

Normal Like You, Whose Trophy

I'm sorry that I'm not what you expected (nothing ever works out)
Need I ignore you now
I can't live facing these regrets
I won't live without them
How will things turn out?

You threw it all away, is that how you see things?
I guess we live through different eyes
We see through different pasts
I won't be what you want me to be

Should I try a little less, just to suffer all the more?
Is this what you want from me?
Are you ashamed of me?
Could this hurt anymore?

And this may be the most important thing I'll ever say
but if it's all the same
I'll bide my words and wait for better ones to take their place
and this I beg of you
please don't think out loud
and keep your life to yourself
I'm not the one to volunteer to suffocate

Nothing ever works out...
It never works out
Nothing, never