

Staple, Face

You're so perfect at running my life. I'm sure you're perfect at yours too.
Do you think that I lived my life right
the times that I thought I could trust you?
I thought you were a friend of mine.
Friends don't exploit the faults they find.
But, hey, I should have known that you were a fake to me.
Tell me you hate me to my face. Don't try to
act like you love me and run my life behind my back.
Tell me you're faking to my face so that I
won't think you need me.
You're only a friend of mine to my face.
So much for confidentiality.
When my whole life becomes news to me.
I'm interested in your critique of me
too bad I'm not gonna be the first to see.
If you've got a problem you can tell it to my face.