

# Stone Sour, Inhale

Come one and all and see the broken man  
Talking to himself  
He sits and waits for something better  
He'll never find it here  
The people touch his hair and pinch his cheek  
He can't even feel it

There it goes again  
He's listening to someone  
He hears the bitter laughter  
And all he wants to know is...

Why does any of it matter?  
(I can't take it anymore)  
You've gotta try  
The inhale that makes the exhale so much better

He wipes his hands on anything in reach  
He never feels clean  
He shakes at night because his nerve is gone  
Every muscle hurts  
Come one and all and see what happened  
That broken man is me

There it goes again  
I can hear it louder  
It doesn't feel good anymore  
All I want to know is...

Why does any of it matter?  
(I can't take it anymore)  
You've gotta try  
The inhale that makes the exhale so much better

Now I know I disappear  
I can't find my way from out of here  
Everything is fading on me  
Someone tell me, someone tell me...  
Someone tell me

Why does any of it matter?  
(I can't take it anymore)  
You've gotta try  
The inhale that makes the exhale so much better

Why?  
Why?  
You gotta try!  
Try!