

New Mexican Disaster Squad, Heads With You

I hold no qualms butting heads with you
Not every argument infects my life
I have no problems when you do what you do
But next time you might try to living up to what you think is right

Put my fist through the wall

I have a hard time seeing your side
When it's hard looking at your face
And you just build a wall
Communication isn't working at all
No trust, disgust, I might delight in making haste

I wish I was concerned with how
I could be making this right now

I have lost another fight
With another person I called a friend
Now I have a burden that burns with regret
Whose weight I won't forget

Looking inside
Swallowing pride
F**king up futures
Because we hide

Beat my head on the wall