

# You, Me, And Everyone We Know, A Symptom

Its a compulsion really out of my hands  
To tell you all about you making all the wrong hands  
But I grind my teeth, and Ill pick this scar  
Anything to make it through a night at the bar  
Leave me with flat teeth, with fresh wounds, another nervous tick  
Please leave me on the kitchen floor, with my dignity while I get sick  
Bleed me out like an open sore  
Say its me that makes you a whore  
Go ahead blame the moon and sun, then deny me  
Because thats what makes this fun.  
Your just a symptom  
Your just a symptom  
Your just, your just a symptom  
Your just a symptom, your just  
Your just a symptom  
just a symptom  
Bleed me out like an open sore  
Say its me that makes you a whore  
Go ahead blame the moon and sun, then deny me  
Because thats what makes this fun