

Limp, Exit

Seen it all before
Not like this
Not my trip
This is what I saw
Saw the lot of you
Doing things
Saying things And in front of me
You didn't seem to care
who was there
What was heard it affected me
Wash my hands of you
over this
This is through
this is what I mean

By now you've moved on
I assume
still alone With that attitude
Now you find yourself
By yourself,
on your own With a big ego
No one there to feed
what you need
Give you peace and or anything
I need something good
Something else
This is through
this is what I mean

It pours out of you and into me