

Bury Your Dead, So Fucking Blues

I never said that I was a fucking poet,
I never tried to be something I knew I'd never be.
There's no use in pretending.
I'll tell you one thing.
So listen closely when I tell you
this is straight from the bottom of my broken heart.
So please, save the excuses for someone who wants to hear them.
You're not here, that's all that matters.
I'm just afraid that I'll never feel this way again.
You're not here, that's all that matters.
The lies the deceit, will I ever say enough is enough
or will I continue to let you walk all over me.
I am done, pistol please,
I can't take this anymore, pistol please.
I am done, pistol please.