Sore Subject

7 Year Bitch

Bring down the rain
From up above
And shine a bright light
On a sore subjectThe colors they are bending
They're bending over backwards to grant us wishes
AlmostBut they don't quite reach
Almost
It's not quite what we expectedIt's fading too fast
It's fading too fast
It's fading too fast
It's fading too fastI suppose it should all be documented and dated
The facts aren't straight and the feelings are hellbent
Alcohol's a truth serum and the truth is, I fucked upThe truth is
It's fading too fast
The truth is
It's fading too fastIt's not quite what we expected
It's fading too fast
It's fading too fastBut we cannot blame it on the alcohol
The truth is, everything I do irritates you
I only need one eye to see, the other one confuses me

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