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I don't give enough to take back what I own.

My stories are told out of broken homes.

I could be a bit better if I kill off this ghost.

I'm alone.
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I bleed from the inside,
And I won't tell anyone.
I'm nowhere to find,
But I couldn't care it all.
Live like a ghost to keep me from talking, til' you notice wher
e I'm at,
Cause I couldn't care at all.

Nowhere to hide, and nowhere to run to when nobody listens. I'm just a liar that's tired of trying.
I'll pick myself apart cause I couldn't care at all.

I'm sick of waiting.