

Boysetsfire, Dear George

Its not enough to say youre sorry
Its not enough to say you care.
The flowers that you sent were lovely,
But they wont take root anywhere.

Why I didnt learn the first time,
Not to ask you back around.
All my friends think that Im crazy,
Not to chase you out of town.

Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Cause life with you is torture.

I remember the day that I first met you.
I took the lying share of doubt.
You held all others high above me.
I think you needed filling out.

Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Life with you is torture.

Sometimes I know you feel a bit let down
Its not the same without your friends around.
And it must be hard to look around my place.
Cause you cant find what youre looking for,
Cause theyre not here anymore.
As if you didnt know.

Did you learn this from your father?
Did your family pass it down?
Cause now you got me cursing Islam,
My religions sacred ground.

Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Waiting for something more than what you gave.
Life with you is torture.

Life with you
Yeah life with you is torture.

HELL YEAH!