

# 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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