

At first I recoil at the thought of you smoking,  
But then I think it'd make you fun again.  
I first heard my name.  
I was alone in the kitchen.  
I know what is on your mind again.  
I took the night off.  
Became the dumbest thing ever.  
I know that I let you down again.  
My least favorite thought is the sound of her screaming,  
I know what will make you whole again  
I know what will make you whole again  
I know what will make you whole again