

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
It costs a lot to live
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