

FIX

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Why do I still dream about you
So many years after the fact?
Why do I still long for your touch?
Why am I so easy to distract?
Well I'm hoping this'll all blow over
I'm praying to god that this, too, shall pass

Well you've certainly left a mark on my soul
Good lord, I know you know felt so right to me
But you're like a blade so thin
That I don't feel you cutting through me
Until I'm bleeding to death for all the world to see
But I'm hoping that this'll all blow over
I'm praying to god that this, too, shall pass

Well I don't want you, I don't need you
At least I don't think that I do
I don't want you, I don't need you
At least I don't think that I do
I don't want you, I don't need you
I don't need your fix anymore

The very thought of you makes me weak in the knees
So I'll try my best to stand up and be brave
Oh, I always think of you when I'm at my weakest point
And I'm so afraid you'll follow me to my grave
But I'm hoping that this'll all blow over
I'm praying to god that this, too, shall pass

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