The Last Round

Slick Shoes

I wish you could see the look on your face
So disgusted with the words I say
I'm not trying to change your mind, come to find
You're talking when you should be listening to yourself
Stars in your eyes so bright, you can't see the way downI'll turn the lamp on to light the way
Watch your mouth, be careful what you sayYour only friend might turn out to be your worst enemy
"You're wrong", you tell me, why can't you prove it?
It seems you're stuck deep in your ways
You can't hear me, you're not listening
Why do we have to have the same ideas?Conflicting personalities
Why do I have to be like you?
Why do I have to be like you?

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