25 Years

theFRANKS

I vent my frustration at you old man
After years your ears will hear
You screamed you tried
It's words of a weakling
And promises made by a liar
(drunken liar)
Now you pick up that splintered chair
That was aiming for your head
A head that should have been long ago
Kicked in by me...Alone
(I won't lose a second of sleep for this)
Don't touch me
Don't touch me
Don't touch me

No
Ever again
Don't touch me
Don't touch me
Don't touch me

Orphaned to the dope and drinks
I learned my lesson well somehow from you
No tears. Can't clutch my regrets
But these years of detachment
Have left me with demons now surfacing
(I'm becoming more than you'll be)
You never knew the answers to
Any of my questions, did you?
You made up all the answers to
My unimportant existence
(You don't have to dump me off, not again)
Don't touch me
Don't touch me
Don't touch me

Fuck no, never again
Don't touch me
Don't touch me

Don't touch me

Fuck no, never again
Don't touch me
Don't touch me
Don't touch me

I vow, lest I die tomorrow
You'll never be the father I am
The bastard father to the thousands
Of the ugly, criticized, unwanted.
The ones with fathers just like you
We're fucking you back
Fucking you back
I'm shoving my life right down your throat.
Can I
Find the guts? Can I feel the heart?
Look at the ground as you choke me up,
Does it taste like tequila?
Or failure?
We're fucking you back

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written by ABBOTT, VINCENT PAUL/ABBOTT, DARRELL LANCE/BROWN, REX ROBERT/ANSELMO, PHILIP HANSEN
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