

Agnes Carlsson, Privileged Few

You're such a capable tragedy to me now
Why can't you just see?
I'm not sure you feel the way I do
You always get attention it was to hide your apprehension
Don't lean on me, don't lean on me
Why does everyone suffer for yourself?
Maybe it's a cruel way to make
It's all right, you're out of bounds
You're always in control
But I guess it's the time to mention, I only fear about the tension
Don't lean on me, don't lean on me
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your lies so close to me
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your lies so close to me
Maybe no one will know what it's like on the inside
Maybe no one will know
I see a sad attempt to coming clean, owning up
It's probably for the best
I know think you're better than all the rest
I'm not sure it's around me with your lies all around you
I don't want any more
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your lies so close to me
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your lies so close to me
Don't want your beating heart so close, I can't see
I know you're counting up my wrongs, I know you're listing them
I know you're looking for the time to take a shot, but I know you'll stand alone
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your lies so close to me
I'm sick of all your words
Say what you mean
Don't want your beating heart; don't want your beating heart so close, I can't see
I won't be one of the privileged few, I won't be, I won't be
I won't be one of the privileged few, I won't be, I won't be
I won't be one of the privileged few, I won't be, I won't be
I won't be one of the privileged few, I won't be, I won't be