

Money

Single Mothers

I don't know
really what you want from me
I'm tired of these phone calls
I'm tired of hearing this fucking thing ringing
And pretending your just not some nightmare that started breathing
Materialized and became reoccurring And I'm just tired of helping you think that you're making the right
decisions
When we both know you'll just end up regretting them
You don't pay attention to your mistakes
'Cause all you want is attention
You see I know you better than your games and like to interrupt your expectations
I think you could use a little redirection Get outta my head, already And no regrets at the bar
Like when your eyes look like shooting stars
Well I've seen them burn out and crumble
Into dust, and then I watched you settle Take all my money from me
You help me out
when nobody's watchin'
That answers that
a broken statement
All I wanna do is sit here complaining
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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