

# A.F.I., Crop Tub

You say you want to be friends,  
start over, try again?  
Well, things will never be the way they were back then.  
Things were never how you wanted,  
I couldn't think of you that way.  
Now, if you take one step closer I will take two steps away.  
Maybe you need affection,  
I'd like to help you but I can't stand when you're around:  
fuck you very much.  
Maybe you need to talk,  
but you betrayed my trust.  
Friends was not good enough?  
Fuck You Very Much.  
You can always claim you're straightedge,  
go ahead and dye your hair.  
You won't get more attention from me,  
'cause I will never fucking care.  
I try to remain secret,  
shooting away and hiding out,  
but you always track me down.  
Open your eyes and figure it out.  
I'm not trying again.  
I'm sick of seeing you.  
Don't wanna be your friend.  
I wish you'd go away.