

# Seven Years

## Boring Phil

Taking on seven years the holy ghost had left alone  
Test my arms, kick like crazy  
And I've been trying way to long  
Only if he could push his way off to fight you  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm not sure  
Getting off my chest  
The story ends

I would find a way without you  
(tell him his eyes see too clear)  
That mistake was gold  
I know that without you  
Its something that I could never do  
That was why staple the eyes and  
Seven dates for me to sell machines  
And tear on

Seven years you assured me  
That Id be fine if I complied  
Only push the way off to fight you  
I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm not sure  
Getting my chest the story now ends  
I would find a way without you  
(tell him his eyes see too clear)

Don't treat me I'm to blame  
Don't treat me like I ever accused you

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