

All Saints, Headlock

Way too long you had me in a headlock
Played my head till I was really brain washed
All those years you tried to really screw with me
Played the perfect son to everyone
Even loved by all the family
Foolin everyone around you boy but me

[Bridge:]

No more cryin all alone
No more wishing you'd come home
No more checkin' out your calls
I'm free
No more messin with my head
No more tryna understand
No more putting on an act
I'm free

See what goes around
Has to come on back round
So step on up while I dish it up
And if you're now on your own
Wishing that I'd come home
Better take that thought and just give it up

Took me out to fancy restaurants
Really thought that we had chemistry
Realized that it was really all just me
You brought me down till I was really messed up
Had me thinking I was your only one
Took a while but now I finally see

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