

So Fucking Blues

Bury Your Dead

I never said that I was a fucking poet
I never tried to be something, I knew I'd never be
There's no use in pretending, no use in pretending I'll tell you one thing so listen closely, go
I'll tell you one thing so listen closely
When I tell you this is straight
From the bottom of my broken heart So please, save the excuses
For someone who wants to hear them
You're not here, that's all that matters I'm just afraid that I will
Never feel this way again
You're not here, that's all that matters The lies, the deceit, will I ever say enough is enough
Or will I continue to let you walk all over me
The lies, the deceit, will I ever say enough is enough
Or will I continue to let you walk all over me I am done, pistol please
I can't take this anymore, pistol please
I am done, pistol please

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