

Bipolar, Having It All

If it were anything other than
Wanting everything and having it all
All in his hands
If he were half of what he could be
He'd be nothing at all
He lives in a moment and he hangs from
The wall to prove he owns his youth

Take these bones and throw them out
My closet's seen enough for now
I need the space for hangups yet to come
And take my guilt and ring it out
I'll need it back but not right now
I'll need the space to get away
From the problems that I create

He know what he's doing and
He knows who he pains
And she knows the family that he's pushing
Away to prove that he's needed too

Chorus x2