

# I'll Always Be Proud

Landon Tewers

Drunken sleep, a shepard without his sheep  
Taking what you've said and slowly admitting defeat  
And when the casket closes and all my mistakes are exposed  
It'll be such a relief for you to know the road that I'd chose

And when you think of me in your bed when you're trying  
To fall asleep some nights I hope I'm not remembered as a fuck  
Or someone you despise, I'm composed of cheap cigs and fast  
Food, I need your time but I'm not trying to intrude

I just needed you to hear me, not the guy you've heard  
That sings those songs the real me with feeling, the one  
Who did you wrong, I long for just a minute, a minute of your time  
I'll probably ask for forgiveness 'cause right now I'm in my prime

Every single second of every day and every moment I replay  
All of the words I said the ways I left you broken, I'm choking  
And soaking in things she wrote in her notes and I feel a lump in my  
throat  
Just wishing time could be frozen, detached I relapse and sit  
Back and watch the days pass, maybe it's best if I'm forgotten  
With no backlash, and it's somehow so soothing to see you  
Finally move on, I don't feel like I'm losing, it just hurts when you  
flaunt  
I want something more for you than I could ever  
Give, it makes me fucking sick inside you'd choose me over him

'Cause I can't buy you nice things or even things that you need  
I'd steal the moon for you or food for you and starve while you  
Feed, can't you see? I'm a mess, an added stress, a vacant nest  
Glued together by memories and you said it best, life's a bitch  
Until we die and for the longest time I tried to tell myself that  
That was a lie, and I'd shy away from thoughts like that but now  
I just thrive, some days I feel as if my brain won't let me  
Unwind, I sound so pathetic but I'm losing my pride, but I can't  
Hide in it, I'll die in it before I subside, don't leave me hanging

All your things packed in your car and I'm facing all the things  
That I said, all the nights stuck in my bed wishing you could  
Leave, but you were scared of losing me, watching your car pull  
Out of the driveway for one last time, I'm sick and I'm stuck in a  
Rut it's a thin line between all the tensions, the suffering and  
Trials, and my own self absorbed way of life, I'm a child

I wanna taste you one more time, and tell you you're all mine  
But now I'm left with no spine, and all the blame's just mine, it's  
A crime to hold you here with those eyes, if you ever see or  
Think of me I hope you realize that you're better off now, and  
I'll always be proud