

France

Botch

Yea I'm burying faces, and covering the tracks
Your eyes are so nice, I want their focus
And it won't be long 'til, 'til you think twice of me.
We owe you nothing
Yeah the memory of a chance for you to be...
Keeps me glued, handcuffed to you
No apologizes this time, cause these 'lil guys numb my senses
I have some wishes left
And they're mine to keep
We give bitch to the facts, I accept I accept
And it may not make sense, but I felt your dead eyes
These tears are on tap
Goobye I'll send the letter tonight and it's addressed to you.
"Ever want to punch that which you love?
Ever wonder why you've been putting up with that which you hate?
Well you might know where I'm coming from then."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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