
The truth is we like it, we like it here
We're better off than we let on I fear

Does it make you sick, the way that we live?
We say we're over it but we-

Can't undo the scars
All up and down our hearts
Can't forget how it felt when it all fell apart
And we talk a big game like we wanna get well
In our prison made of pain
Only fooling ourselves

Oh I need my pain
Don't take it away
My sad makes me special

I want to scream my sick soul alive
I want to look you dead in the eyes
Did you think you were the only one?
The only one
The only one
The only one
The only one
We're all holding on trying to make sense of
The insanity that we once loved
We've cut up our lives trying put down the knife
Trying to pick up the fight

Does it make you sick, the way that we live?
We say we're over it but we-

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