

The Hatchet

Crooked Fingers

It's such a bore moul'ing over,
Another meaning it have,
There was likely some other
Subtle thing hidden there.
I meant what I said,
I mean what I said.
I'm leaving, my friend.
It's hitting me now,
If I loved you before
I could love you again
And I'm not coming back.
The tears in and out
You said you would come
Just to see what was left,
But you were not there.
To leave it again,
To coldly pretend,
I neatly tired to lose it,
So let's bury it now.

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