

## Insurance For The Weak

Sullivan

What would you do if you're not welcome in this place? Make-up cannot mask the toll the weekend's takes on your face. You were scared before, but now you're not alone. There's something growing inside you that you cannot take home. You're so sad, so sure of what you had before he took it all away. So long, desperate. So wrong, wretched, empowered. See, what you want from me, you could never keep. You're not welcome in this, my place anymore. Are you sure? What were your plans before now? What's in it for you if he's in it for nothing. What you need is a little sympathy to get you off, to get you off your desperate knees. You're so sad, so sure of what you had before he took it all away. So long, desperate for hours. So wrong, wretched, empowered. See, what you want from me, you could never keep. You're not welcome in this, my place anymore. I'm sad to report, that you'll do what he believes, and I'm used in accordance to cuts that make you bleed. We all know where you've been by your change of clothes, we already know, we already know. So long, desperate for hours. So wrong, wretched, empowered. See, what you want from me, you could never keep. You're not welcome in this, my place anymore.