## Blessthefall, Guys Like You Make Us Look Bad

You scream don't look, you scream don't touch What have they done? What have I not? And every time I think about your voice I Start to tremble, and my throats aching And anytime you need a shoulder, I'm right here You've just gotta find a way.

She sits alone, tries to adjust She cries please let me go I won't tell anyone You scream don't look, please god don't touch

Oh god please help us, get her out of this