

The Devil Wears Prada, Broken

I hate when I get left alone
I'm sure that all these calls are getting old
A short drive / just get me home
The cost is nowhere near to what I owe

From the back of the car it's sinking in
Like a shot of fear and adrenaline
I'm a lost cause with nothing left
Can't you see that?

My hands are torn up
From all these broken bottles
I can't stand, lost too much
I know I've got my problems

How did it start?
This episode's got me crawling and flying
I'm high and I'm low

I watch from afar and make my bets
As you sit back and light a cigarette
A lost cause with nothing left
Can't you see that?

My hands are torn up
From all these broken bottles
I can't stand, lost too much
I know I've got my problems
Everyday I'm afraid
That I might find the bottom
My hands are torn up
I know I've got my problems

Drink it down, I'm on empty
Shaking now, please don't worry
It surrounds all that I see
I'm on empty

My hands are torn up
From all these broken bottles
I can't stand, lost too much
I know I've got my problems
Everyday I'm afraid
That I might find the bottom
My hands are torn up
I know I've got my problems