

# New Years

## Much The Same

I tore down masterfully constructed walls again  
I've got some rebuilding to do  
Brick by brick I'll try to put them each back in their place  
And leave no window to see through  
"It's 4:30 am on a Tuesday, it doesn't get much worse than this"  
I tried to be the kind of friend I always thought you needed  
And this is the thanks I get?  
Do I care to take the time to hear an explanation  
Or an unbelieved apology?  
I told you from the start there's be no manipulation  
And no psychology  
Did you think that you could get away with using me  
And that things would turn out fine?  
Well I've got news for you, we all see through your little game  
And you've lost again this time  
And this time I won't cry 'cause you haven't earned it  
And all your chances have been blown  
And if you've treated everyone the way you treated me  
It's no wonder you're perpetually alone  
I hope you learn your lesson now  
But you can count me out

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