

## Mess I Made

Stillwell

Picking up the broken pieces  
Gonna have the best intent  
Instead it was a train wrecked by my hand  
Everybody point their finger  
To me everyday condemn  
My manipulation killed my friend  
Wishing I could do it over  
Wishing I could take it back  
Leaning on my own understanding  
I did my best to save  
Look at the mess I made  
And tryna seal the cracks  
But there's no turning back  
And all the times I tried to rescue  
And all the times I got involved  
My only change to rise had gone (?!)  
And every time I start to question  
Every time I think it through  
Where in the hell did I go wrong?!  
I did my best to save  
Look at the mess I made  
And tryna seal the cracks  
But there's no turning back  
The minute that you fall in the zenith  
The cynical, they crawl in-between us  
Give me just a call, let me clean up  
Let me clean up, let me clean up