Save Face

Jared Followill

I am to me, not what you think, or what you see.
How would you feel if I would tell you to fuck off,
and the reason - for keepin it real.
Always the same. I am to blame for your sorrows after the fall.
Thinking of me not as human, but as a source for you to control.
So was it easy?
Was it easy getting over and lying to me more or less?
Or was it the case that you chose to save face.
Life's a stage, a play for your rage.
Never listen, it doesn't apply.
Never a thanks, so full of angst and you wonder why nobody tried
Rebel from hell, or can't you tell?
Plain and simple nobody's fool other than his.
Going places, wreakin havoc, and breakin the rules.

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