

Autopilot Off, Bite My Nails

Is this part of the game you play?
Do you try to make me feel this way?
You try to sell me something
that you don't believe.
For you it's easier this way.
I never did hear you complain.
So now I stand aside,
bite my nails while you decide.
I wish that I could hate you, but I can't.
I wish that you would vanish,
but you're too hard to forget.
I won't do it if it isn't right,
but you're not willing to compromise.

You think you've got me figured out.
You think you know what I'm about.
I don't think you would be surprised,
you have to know how hard I've tried.

And after all the time we've spent,
would it be something you would regret?
Would you feel the need to stay,
or turn your back and walk away.