Balls

Andrew Calhoun

Sitting' at a table Thanksgiving day when you were three,
Your father hit you in the mouth and you started to bleed.
You were punished 'cause you weren't really hungry!
Ten years old and you're making everyone ashame,
'Cause you'd rather play guitar than be the star in the game.
I don't want to be a nobody.
I put my head in the sand 'cause I don't want to face it,
Lonely know without you.
You still don't understand why it's myself I been hurting,
For you, I never measured up to you
Oh Lord, set me free!
It ain't over now.
Hurtin' myself 'cause you ain't here to do it.
Still ain't over now.
Hurt me so badly inside.
It ain't over now.
Hurtin' myself 'cause you ain't here to do it.
Still ain't over now.
Hurt me so badly inside.
Oh Lord, set me free!
Stare in the mirror, take a long hard look at myself
The reflection paints a picture of somebody else.
Should I really feel ashamed just to see it?
Judgement was something you had taught me to believe.
You tried to make me be somebody that I couldn't be.
Should I really feel ashamed just to be it?
I put my head in the sand 'cause I don't want to face it.
Lonely now without you.
You still don't understand it's myself I been hating.
You, I never measured up to...
You! Go Away! Away.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/