

Mean To Me

Crowded House

There's an empty place inside that is hurting me
A place that keeps my heart out on it's own
A disconnected function of my wretchedness
That keeps me so hard pressed
It's a place where words are spoken you
Will never hear
A broken bridge of lines that just won't come
An empty lung that won't give the wind
To speak at me
How far can it be from home Why you gotta be so mean to me
Why you gotta drag me down just to make me see
You know I don't listen good and I'm always in need
So why you gotta be so mean to me Do you think that it got up and left
For good this time
A crowd of faceless strangers moving on
A feeling that you left it all behind you now
That it doesn't hurt somehow
To know Why you gotta be so mean to me
Why you gotta drag me down just to make me see
You know I don't listen good and I'm always in need
So why you gotta be so mean to me So open up the book that you keep deep inside
Let the pages yellow in the sun
Show them that you're not afraid to let them see
How far you can be From home Why you gotta be so mean to me
Why you gotta drag me down just to make me see
You know I don't listen good and I'm always in need
So why you gotta be so fucking mean to me
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be
Why you gotta be so mean to me

Songwriters

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