

Radio Iodine, Understand

Is it a crime to want to be happy in a sick, sick world
If it's the fool who believes in forgiveness, I'm a sick, sick girl
I long to cry on someone's shoulder
To receive a friend's absolution
And I think I know that look I've seen it before
I think you're pitying me
And if you need an emotional score
Then I will be your emotional whore
And when I spit you out at last
You'll understand, try to understand
When is the time to give into mercy and walk from the pain
Where is the will to yearn for out freedom and break the chains
I long to fall into your slumber
You long to slowly pull me under
And I think you know me well, far too well
Too well for my own good
Is it a crime to want to be happy in a sick, sick world
I'm a sick, sick girl
And if you need an emotional score
Then I will be your emotional whore
And when I spit you out at last
You'll understand, try to understand