

# Val Emmich, The Patient Patient

My girlfriend cries as she explains to me  
"You know I love you but I've got to leave  
I can't be the company to your misery  
Nothing I say can change the way  
That you view life...as endless strife"

I keep dangling from a string  
I keep narrowly escaping  
What I would do to be less confused  
It costs a lot to live  
But it ain't money that I'm paying with  
So remember this  
My words are veins through which my lifeblood spits

My friends and family they make it clear  
If you ever need us we are always here  
But when I want to scream  
My pride keeps me mute  
I'm too ashamed to utter the phrase  
"I need help"  
So I do it myself

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I pay you money to try and fix my head  
I lie on your couch reveal what's in my bed  
You scribble in your pad  
'Patient feels sad'  
"Just take this medication  
And if it fails to work  
Then try a razor"

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Yeah my words are veins through which my lifeblood spits  
My words, my words, my words  
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