

# Sore Subject

## 7 Year Bitch

Bring down the rain  
From up above  
And shine a bright light  
On a sore subject The colors they are bending  
They're bending over backwards to grant us wishes  
Almost But they don't quite reach  
Almost  
It's not quite what we expected It's fading too fast  
It's fading too fast  
It's fading too fast  
It's fading too fast I 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 up The truth is  
It's fading too fast  
The truth is  
It's fading too fast It's not quite what we expected  
It's fading too fast  
It's fading too fast But 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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