

# Andres Cano, Untitled

Yesterday i couldn't believe  
the way your eyes looked at me  
sitting by your side  
why would i want to leave?

I really thought we could be  
but i was too numb to see  
the selfish game you were playing on me

Why?  
Why me?  
what makes you be  
so mean to me?

Tonight i waited till late  
i really thought you would come  
i found my self all alone  
face to face with a truth  
that hurted to the bone

Why?  
why me?  
What makes you be  
so mean to me?