

# Quicksand, Simpleton

It's built,  
up inside.  
You're on,  
the verge of exploding.  
Self less,  
enough to say.  
I meant what I said,  
and I'm not even sorry.

What is to get?  
It's simple now.  
Cut to the quick.  
No misunderstanding.

You sit there,  
on your side.  
Don't blame yourself,  
blame it on your family.  
Self less,  
enough to tell.  
If you walk away,  
then I'm not running after.

What is to get?  
It's simple now.  
Cut to the quick.  
Don't misunderstand.

I know you hate him,  
'cause you said you did.  
How can you fake it?  
It's some misunderstanding.

Inside, your delivered from the stress.  
You say that your fine,  
but I think you're wishing.

What is to get?  
It's simple now.  
Cut to the quick.  
Don't misunderstand.  
Don't misunderstand.  
Don't misunderstand.