

Distilla Truant

The Distillers

I don't know why you come here
I don't know what you want from me
Everybody says you use me Oh, why did you take that
Oh, why did you make me
I'm the one who's suffering, for you Yeah, what do you think
I bet you would die for your country
Sit here and bleed Oh, she fell, I hate you
Why?

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