

Papa Roach, Decompression Period

Here today gone today
Hurry up and wait
I'm never there for you or me
Can't you read the story of our lives
Death to me and life for you
Something isn't right
And I need some space to
Clear my head to think about
My life

And I can't be alone

I just need some space
To clear my head to think about my life
With or without you

We fight it out
We work it out
Give me some time to unwind

I must confess
I'm falling apart
Breaking your heart
Crying with you on the phone
We're walking on thin ice
I hope it doesn't break

Mile by mile we're farther apart
And it's one empty bottle
And two broken hearts
Night after night we are falling apart
Now it's two broken bottles
And four empty hearts

Decompression
Depression period