

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