

# Chevelle, Family System

I'm tired of your open mouth,  
Crawling inside my skin,  
Endless pain we never quit,  
The fight within that pride's begun,  
Saying it's too late,  
What a man's got, he'll learn to hate.

Forget the time I said I would,  
Replace that with I never will,  
Beyond the facts held in your face,  
Ignore the facts beyond your nose,  
Saying it's too late,  
What a man's got, he'll learn to hate.

Grow up!

Not without meaning,  
No response, no revealing.

Just grow up!

Wrong!  
Wrong!  
Wrong!  
Wrong!