

# Mad At Myself

## Issues

I'm so mad at myself,  
For giving in to what I want, never again.  
That feeling we felt,  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself.I got this old girl, I know she's trying to play me.  
She's like a Honda, these days I drive Mercedes.  
She's a killer, try to get inside my head,  
Try to give her wine and bread, but she prefers the blood I bled.Playing chess, ain't no way I'm gonna fight fair.  
She's playing tricks like the vixen in my nightmares.  
So damn greedy, that girl is so needy,  
I'm the king of this game, but I think she just beat me.I never should have let you in,  
I needed a hit of something,  
High for this feeling they call love.I'm so mad at myself,  
For giving in to what I want, never again.  
That feeling we felt,  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself.So mad, so mad,  
So mad at myself.  
So mad, so mad.I've got your melody in my head, feels like I'm singing it wrong.  
Then again there's nothing worse than being addicted to a bad song.  
She's a fiend for attention, and I'm a guilty dealer  
High for this feeling they call love.I'm so mad at myself,  
For giving in to what I want, never again.  
That feeling we felt,  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself.So mad, so mad,  
So mad at myself.  
So mad, so mad.Test me while you can, while you can test me.  
She said she likes the edge, but then she pushed me.  
You know how to make it hard, to walk away.I'm so mad at myself,  
For giving in to what I want, never again.  
That feeling we felt,  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself.  
For giving in to what I want, never again.  
That feeling we felt,  
We called it love, you called it off  
And I never been so mad at myself.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>