

Suicide Machines, The Killing Blow

What were you thinkin' years ago
When you did what you did and said I didn't know?
Well I'm here now, your only chance gone
Seems funny to me
How you changed your song

But you can't take back the things you said
and you can't take back the things you did
strange how you change when you get older
funny how the past comes back to haunt you
.....to haunt you

I had my support and the support was you
I tried to make it work
I wish you had tried too
Like a Dali abstract it was all fucked up
Now I'm lyin' in the gutter down on my luck

But you can't take back the things you said
and you can't take back the things you did
Strange how you change when you get older
funny how the past comes back to haunt you
.....to haunt you

Stop what you're doin' and think for a minute
Only for a moment, it's better than nothin'
and you'll see
that we got something
can't you see
that we got something?

Maybe someday we can heal the wounds
I'd like to think that we could do that soon
Times have changed, the good times gone
But we could make it work if we'll admit we're wrong

chorus, chorus