

Papa Roach, Broken Home

I can't seem to fight these feelings
I'm caught in the middle of this
My wounds are not healing
I'm stuck in between my parents
I wish I had someone to talk to
Someone to confide in
I just want to know the truth
I just want to know the truth
Broken home
All alone
I know my father loves me
But does my father even care
If I'm sad or I'm angry
You were never ever there
When I needed you
I hope you regret what you did
I think I know the truth
Your father did the same to you
I'm crying day and night now
What is wrong with me
I cannot fight now
I feel like a weak link
Push it back inside
It feels bad to be alone
Crying by yourself, living in a broken home
How could I tell it so y'all could feel it
Depression strikes me hard like my old earth would tell it
To me, her son, she told me I'm the one
Pain bottled up about to blow like a gun
Stories that I tell are nonfiction
And you can't take it back cause it's already done
Broken home