

Days Of The New, Words

I will run for you
And I would kill for you
I think I'd let you strangle me too

And I would stand for you
Choosing left from right
Decisions, decisions
I hope I will make it right

Decide on decisions
I can't find my will
I can't seem to chill
Why don't I just sit still?

Cause I'd rather be alone
Tell me what to do
Ask me what to do
Force me til I do
The sadness of I do