

# Latchkey

## The Soviettes

I guess you thought it would be fun to make your pain into a game for someone. I guess you didn't realize how hurt and lies would color all our lives. What you did to, so residual, my yesterday. What will I do to my tomorrow? Will I take on, for forsaken, my father's ways and I could draw my own blood's blood? I sometimes lie awake at dawn, though wrong, love him now he's dead and gone. The part that loves him aches inside. In deep it lies next to the the scars I hide. I forgave you when i gave you my wild eyed childhood. How ddo I fill my empty doors and frames? How do i get, born of his spit, wise and mild? When did all the colors run grey?  
My life is gray, when will I see day?

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