

Glass

Shamir

You'll always tell me not to crawl before I walk
But listening was something I was good at
You break me down, pin my back against the wall
Now I just feel like there's no turning back

First you love me, then you hate me, then u hurt me, and I shat
ter like broken glass
Hurt me, then you love me, then you break me
And do don't think I'll get past this

Sometimes I feel like I can't go on
But I guess its just something I address
There's not enough of liquid alcohol
To make me feel like I'm not a mess