

Allister, Potential Suicide

She sits at home and tries to remember all the days when everybody said nothing could bring her down
Now she's found that she can't stand the sight of her reflection in the windows of this beat up old town
She's packing all her problems into a carry-on bag
She's packing all of her sorrow into one less silver box labeled memories

And every night that she's alive
Is a potential suicide
And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her

she goes to bed at night just to wake up to a nightmare and a headache that will never go away
She's doing time and hating every minute of it blaming everything on something she can't escape
She cries and she cries
But no one ever listens
She doesn't understand why she can't slow down
She's packing all her problems into a carry-on bag
She's packing all of her sorrow into one less silver box labeled memories

And every night that she's alive
Is a potential suicide
And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her
And all the pain she's kept inside
Doesn't help to cleanse her mind
From all the heartache and the frustration tonight
And now it feels like she's been dealt a shitty hand
She said "it is mine" but she doesn't understand

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Is a potential suicide
And all the teardrops that she cries won't help her
And all the pain she's kept inside
Doesn't help to cleanse her mind
From all the teardrops that she cried

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