

# For Pete's Sake

## Yellowcard

So I'm left wondering  
There is so much left I wish that I could say to you  
Silence I keep, for fear of breaking myself down  
And maybe getting through, getting through to you  
For Pete's sake, let's see straight, yeah  
Clench your fists up in rage  
Hurts to know, we could throw  
All this time away  
Let's try and work it out  
Please don't be angry anymore I'm on your side  
And I don't want to fight, put this hate aside  
Get back to a place where you and I can still be friends  
Whoa, ya want it  
Whoa, ya need it  
Whoa, ya want it  
Whoa  
For Pete's sake, let's see straight, yeah  
Clench your fists up in rage  
Hurts to know, we could throw  
All this time away  
And all the answers you're racing to find out  
They might outrun you in the end  
And all the answers you're racing to find out  
They might outrun you in the end

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