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 iwhs 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 casue it's already done Broken home