

Dillinger Four, Shotgun Confessional

I guess I don't know what it's like, you were looking for a fight tonight
How can I explain my situation, convey all the frustration
When confusion and contradiction's all I find
I gotta know, if I may be so bold
Are there things you don't already know?
And I can't stand it when you look at me that way
It's like you don't hear a word I say
I guess the time has come and gone
For me to give a fuck about right or wrong
Why should I justify my actions to narrow-minded factions
Why care, why try, why waste the time?
Will the barriers breakdown? 'cause I'm hoping that you'll come around
Miscommunication confounds the meanings inside
There'll always be a new crowd of finger pointing big mouths
You may be one of them now, but they'll devour you in time