

Sum 41, Billz Spleen

I'm heading for the end on top of this bullshit
I don't want to hear it.
I found my way again.
It's hard to explain it
I know that I hate it
I don't feel this could be real.
I find so hard I'm falling apart.
so much so much for what for what we said.
No matter what I say, you turn your back away.
It's never going to break you,
it's never going to make you fall.
No matter what I say, you turn your back away.
It's never going to break you,
it's never going to make you fall.
This fake reality I never can make up the time that you take up.
It's my worst enemy.
I'm on a mission to feed my addiction.
so sick of thoughts so empty.
It's well overflowed I'm bound to explode.
so much so much for what for what we said.
No matter what I say, you turn your back away.
It's never going to break you,
it's never going to make you fall.
No matter what I say, you turn your back away.
It's never going to break you,
it's never going to make you fall.
Somehow between the lines it's clearer
locked down and chained up to the mirror.
Somehow between the lines it's clearer
locked down it takes apart of me.
I'm running for the edge on top of this bullshit
I don't want to hear it.
I found my way again.
it's hard to explain it
I know that I hate it
I don't feel this could be real.
I find so hard I'm falling apart
so much so much for what for what we said.
No matter what I say,
you turn your back away.
It's never going to break you,
it's never going to make you fall.
No matter what I say, you turn your back way.
It's never going to break you
It's never going to make you fall.