

Brandtson, Drawing A Line In The Sand

Listen carefully, there's a price.
Is it harder for you to take my advice?
Are you tired?
Do you still want to live?
Is there anything left that you're willing to give?
Are you selfish?
Does it set you back?
Are you serious like a heart attack?
Are you calling me for some kind of answer
or waiting around for a second chance?
Well, don't come crying back to me
when you're helpless and all out of luck.
Don't come crying back to me
when you're lonely and all out of love.
Do you feel it when you're frozen inside?
Do you still swear to God you've got nothing to hide?
Does it cut you deep like a razor blade?
Does it hurt when I say don't do me any favors?
And don't come crying back to me
when you're helpless and all out of luck.
Don't come crying back to me
when you're lonely and all out of luck.

Stop waiting.
There's no answer.
And no sense in second chances.
It's pointless and it's useless.
Sorries won't help you through this.

Don't come crying back to me
when you're helpless and all out of luck.
Don't come crying back to me
when you're lonely and all out of love.