Not Right

Spots

It shouldn't hurt this much.
I shouldn't feel so low.
She made this bed.
But ive had to lay in it.(no, no)Ive always kept her feelings in mind.
But fuck that i hope she cries.
If even half as much as I.
I hope it breaks her heart every time.She hears me sing
why was it him that night?
Just days before she said that she was mine.
How does she sleep at night or look me in my eyes?
She really messed up this time.
its not right, its not right.Oblivious to the real world she lives in one inside her head.
Judging happiness by the number of boys that want to take her to bed
But she wont do a thing
She feeds off their attention
afraid if she settles down her name wont be one they all mentionShe could have broken my heart with anyone else by her side
But she made me turn my back on a very dear friend of mine
no theres not just one place for blame
But to this day i can barely stand to hear her namewhy was it him that night?
Just days before she said that she was mine.
How does she sleep at night or look me in my eyes?
She really messed up this time.
its not right, its not right.God when shes lonely
i hope she thinks back
Sits down and listens to that track
That song i wrote her just a few months back.
before i face the facts (oh before)why was it him that night?
Just days before she said that she was mine.
How does she sleep at night or look me in my eyes?
She really messed up this time.
its not right, its not right.
oh its not right.

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