Prime STH, Pieces

Picking up the pieces Of what was left behind And I try to find a reason Why I do this all the time Maybe I'm just blind

(chorus)
She builds me up
She breaks me down
And it keeps me hanging on
She takes me in
Then throws me out
And it leaves me so undone
I'll be here waiting

Picking up the pieces I got up and tried again And I know there is no reason to look back To go through all this again Maybe I'm insane

Chorus

For another beating