Through

StewRat

Is that enough? I think it's over
See, everything has changed
And all this hatred may just make me strong enough to walk away
They may chase me to the ends of the earth
But I've got you, babe
And they may strip me of the things that I've worked for
But I've had my say, babe
So hear me now, I've enough of these chains
I know they're of my making
No one else to blame for where I stand today
I've no memory of truth
But suddenly the audience is so cruel
So God, hey God, you know why I'm through, through
I guess it's tough, I guess I'm older
And everything must change

And all this cruelty and money instead of love
People, have we no shame?
They may chase me to the ends of the earth
But I've got you, babe
And they may take away the things that I've worked for
But you'll pull me through, babe
It's so clear to me now, I've enough of these chains
Life is there for the taking
What kind of fool would remain in this, in this cheap gilded cage
I've no memory of truth
But suddenly the audience is so cruel
Oh God, I'm sorry
I think I'm through, I think I'm through
I think I'm, I know I'm

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