

Much The Same, New Years

I tore down masterfully constructed walls again
I've got some rebuilding to do
Brick by brick I'll try to put them each back in their place
And leave no window to see through
"It's 4:30 am on a Tuesday, it doesn't get much worse than this"
I tried to be the kind of friend I always thought you needed
And this is the thanks I get?
Do I care to take the time to hear an explanation
Or an unbelieved apology?
I told you from the start there's be no manipulation
And no psychology
Did you think that you could get away with using me
And that things would turn out fine?
Well I've got news for you, we all see through your little game
And you've lost again this time
And this time I won't cry 'cause you haven't earned it
And all your chances have been blown
And if you've treated everyone the way you treated me
It's no wonder you're perpetually alone
I hope you learn your lesson now
But you can count me out