

# 17 Years

## Bodyjar

Seen how you treat her  
Don't wanna turn out like you  
So well adjusted  
You leave me feeling confused I've wasted  
The last seventeen years of my life  
I'm not going back  
But I'm not gonna run away  
Anymore  
Not anymore Under the carpet  
You know the things that kids say  
Cracks in the in mirror  
Words in a darkened hallway All I remember  
Spending December alone  
Blank photo pages  
There's nothing left in my home

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