

Without a Case

Clawfinger

Why do I pay you to insult me and make me feel like shit

I can't believe I've worked this hard to let you benefit

For every slice that I get, you get two slices more

You've become my pimp and I've become your little whore

It goes around in circles, the torture never stops

You get all the earnings and all I get is props Wipe that smile from off your face

You're in court without a case, and you'll get nothing I do all the dirty work and you make all your plans

You pull my strings and I play right into your hands

What's wrong with this picture, someone's playing tricks

How come I always end up with the short end of the stick

It really makes me question why I go with your advice

You make me hate the job that used to be my life

Chorus

I end up giving more, but still receiving less

I do all the cleaning up and you make all the mess

Your enemies are useless if you don't have any friends

And all your great connections are just people you offend

I'm sick of being assfucked, god knows how much you owe

You took more than what was yours but you can't steal my show Chorus

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

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