

# The Waifs, Intimate

Now we are so intimate do you think we could ever part  
Though there's little love left in it something seems to make it hard  
I'd like to stand up I'd like to stand up on my own  
But I fear that you will forever be my crutch

Did I save myself or was I saved  
Though I knew it was killing me - I did it anyway  
When I think of all those years I led myself astray  
Knowing it was killing me I did it anyway

I see it all from the other side  
The prison walls around your minds  
These are the subtle scars I hide  
I'm looking in from the other side