

# 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