

Dean Strickland, Please Tell Me That I've Suffered

Would you say I should have known better
Than to ever think you would be nice to me
When all the things I choose to remember
Say you were never ever nice to me

I remember things like you taking
And I remember things like you faking
But still I want to believe

I thought there was something in your eyes

But now I'm thinking what it is are lies
The truth is that I wrote this song for you
Only because you've made me cry

And honestly what I still believe
Is that there's beauty in your eyes
So please tell me that I've suffered enough
So I can stop writing songs about me crying