

The Used, The Making Of The Taste Of Ink

Is it worth it can you even hear me
Standing with your spotlight on me
Not enough to feed the hungry
I'm tired and I felt it for awhile now
In this sea of lonely
The taste of ink is getting old
It's four o' clock in the f**king morning
Each day gets more and more like the last day
Still I can see it coming
While I'm standing in the river drowning
This could be my chance to break out
This could be my chance to say goodbye
At last it's finally over
Couldn't take this town much longer
Being half dead wasn't what I planned to be
Now I'm ready to be free

So here I am it's in my hands
And I'll savor every moment of this
So here I am alive at last
And I'll savor every moment of this

And won't you think I'm pretty
When I'm standing top the bright light city
And I'll take your hand and pick you up
And keep you there to so you can see
As long as you're alive and care
I promise I will take you there
And we'll drink and dance the night away

As long as you're alive
Here I am
I promise I will take you there