

# 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