

Puddle Of Mudd, Harassed

Yeah yeah yeah

Well when I was a young boy
My mama told me:
"Blood's thicker than water";
That's what she told me

I don't give a damn anymore
I can't see what makes me so
I remember your criticism
I can't be an organism of your kind

Yeah (yeah), yeah, yeah

Well when I was a little older
My papa said:
"Son yours does not cry
Get your act together boy
Then get the hell out of my sight";

I don't give a damn anymore
I can't see what makes me so
I remember your criticism
I can't be an organism of your kind

Yeah (yeah), Yeah (yeah)
Your kind
Yeah (yeah), Yeah...

You watch the circles
You treat me so bad
I don't dare think it over
Yeah...(mutter)
I can't give.

I said "yeah!";

I don't give a damn anymore
I can't see what makes me so
I remember your criticism
I can't be an organism of your kind

Yeah (yeah), Yeah (yeah)
Your kind (x3)