

Victims Family, Amigos

It's just that little shred of doubt you choose, that something I left out
you use to get your way because you say "you didn't spell it out";
Or the simple lack o' proof that makes for a perfect lame excuse your
nose grows and grows do you suppose I know you're two quarts low
on truth.

Oh, the things you put me through, a friendship built on guilt. To
entertain you out of pity, to just to shut you up.

No there's nothing wrong, let's go have some fun. A smoke to break
the ice, maybe I'm just too f**kin' nice...

Oh, the things you put me through, to bring me down to your level.

Just to make things tolerable, in hopes of something better.

But I don't see the change, and you don't think it's needed. So one
more lie for the road, gee I hate to see you go.