

# Big Wreck, Waste

So I knew you weren't faking  
About your dreams  
Because when you're waking  
Everything's what it seems  
I know you got roses  
You want to throw on my grave  
But all the time you  
You can't seem to stray

Oh, doesn't it hurt  
To see me reaching  
Words and excuses lame  
Well it's time for bleeding

So mama, don't hit the fruit jar  
I'd rather see you hit me  
Just cause you go too far  
And I'll lose what's real  
You'll out fine, babe  
Like father, like son  
I was wasted at the forkroads  
I'm too old to run

Oh, doesn't it hurt  
To see me reaching  
Words and excuses lame  
Well it's time for bleeding

So if it's pity I need  
Or rejection, I bleed  
Cause I never  
Cause I never  
Cause I never  
Asked for nothing

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I'd rather see you hit me  
Just cause you go too far  
And I'll lose what's real

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