

Cut Throat Britva, Wanted More

She came alone
Inside her room
I was the bride she was the groom
But I can't make sense of anything

She came alone
Inside her head
If not for me, then she'd be dead
But I can't take credit for everything

Wanted more
She would not say
Wanted more
Not today

She asked me
Would I stay up awhile
Shook my head and faked a smile
Packed my things and then walked away

I got a bad dream
Everything was wrong
Tried to buck up
Tried to be strong
My coffee shield, it began to fade

Wanted more
She would not say
She wanted more
But not today
She wanted more
She could not say
She wanted more today