

Stroke 9, My Advice

What kind of person would ever have the gall to do this?
That would be me, but then again you knew this
To belong to you is just something that I do
It's cold, I know
I resuscitate my feelings daily for you
It necessitates this healing not to bore you
But I do my thing, what the Hell?
When on the surface all is well tonight

CHORUS

Nobody wants to feel this way again
Nobody ever wanted to, my friend
She keeps paying the price
After taking my advice

When I reach the end I hope that she will be there
Did I mention this was never meant to be fair?
I'm on a collision course with you, my dear
With every force alive
An attention to detail is no solution
It only further poisons us just like pollution
Never in the mood and never wanting to be rude
It's hard, I know

CHORUS

Uh-huh

Taking my advice

Come on
She's going to be everything if you let her
It's going to be alright if you can stick together
And if you know that you will make it better
You will receive all you wanted to see
But she's not here and you're not clear
Another lost and wasted lonely night

CHORUS

CHORUS