

# 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