

# Anchor Arms, Milligrams

I left you where I left you with  
A bottle in your hands  
Cuz I was short on drugs,  
But not on good graces.  
And it burns like a flame  
To see you starve tonight,  
So I'm waiting for you...  
I'm waiting for you  
We are what we are,  
It's coming around again.  
I'll break through anywhere  
We know what we know,  
We're running around again.  
I'm on the road tonight,  
I keep it to myself  
But I would go anywhere for you.  
The crash and silence fight.  
I try to fool myself but,  
I would go anywhere for you