

**T. H. T.**

**Sum 41**

You don't have the answers but you're always blaming me  
It only lies in your behalf in animosity  
You decide it's up to you make it what you'll be  
After all you seem to be it makes no sense to me Don't point your finger at me, it's all your destiny  
It's such a foolish game so quick to point the blame  
And now tables have turned  
Shut up!

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