

The Spoiled One

Twothirtyeight

I'm running out of fingers to count the things I've done wrong

I'm dangling from the towers I've built to save my life

Could it be I've been the one to kiss you to a tree? Do you remember, when I was younger, what you used to say?

If you raise them up, raise them up in me, they will not turn away

Could it be I've been the one who almost went astray? I'm not the grateful bastard son, I'm the rich and spoiled one

I'm not the grateful bastard son, I'm the rich and spoiled one

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I'm not the grateful bastard son, I'm the rich and spoiled one

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