

60's

The Flipsides

Oh how romantic of you
To recite all my qualities
Like you care
How apathetic of you
To just strut your ass around
Like I'm not there
Wait a second, stop a minute
I don't need all your fuck up shit so
I'm catching you right in the act
Don't call me back
'Cause I won't pick it up
When You're calling Hold the thought and throw it away
You've had your chances
So get out of my way
I'll kick you down to the ground
If you don't trip
And I won't pick you up
When you're falling
How sympathetic of you
To guide me through life
And change your plans for me
How fucking lame of you
To beat down my self confidence
Consciously Wait a second, stop a minute
I don't need all your fucked up shit so
I'm catching you right in the act Don't call me back
'Cause I won't pick it up
When you're calling Hold the thought and throw it away
You've had your chances so get out of my way
I'll kick you down to the ground if you don't trip
And I won't pick you up when you're falling

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