

# Bittersweet Memories

## Akoma

You turn me off at the push of a button  
And you pretend that I don't mean nothing  
I'm not a saint that's easy to tell  
But guess what, honey, you ain't no angel  
You like to scream me as words as a weapon  
Well, go head take your best shot, woman  
I wanna leave you, it's easy to see  
But guess what, honey, it's not that easy  
We get so complicated  
This thing is for our memories  
So rip my pictures from your wall  
Tear them down and burn them all  
Light the fire, walk away  
There's nothing left to say so  
Take the ashes from the floor  
Bury them to just make sure  
That nothing more is left of me  
Just bittersweet memories, memories  
I, I wanna run and escape from your prison  
But when I leave I feel something is missing  
I'm not afraid that's easy to tell  
This can't be heaven, it feels like I'm in hell  
You're like a drug that I can't stop taking  
I want more and I can't stop craving  
I still want you, it's easy to see  
But guess what, honey, you're not that good for me  
We get so complicated  
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