

Pardon Me

He Is We

Pardon me for my lack of excitement
But I'm not entirely thrilled.
Stutter when I talk
Flail around as I walk
Yeah the moment's been killed. And I'm not good at this no, not all.
I'm not good at this. I'm a wreck and I know it
And I tend to show it every chance that I get.
Butterflies in the skies, they just fly on by.
Yeah they're making me sick.
They don't flutter about, I'd do without.
All they do is kick.
Mean it truly
Sincere heart.
Why do you do this to me?
Tear me apart. It's my fault and I know it
And I tend to blow it, no thanks to you.
It's like you sit and you watch me
You poke and you taunt me, it's all that you do.
And I'm not fighting that no, not at all.
Just want to be something, a name you call.
The lips you taste just to fall, madly in love. Mean it truly
Sincere heart.
Why do you do this to me?
Tear me apart.
I got my eyes set on you
My heart is burning red.
All of my words come out wrong
Run circles in my head.
You had me and I melted
In the palm of your hand.
You know it yes I felt it
You'll never understand. Mean it truly
Sincere heart.
Why do you do this to me?
Tear me apart.
Mean it truly
Sincere heart.
Why do you do this to me?
Tear me apart.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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