

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!