

Fireside, Pete

The damage done
The lie is sung
How long have you wanted to beat me up
Well I appreciate if you dont act like me

And I believe in you about this case
If you travelled this far to spit me in the face,
I must really deserve you calling me a fake

Crying in despair
Dont know what to wear
I hated the looks they threw at me,
but not as much as I sometimes hate myself