Thorn in My Side

Quicksand

A thorn in my side, and you live just to pull me down
Rusted nail, I stepped on this infectionThorn in my side
You're full, I think so of anger
You need to sit down, stay downThe things you, want but don't get, is that fair? I don't think so
A sure thing that you can count on a big depressionA thorn in my side
You're full, I think so of anger
You need toYour praise, is two faced
And you're, you're cut down my friend
You're cut downOne, two, three, fourA thorn in my side, a thorn in
A thorn in my side, a thorn in

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