The Used, The Making Of The Taste Of Ink

Is it worth it can you even hear me Standing with your spotlight on me Not enough to feed the hungry I'm tired and I felt it for awhile now In this sea of lonely The taste of ink is getting old It's four o' clock in the f**king morning Each day gets more and more like the last day Still I can see it coming While I'm standing in the river drowning This could be my chance to break out This could be my chance to say goodbye At last it's finally over Couldn't take this town much longer Being half dead wasn't what I planned to be Now I'm ready to be free

So here I am it's in my hands And I'll savor every moment of this So here I am alive at last And I'll savor every moment of this

And won't you think I'm pretty
When I'm standing top the bright light city
And I'll take your hand and pick you up
And keep you there to so you can see
As long as you're alive and care
I promise I will take you there
And we'll drink and dance the night away

As long as you're alive Here I am I promise I will take you there