

# 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