

Done

Frazey Ford

I was taking every hit from you
you drive by shooting son of a bitch, and I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done Who told you you could rewrite the rules, and do you
really take me for a goddamn fool 'cause I'm done,
Oh whoa, I'm done And you can drag me out before some authority
If that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me
but I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door You've been pouncing my weaknesses, slandering my name
you spent all your time trying to place your blame, and I'm done
Ohhh, I'm done I used to think I owed the best part of me to soothe the holes in your life and the cracks in your
seams I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done. And I'm sorry that you don't like your life
I fought for my own victories and for the beauty in my life
My joy, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you
no, my joy, my joy takes nothing from you [guitar solo] Well, you criticize my numbers, you hammer out the
rules
wait for me to fuck up, and find yourself some proof
and I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done. You just soak in the hatred of a sorry line
yeah, you hide behind decorum and a fake smile,
and I'm done
Oh whoa, I'm done And you can drag me out before a judge in authority
if that's what you have to do to feel like you can punish me
but I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your doubts, with your doubts, in my door Well I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't keep the peace anymore
With your dogs, with your dogs, at my door

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