

Level 7 – SPLIT-PERSONALITY GRIEF

Theme Song

"Grenade" Bruno Mars

Easy come, easy go
That's just how you live, oh
Take, take, take it all
But you never give
Should've known you was trouble
From the first kiss
Had your eyes wide open
Why were they open?

Gave you all I had
And you tossed it in the trash
You tossed it in the trash, you did
To give me all your love is all I ever asked
'Cause what you don't understand is...

I'd catch a grenade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Throw my hand on a blade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'd jump in front of a train for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know I'd do anything for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Oh, I would go through all this pain
Take a bullet straight through my brain
Yes, I would die for you, baby
But you won't do the same

No, no, no, no

Black, black, black and blue
Beat me 'til I'm numb
Tell the devil I said "Hey" when you get back to where you're from
Mad woman, bad woman
That's just what you are
Yeah, you'll smile in my face then rip the brakes out my car

Gave you all I had
And you tossed it in the trash
You tossed it in the trash, yes you did
To give me all your love is all I ever asked
'Cause what you don't understand is...

I'd catch a grenade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Throw my hand on a blade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'd jump in front of a train for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know I'd do anything for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Oh, I would go through all this pain

Take a bullet straight through my brain
Yes, I would die for you, baby
But you won't do the same

If my body was on fire
Oh, you'd watch me burn down in flames
You said you loved me, you're a liar
'Cause you never, ever, ever did, baby

But, darling, I'd still catch a grenade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Throw my hand on a blade for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'd jump in front of a train for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know I'd do anything for you (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Oh, I would go through all this pain
Take a bullet straight through my brain
Yes, I would die for you, baby
But you won't do the same

No, you won't do the same
You wouldn't do the same
Oh, you'd never do the same
Oh, no no no, oh

Writer(s): Andrew Wyatt, Ari Levine, Brody Brown, Bruno Mars, Claude Kelly,
Peter Gene Hernandez, Philip Lawrence

Stage 1 – Dr. Jekyll/Mr. or Mrs. Hyde Loving Beat down "Killing Me Softly" Fugees

[Lauryn:]

Strumming my pain with his fingers,
Singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song,
Killing me softly with his song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song.

[Fugees:]

Hi, yo yea yea.
This is Wyclef, Refugee Camp
L-Boogie up in here...
Prazrel (Prazrel up in here! Ha! Ha!)
Lil' Base sits up there on the base (Refugees up in here)
While I'm on this I got my girl L one time, one time!
Hey yo L you know you got the lyrics!

I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style,
And so I came to see him and listened for a while.
And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes,

Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time),

Singing my life with his words (two times),
Killing me softly with this song,
Killing me softly with this song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song.

I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd,
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud.
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on...

Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time),
Singing my life with his words (two times),
Killing me softly with his song,
Killing me softly with his song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song

[Clef:]

Yo L-Boy, take it to the bridge

Come on

[Lauryn:]

Strumming my pain with his fingers (yes, he was singing),
Singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song,
Killing me softly with his song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song.

[Fading:]

Strumming my pain
Put your hands. Put your hands for L-Boogie from the Refugee Camp
Refugees up in here
Singing my life with his words,
You know how we're doing
L-Boogie up in here...
Wyclef
Prazrel
Said, L-Boogie up in here...
Wyclef up in here
My man Lil' Base
Prazrel up in here
Jerry one time
We got Warren up in here
Killing me softly with his song,
Outside is up in here
Killing me softly with his song,
Refugee Camp
Refugee Camp
Refugee Camp
My ladies, my ladies up in here

We got ... up in here

Everybody got a breaking point, kid. And they read on you. The family niggas have read on you. That's why we gotta be prepared. It took way out ... need.

Writer(s): Norman Gimbel, Charles Fox

Stage 2 – Bankrupt Self-Worth **"The Giving Tree" Plain White T's**

All the leaves on the Giving Tree have fallen
No shade to crawl in underneath
I've got scars from a pocket knife
Where you carved your heart into me

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?

I lie in the dead of night and I wonder
Whose covers you're between
And it's sad laying in his bed
You feel hollow, so you crawl home back to me

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?

Well, I see a trail that starts
A line of broken hearts behind you
That lead you back to me
The once sad and lonely fool
With nothing left but roots to show, oh

If all you wanted was love
Why would you use me up
Cut me down, build a boat, and sail away
When all I wanted to be was your giving tree
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?
Settle down, build a home, and make you happy?

Writer(s): Tim Lopez, Mike Daly

Stage 3 – Gaslighting Sickness **Save Me Aimee Allen**

I had a bad day, don't talk to me

I'm gonna ride this out
My little girl heart breaks apart
From your big mouth

And I'm sick, of my sickness
Don't touch me, you'll get this
I'm useless, lazy, perverted
And you hate me

Chorus:
But you can't save me
You can't change me
I'm waiting for my wake up call
And everything, everything's my fault

Went to the doctor, and I asked her
To make this stop
Got medication, a new addiction
Thanks a lot

I had a relapse, I'm bad at rehab
Ruins everything
So point your finger at the singer
She's in the pharmacy

Chorus:
You can't save me
You can't change me
I'm waiting here for my wake up call
And everything's my fault

And you can't save me
You can't blame me
I'm waiting here to take the fall
Singing everything, everything's my fault

Oh, oh oh oh oh, It's all my fault
Oh oh oh oh oh

I'm a death treat, haven't slept yet
Baby, why the wake up call?
I'm the bad girl, tell the whole world
Everything's my fault, oh oh oh oh
Yeah, write it, write it, oh oh oh oh
Everything's my fault, oh oh oh oh
It's all my fault, oh oh oh oh

I went to Heaven, I couldn't get in
For what I have done
I said, 'Please take me', they said 'You're crazy'
You had too much fun

Writer(s): Scott Russo, Aimee Allen, Linda Perry

Stage 4 – Stockholm Syndrome
"Comfortably Numb" Pink Floyd

Hello

Is there anybody in there?
Just nod if you can hear me
Is there anyone at home?

Come on now

I hear you're feeling down
Well, I can ease your pain
Get you on your feet again

Relax

I'll need some information first
Just the basic facts
Can you show me where it hurts?

There is no pain, you are receding
A distant ship smoke on the horizon
You are only coming through in waves
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying
When I was a child I had a fever
My hands felt just like two balloons
Now I've got that feeling once again
I can't explain, you would not understand
This is not how I am
I have become comfortably numb

I have become comfortably numb

O.K.

Just a little pin prick
There'll be no more aaaaaaaah!
But you may feel a little sick

Can you stand up?

I do believe it's working, good
That'll keep you going through the show
Come on, it's time to go

There is no pain you are receding
A distant ship smoke on the horizon
You are only coming through in waves
Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying
When I was a child
I caught a fleeting glimpse

Out of the corner of my eye
I turned to look but it was gone
I cannot put my finger on it now
The child is grown
The dream is gone
I have become comfortably numb

Writer: Roger Waters

Stage 5 – Advice Rejection
"Drunk Girls Don't Cry" Maren Morris

What you do with trash? You take it out
So why are you letting him hang around?
Girl, you gotta know when to clean house
And throw his shit out in the yard

If it was the first time, I would understand
But it's the third time he got a second chance
There's a fine line between an accident
And an L-O-S-E-R

It's bullshit, you know it
Yeah, I see it in your eyes
Every time that you tell me
Deep down he's a really good guy

That's like saying
Drunk girls don't cry
Girl, you must be outta your
Damn mind

You say he saw the light, the slate is clean
He swears up and down that it's gonna be
Different this time
That's like saying drunk girls don't cry

Another weekend, another box of wine
I heard it so much I got it memorized
If you think he's the one you must be blind
Or C-R-A-Z-Y

C'mon, it's bullshit, you know it
I wish I had a dime for
Every time that you tell me
Deep down he's a really good guy

That's like saying
Drunk girls don't cry
Girl, you must be outta your
Damn mind

You say he saw the light, the slate is clean
He swears up and down that it's gonna be
Different this time
That's like saying drunk girls don't cry

That's like saying
Drunk girls don't cry
Girl, you must be outta your
Damn mind

You say he saw the light, the slate is clean
He swears up and down that it's gonna be
Different this time
That's like saying drunk girls don't cry

Writer(s): Maren Morris, Barry Dean, Luke Laird

Stage 6a – Wake Up Call – Three songs in a row

(Hit the road Jack & don't come back no more-no more-no more-no more songs)

This one's for the girls

Song #1 - "Blame it on your Heart" Patty Loveless

You've got a thing or two to learn about me baby
'Cause I ain't taking it no more and I don't mean maybe
You don't know right from wrong
Well the love we had is gone
So blame it on your lying, cheating, cold deadbeating,
Two-timing, double dealing
Mean mistreating, loving heart

Well all I wanted was to be your one and only
And all I ever got from you was being lonely
Now that dream is laid to rest
'Cause you have failed the test
Hey blame it on your lying, cheating, cold deadbeating,
Two-timing, double dealing
Mean mistreating, loving heart

Are you headed for a heartache, oh yeah
Gonna get a bad break, oh yeah
You made a bad mistake, oh yeah
Well, you're never gonna find another love like mine

Someone's gonna do you like you done me honey
And when she does you like she'll do you, it ain't funny
You need some sympathy
But don't be calling me
Hey blame it on your lying, cheating, cold deadbeating
Two-timing, double dealing
Mean mistreating, loving heart

Are you headed for a heartache, oh yeah
Gonna get a bad break, oh yeah
You made a bad mistake, oh yeah
Well, you're never gonna find another love like mine
Someone's gonna do you like you done me honey
And when she does you like she'll do you, it ain't funny
You need some sympathy
But don't be calling me
Hey blame it on your lying, cheating, cold deadbeating
Two-timing, double dealing
Mean mistreating, loving heart

Hey blame it on your lying, cheating, cold deadbeating, two-timing, double
dealing
Mean mistreating, loving heart

Writer(s): Kostas Lazarides, Harland Howard

Stage 6b – Wake Up Call – Three songs in a row

(Hit the road Jack & don't come back no more-no more-no more-no more songs)

This one's let's hear it for the girls again

Song #2 - "Lips are Moving" Meghan Trainor

If your lips are moving, if your lips are moving
If your lips are moving, then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe
If your lips are moving, if your lips are moving
If your lips are moving then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe

Boy, look at me in my face
Tell me that you're not just about this bass
You really think I could be replaced?
Nah... I come from outer space
And I'm a classy girl
I'm a hold it up
You full of something but it ain't love
And what we got is straight overdue
Go find somebody new

You can buy me diamond earrings
And deny-ny-ny, ny-ny-ny, deny-ny

But I smell her on your collar so goodbye-bye-bye
Bye-bye-bye

I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Tell me do you think I'm dumb?
I might be young
But I ain't stupid
Talking round in circles with your tongue
I gave you bass, you gave me sweet talk
Saying how I'm your number one
But I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Baby, don't ya know I'm done

If your lips are moving, if your lips are moving
If your lips are moving, then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe
If your lips are moving, if your lips are moving
If your lips are moving, then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe

Hey, baby, don't you bring them tears
'Cause it's too late, too late, babe, oh
You only love me when you're here
You're so two-faced, two-faced, babe, oh

You can buy me diamond earrings
And deny-ny-ny, ny-ny-ny, deny-ny
But I smell her on your collar so goodbye-bye-bye
Bye-bye-bye

I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Tell me do you think I'm dumb?
I might be young, but I ain't stupid
Talking round in circles with your tongue
I gave you bass, you gave me sweet talk
Saying how I'm your number one
But I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Baby, don't ya know I'm done

Come on, say!

If your lips are moving, if your lips are moving
If your lips are moving, then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe
If your lips are moving (Alright now)
If your lips are moving (I wanna hear ya'll singing with me)

If your lips are moving
Then you're lyin', lyin', lyin', babe (Here we go!)

I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Tell me do you think I'm dumb?
I might be young, but I ain't stupid
Talking round in circles with your tongue
I gave you bass, you gave me sweet talk
Saying how I'm your number one
But I know you're lying
'Cause your lips are moving
Baby, don't you know I'm done

Writer(s): Writer(s): Kevin Paul Kadish, Meghan Elizabeth Trainor

Stage 6c – Wake Up Call (Hit the road Jill & don't come back no more-no more-no more-no more songs)

This one's for the Boys

Song #3 - "Love Drunk" Boys Like Girls

Top down in the summer sun
The day we met was like a hit-and-run
And I still taste it on my tongue
(taste it on my tongue)

The sky was burning up like fireworks
You made me want you oh so bad it hurt
But, girl, in case you haven't heard

I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, forever is over
We used to kiss all night
Now it's just a bar fight
So don't call me crying
Say hello to goodbye

'Cause just one sip
Would make me sick
I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, but now it's over

Hot sweat and blurry eyes
We're spinning round a roller-coaster ride
The world stuck in black and white

You drove me crazy every time we touched
Now I'm so broken that I can't get up

Oh, girl, you make me such a lush

I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, forever is over
We used to kiss all night
Now it's just a bar fight
So don't call me crying
Say hello to goodbye

'Cause just one sip
Would make me sick
I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
I'll love you forever, but now it's over

All of the time I wasted on you
All of the bullshit you put me through
I'm checking into rehab
'Cause everything that we had
Didn't mean a thing to you

I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, but now I'm sober

I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, forever is over
We used to kiss all night
Now it's just a bar fight
So don't call me crying
Say hello to goodbye

'Cause just one sip
Would make me sick
I used to be love-drunk, but now I'm hung-over
Love you forever, but now it's over

Now it's over
Still taste it on my tongue
Now it's over

Writer(s): Hollander Sam, Johnson Martin

Stage 7 – Reckoning (Quiet Place to measure your own Self-worth)
"Catch & Release" Matt Simons

There's a place I go to
Where no one knows me
It's not lonely
It's a necessary thing
It's a place I made up

Find out what I'm made of
The nights I've stayed up
Counting stars and fighting sleep

Let it wash over me
I'm ready to lose my feet
Take me off to the place where one reveals life's mystery
Steady on down the line
Lose every sense of time
Take it all in and wake up that small part of me
Day to day I'm blind to see
And find how far
To go

Everybody got their reason
Everybody got their way
We're just catching and releasing
What builds up throughout the day

It gets into your body
It flows right through your blood
We can tell each other secrets
And remember how to love

There's a place I'm going
No one knows me
If I breathe real slowly
Let it out and let it in
It can be terrifying
To be slowly dying
Also clarifying
We end where we begin

So let it wash over me
I'm ready to lose my feet
Take me off to the place where one reveals life's mystery
Steady on down the line
Lose every sense of time
Take it all in and wake up that small part of me
Day to day I'm blind to see
And find how far
To go

Everybody got their reason
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Writer(s): Matthew Griffith Simons, Erik Mattiasson