

No For An Answer, Domino Principle

"You always hurt the ones you love,"
A phrase that fits some like a glove,
They beat, they bruise, they hide their fears,
They live this life of undried tears,
(Chorus)

Like dominos stacked in a line,
A house tradition that withstands time,
"You beat me, I will beat mine,"
Like dominos stacked in a line,
You break their bones,
And blame them when you're left alone,
You plant the seeds of broken homes,
For they'll repeat it when they have grown.