

Is it so much to ask that you text me back?  
I'm so scared of losing touch, I'm forced to ask if you know th  
at  
The reason why I try so hard to be nice  
Is so no one else will leave me behind  
You're right that it's not that hard to tell the ones that you  
love  
How much they mean and how you'd feel if it was them and not us  
But I can't make the time in my life to be sad every time you'r  
e around me

How did it make you feel to know you're not quite enough?  
For someone who took so much from you and then just gave up  
On the things that used to make me so glad I was the one holdin  
g your hand  
'Cause I'm not too busy, I'm just still dizzy trying to  
Catch my fucking breath through these sweat-soaked sheets  
But you're still so pretty and I'm still too skinny to hold  
All this weight on my own

But I find the time to tell everyone I love  
That someday, I won't need them anymore, but that's because  
They've given me everything I need to be me  
You let me be me

I'm not going back to my bed before I find a way to tire myself  
out  
It seems that everything tires me out except trying to get some  
rest