

Therapy?, Born Too Soon

In your weakest moments
It all comes back to you like a ghost
Just when you need some peace the most

The same endless cycle always
Never ending chain of bitterness
You're living the same mistakes again

And when it starts to slide, let it go, leave it behind
And when it starts to slide, let it go

This is pulling you under
And you're feeling that this is as low as it gets
You're giving up on your saving grace

You've got to shake off the dirt that drags you
Scrape up some sparks to guide you
And use your arms to bring you back

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And when it starts to slide, let it go