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 propsWipe that smile from off your face
You're in court without a case, and you'll get nothingI 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 recieving 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 knowws how much you owe
You took more than what was yours but you can't steal my showChorus
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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