

# 60's

## Ya basta!

Oh how romantic of you  
To recite all my qualities  
Like you care  
How apathetic of you  
To just strut your ass around  
Like I'm not there  
Wait a second, stop a minute  
I don't need all your fuck up shit so  
I'm catching you right in the act  
Don't call me back  
'Cause I won't pick it up  
When You're calling Hold the thought and throw it away  
You've had your chances  
So get out of my way  
I'll kick you down to the ground  
If you don't trip  
And I won't pick you up  
When you're falling  
How sympathetic of you  
To guide me through life  
And change your plans for me  
How fucking lame of you  
To beat down my self confidence  
Consciously Wait a second, stop a minute  
I don't need all your fucked up shit so  
I'm catching you right in the act Don't call me back  
'Cause I won't pick it up  
When you're calling Hold the thought and throw it away  
You've had your chances so get out of my way  
I'll kick you down to the ground if you don't trip  
And I won't pick you up when you're falling

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