

Theory Of A Deadman, Quiver

You'd leave me at the side of the road to die
(You'd leave me at the side of the road to die)
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
You don't need me anymore to listen to your lies
(You don't need me anymore to listen to your lies)
I won't be no fool for you any longer
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
Me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone
What makes me sick,
What makes me quiver
Just the thought of being alone
Like a needle in a haystack with nowhere to hide
(Like a needle in a haystack with nowhere to hide)
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Like a wing- clipped eagle who's waiting to fly
(Like a wing- clipped eagle who's waiting to fly)
No I won't be trapped in you any longer
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
Well it's me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of you
Me, myself, and I
Quiver at the thought of being alone
What makes me sick,
What makes me quiver
Just the thought of being alone
What make me sick
What makes me quiver
Quiver
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