

Limp, One To Ten

You're one on a scale from one to ten
caught by surprise with your intent
I wish I could take it but I can't
I wish I could break you but i can't
I wish I could take from you
The time you stole from me and hurt
you back
I shaped your aim, you shot me down
your sharpened words then hardly felt
As time went by the words, the hurt
The burn now register, I'm gone
Lesson learned and time was spent
So much for the words you meant
Lesson learned
Time served
You're one on a scale from one to
ten
caught by surprise with your
intent
I wish I could take it but I can't
The fun is gone, I'm moving on
Lesson learned and time was spent
so much for the words you meant
wasted time so much regret
Had it all but all for not
Lesson learned
Time served, time burned, in
turn
you will get what you deserve
My turn, you'll burn, and you'll
get what you deserve