

# Garbage, Wolves

I was busy picking up the pieces of my broken heart  
I stand accused  
And maybe on reflection got a little cruel  
I was too brash for you  
I moved too fast  
Perhaps a little rude  
I know i was a jerk  
And impolite and  
I was loud

No one can say  
That i didn't need you  
That i didn't want you  
That i didn't love you

Which one of my two wolves will i give my attention tonight  
Which one will i decide to feed  
Which one will i decide to fight  
I was impulsive i confess  
Talked a lot behind your back  
I was judgemental  
Played too cool  
I was not so nice

No one can say  
That i didn't need you  
That i didn't want you  
That i didn't love you

We were young and we loved attention  
We were drunk and we loved attention  
We were sad and we loved attention  
We were scAred and we loved attention

No one can say  
That i didn't need you  
That i didn't want you  
That i didn't love you