

Count The Stars, Brand New Skin

What does it take to get this through to you,
subject yourself to things that you deserve,
just stop me if you've heard enough
of what you should have said and done,
like promises that never last,
you can waste your whole life,
you'll never get the best of mine

This brand new skin is wearing thin,
and you'll never know until its gone

How far you go just to destroy yourself,
tuck in your self esteem it's falling out,
tomorrow may come easier like yesterday was never there,
surprising as it always seems,
you could take a lifetime,
you'll never get the best of mine

I'll stay the "maybe" that waits on you,
now I'm "pathetic" for letting go,
just think of this as a lesson learned,
to never take advantage of the people that depend on you